Outwitting Old Age by New Scientific Miracles—
Reactivation 1937 by Gertrude Atherton

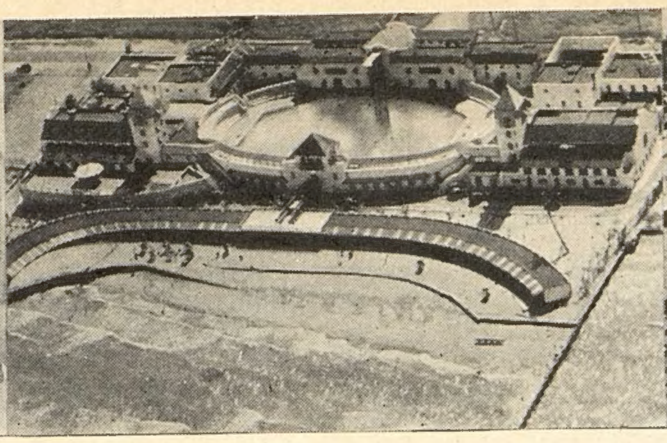
Liberty

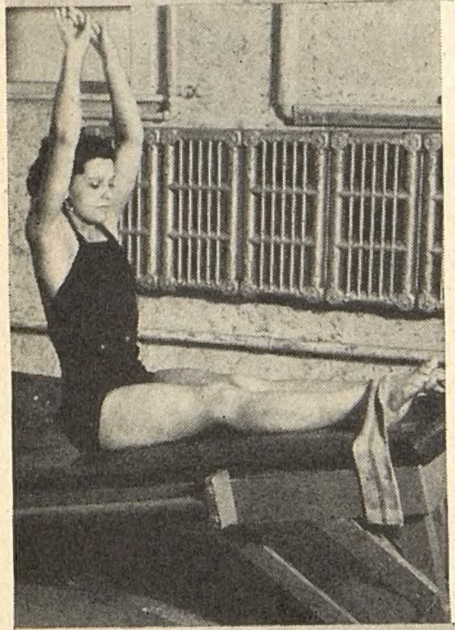
SEPT. 12,
1936

5¢

BIVOUAC IN HELL—A Desert Drama of the Secret Patrol

My Wife Left Me to Join Father Divine—A White Man's Story





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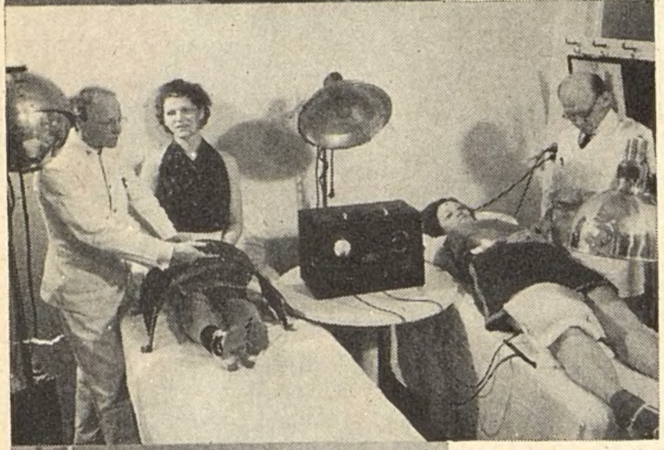

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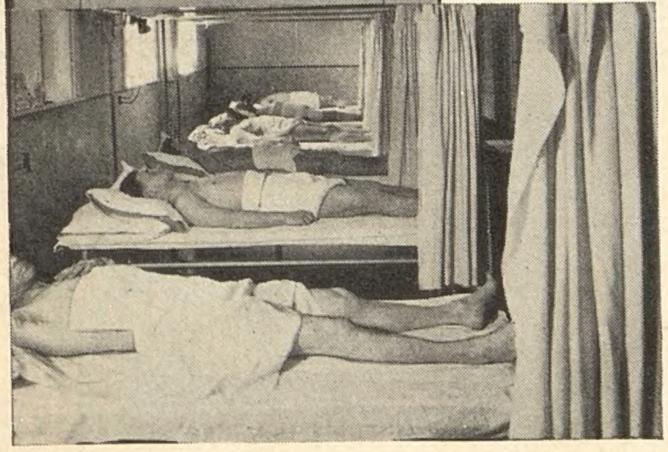

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KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

SEPTEMBER 12, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Just a Bunch of Suckers!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE above phrase has frequently been used in referring to the American voters. Few of our people do their own thinking. It requires too much effort. And if they are prejudiced in favor of one candidate they refuse to read the arguments that oppose him. They have what you might call a one-track mind.

The Democratic orators tell us that the arguments of the Republicans are mostly twaddle, based on false assumptions if not outright falsehoods. And those who support the Republican campaign often similarly refer to their Democratic opponents.

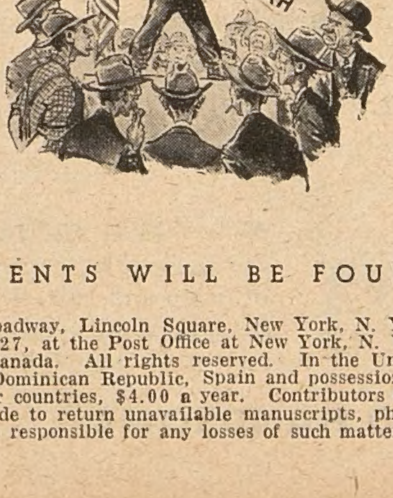
Every voter in this campaign should do his own thinking. It is commendable to listen to the arguments on both sides.

The Democrats will tell you, for example, that all the horrors of the depression were due entirely to the Hoover administration. The fact that the depression was world-wide and was a natural outgrowth of the World War is entirely ignored.

The Democrats try to evade the criticism of President Roosevelt for his failure to join with Hoover, after he was elected, in planning to remedy the disastrous situation that was facing the country at that time. Doubtless the President was wise in this decision, for even when he took office he was undoubtedly confused and bewildered. He hardly knew what it was all about, and, as the results ultimately indicated, he never learned what it was all about.

The President was given extraordinary credit for closing the banks. Perhaps this policy was commendable, although many bankers maintained it was not necessary. The condition of the banking world was not caused by the Hoover administration. It was caused by the fear of what President Roosevelt would do when he assumed the duties of his office. Business executives everywhere had the jitters when Hoover was defeated.

When Mr. Roosevelt was elected there were about ten million unemployed, although when he assumed office there was an increase to thirteen million, indicating quite clearly the lack of confidence of business men everywhere in the change of administration.



But the President's inaugural address cleared the air. It gave business men courage and confidence. And if he had continued the policy he clearly set forth in that address there would be no doubt of his re-election this November.

Hoover has been blamed for his failure to do something in the emergency that faced him in the latter part of his term. But he was hamstrung with a Democratic Congress. Had he attempted any of the reforms which Roosevelt put through, all of them would have been turned down.

The landslide in favor of President Roosevelt opened the way for him to try radical experiments of every kind, and he certainly took full advantage of this opportunity.

If he had surrounded himself with capable and intelligent advisers instead of advocates of Communism, doubtless he could have avoided many of the appalling and costly blunders made by his administration.

Our Democratic adherents point to the improvement in business. They say nothing whatsoever about the backwardness of the improvement in business in this country compared with all the other major countries of the world.

Our record in moving out of the depression lags so far behind that it is disgraceful evidence of the lack of business foresight on the part of our administrative officials.

We are known as a nation of business men. We have a record for astuteness in business that is recognized throughout the world.

If this characteristic had been injected into our governmental activities, instead of being the last to recover from the depression we should have been the first.

We should be prepared to question much of the political hash that will be dealt out to us in every form. But many of the arguments will be unreasonable, if not clothed in falsehood.

If we can get away from that reputation of being "just a bunch of suckers," it will materially help in the election of a substantial candidate who will be man enough to k[illegible] his promises.

And we can then be sure that our Constitution will be held inviolate.

Bernarr Macfadden

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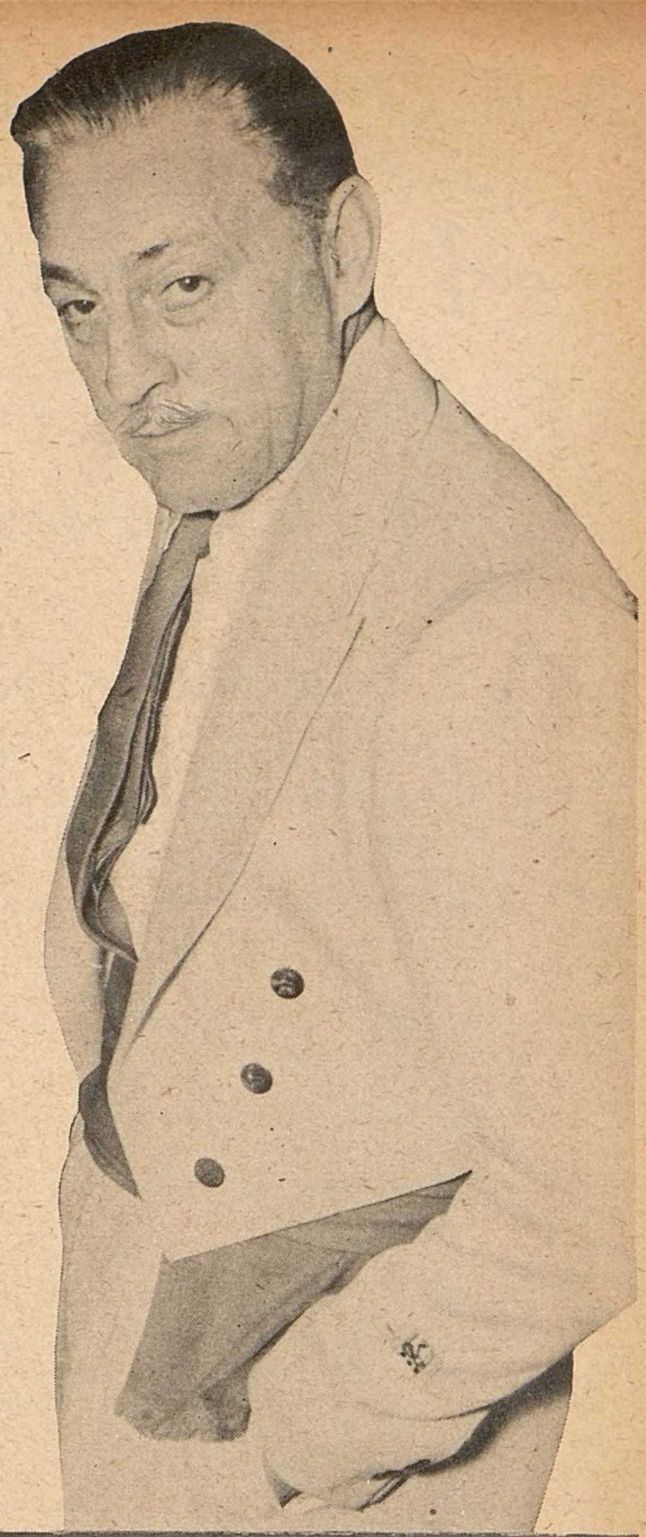
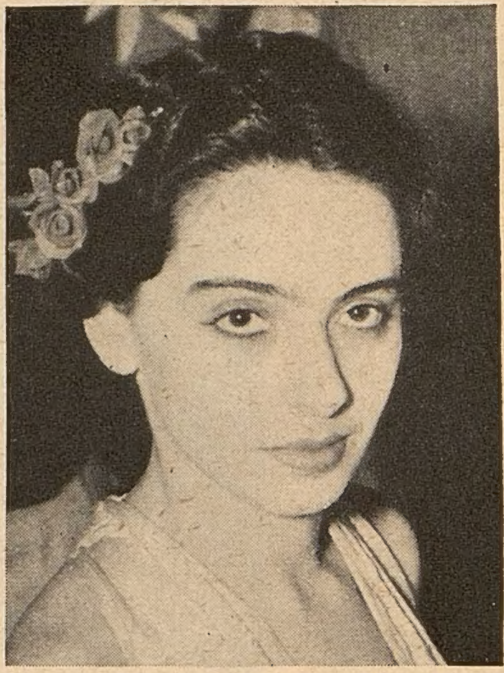


EVELYN NESBIT



ELAINE BARRIE JACOBS

DOLORES COSTELLO

THE most romantic life story in three generations—and of three generations—has been lived by John Barrymore. For the last thirty years he has been the idol of countless women both behind the footlights and away from them. Feminine hearts have been his for the asking from the days of Evelyn Nesbit to glamorous Dolores Costello, and more recently Elaine Barrie Jacobs. He has, to the ladies of the English-speaking world, personified Romance. And now, at fifty-four, he comes to the screen in a great role in the greatest love story of the ages, Romeo and Juliet! No wonder you will be fascinated by every word of the remarkable story of his career in hearts which appears next week in Liberty under the title, THE LOVES OF JOHN BARRYMORE. Don't miss it!

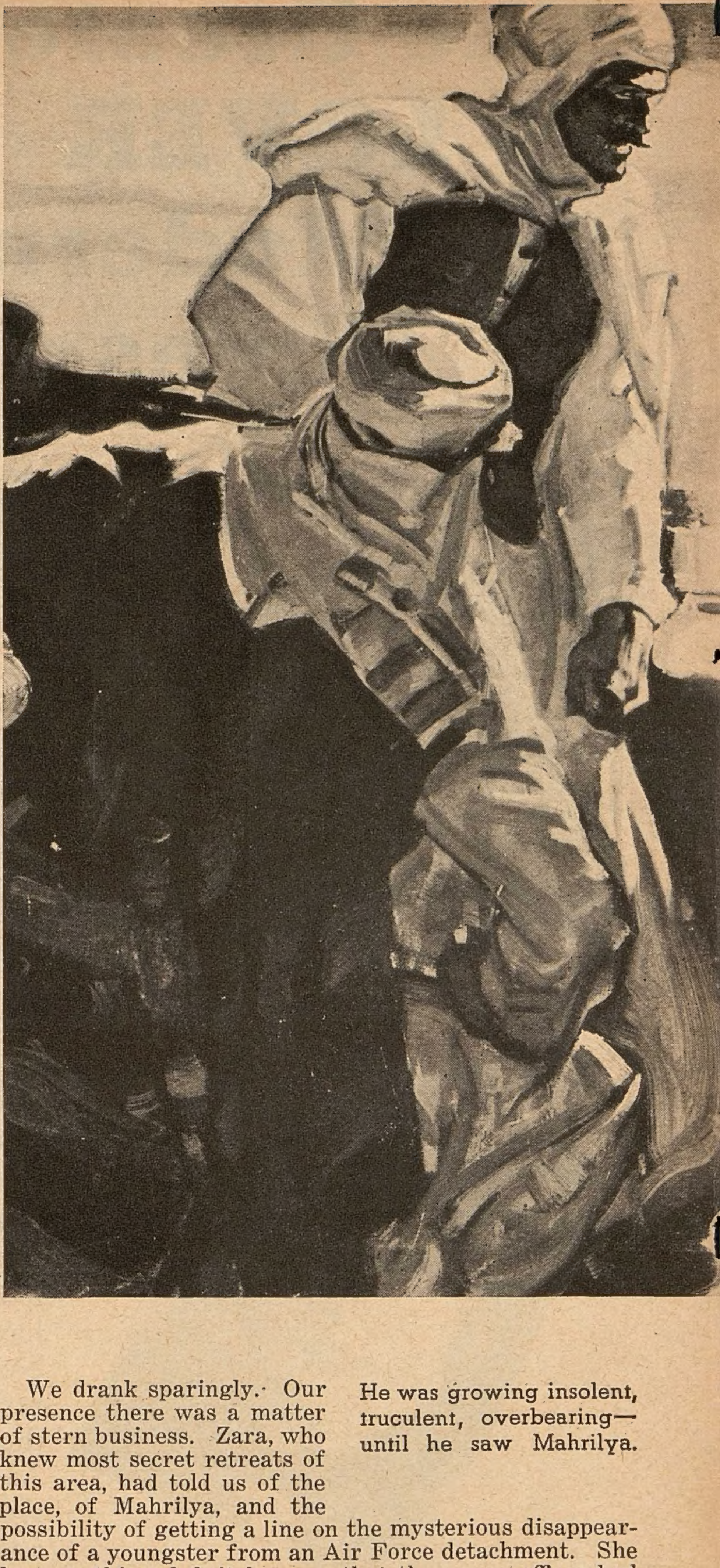
next week in LIBERTY!

BEGINNING

A Vivid Desert Drama of the Secret Patrol in Arabia—A Saga of Mystery, Battle, and Beautiful Women

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



He was growing insolent, truculent, overbearing—until he saw Mahrilya.

ONCE again Captain Blackledge is the collaborator of Lieutenant "Digger" Craven, who not only served with the Hunted Men's (Kurram) Militia against the Mad Fakir but was also for two years with the Fourteenth Iraq Desert Patrol on secret service in Arabia. With Captain Blackledge, he has told Liberty readers of the former experience in Hell Riders, and of the latter in Company of the Damned. He now adds to Hell Riders some further and crowning adventures with the Desert Patrol.

It will be recalled that he and Armstrong were taken into the Patrol after escaping from the French Foreign Legion, and that Armstrong was made "Skipper." A young American named Bain came to be Digger's side kick. Armstrong's best native secret agent was Zara, an Armenian girl whose sister he had rescued from a slaver. More than once Digger found himself in a tight place because of the mysterious Mme. Olga Radnowitz. In her tigerish way she was infatuated with him, and near Bagdad and later in a mountain stronghold she made him her prisoner. Both times he barely managed to escape.

PART ONE—THE DEVIL'S OWN DANCING GIRL

IN that Eastern dancing hell, the smoke from cigarettes and bubbling hookahs mingling with the fetid breath of sweating natives thickened and soured the atmosphere. The place was filled with men squatting on low benches. Here and there the rich robes of a wealthy bazaar merchant could be seen.

All were chattering of the delights they were to witness. Black eyes shone. White teeth glittered in the beards of Bagdadi, Persian, Kurd, and Jew. This hall of pleasure, or vice, was the nethermost Gehenna, a secret retreat by night for Arabs and others, not excluding Europeans.

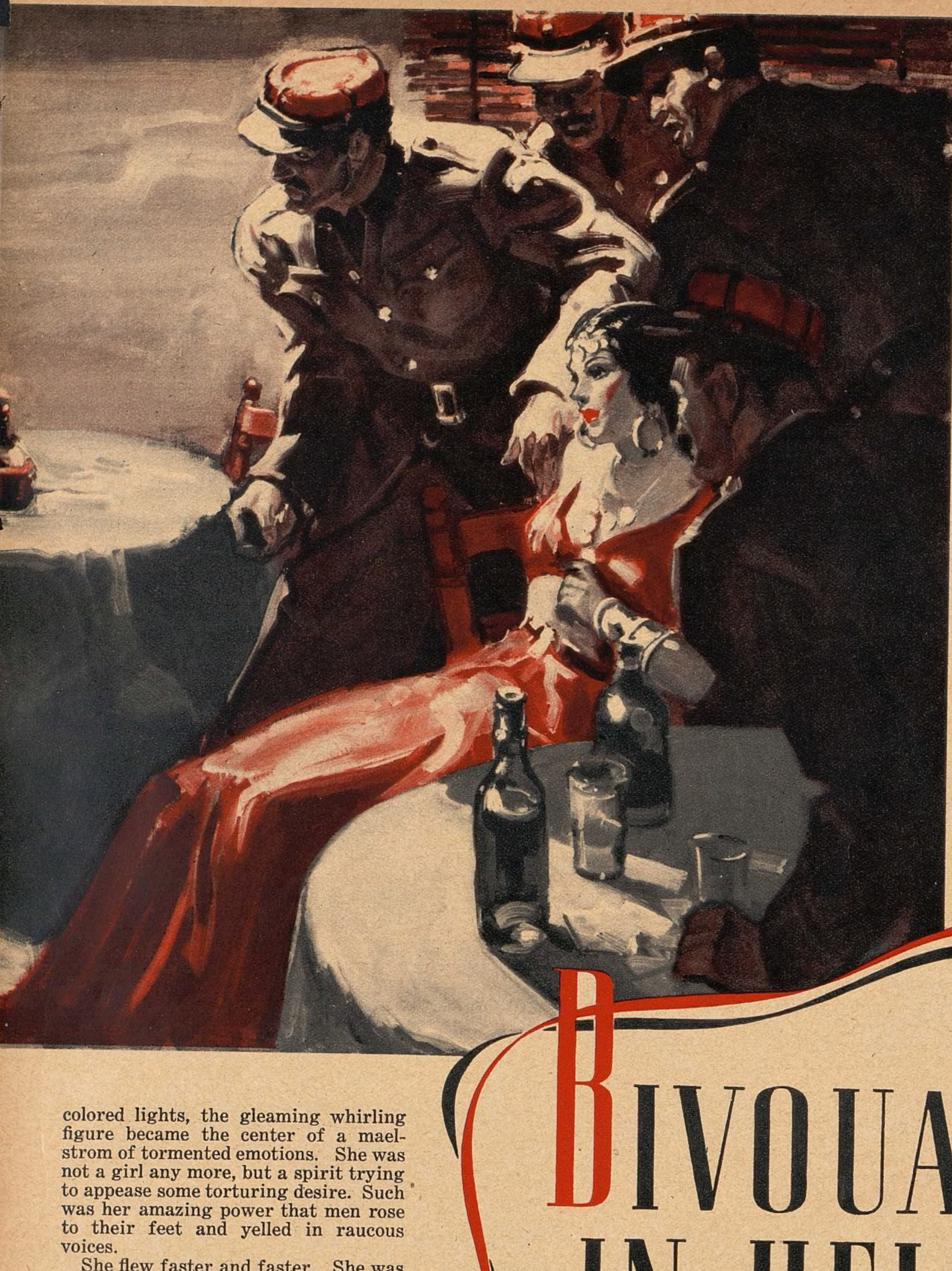
A glaring canopy of colored lights illumined garish decorations. Bazaar merchant, grizzled warrior, and laborer of the date groves sat cheek by jowl, waiting for the coming of Mahrilya, the alluring little dancer of the supple honey-colored limbs, whose eyes were of black velvet, whose hair was as somber as a moonless night, whose dancing aroused the hot passions of these natives of Arabia's northern heights.

When the flutes and drums and weird stringed instruments wailed and moaned and throbbed, when Mahrilya danced, nothing was the same in man's heated vision. While she pirouetted, strange things happened to one. It seemed that something deep down within me whirled in unison with the flash and quiver of the girl's flying body. My blood throbbed to the thud of the drums. I was ready for anything.

We drank sparingly. Our presence there was a matter of stern business. Zara, who knew most secret retreats of this area, had told us of the place, of Mahrilya, and the possibility of getting a line on the mysterious disappearance of a youngster from an Air Force detachment. She knew nothing definitely, save that the young officer had been seen on one occasion hanging over Mahrilya's gharry in the bazaar, chatting to the girl.

It happened that I had seen this Mahrilya before, divorced, as it were, from her dancing. I had seen her passing through the bazaar in her gaily upholstered gharry. She had seemed nothing more than a slothful beauty, reclining on silken cushions like a sleepy cat. To see her thus, the fire and passion of her dancing all gone, was to wonder why one had experienced that peculiar intoxication.

But while she danced, crazy thoughts careered through the mind; wild impulses rippled the nerves. It was necessary to exercise the greatest restraint. Under those



BIVOUAC IN HELL

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES DE FEO

colored lights, the gleaming whirling figure became the center of a maelstrom of tormented emotions. She was not a girl any more, but a spirit trying to appease some torturing desire. Such was her amazing power that men rose to their feet and yelled in raucous voices.

She flew faster and faster. She was a winged insect trying to escape. She was an imprisoned spirit battling for freedom. And as she whirled and flew, the great ruby she wore caught the scintillating lights and made a blood-red circle around her. Such a picture played the very devil with the imaginative mind. One saw her then as Vishnu's ironic reincarnation, conceived in a moment of contempt for the weakness of man.

I turned my gaze from her to the crowd of hot excited eyes and streaming brown faces, and for seconds I wondered what had brought me to this crazy corner of the earth. Even Bain, squatting at a table by my side—Bain the blasé, the cynical, the vagabond who had wandered throughout two hemispheres—even he was visibly moved. He saw my look and grinned.

"Gosh! Mata Hari had nothing on this!"

And then it was all over. Suddenly she had leaped from the dais into the arms of a brawny native and had been swept from the room to the accompaniment of bellowing cries and hoarse yelling for more.

"Well," snapped the Skipper, "now that the little lady has had her play, we'd better cut along and see how she spends her off-duty hours!"

I came to earth with a bump. During Mahrilya's dancing I had quite forgotten about the mysterious affair of the young officer. Mentally I shook myself. A patrolman in the East, as elsewhere, was human, but he dared not be susceptible!

"Right, Skipper. What's the scheme?"

"Well, now, we may be pretty sure the girl is well guarded. We have to get inside her quarters without raising the alarm. We must investigate, make sure whether there is anything in Zara's suspicions."

"You don't think we're on a wild-goose chase?"

"Impossible to say, Digger."

"Why not pinch her on suspicion?" queried Bain.

The Skipper shook his head. "In the present state of the populace of this area, such a move would be fatal. The temper of the mob around here calls for more delicate methods."

We left the den and made our way round toward the rear of the premises. We had to move warily in those dim sinister alleys. Suddenly the Skipper lifted his hand. We stopped dead, staring into the blackness. In a trice we dodged under an oxcart that stood near the wall, and, lying flat, waited for what was to follow.

There was little that we could see; but we could hear. We had lain there less than a minute when we caught the sound of hurrying footsteps and a swish of draperies. Between the wheel spokes we could glimpse the lower half of a sari and pale brown ankles and tiny red slippers, followed by thick muscular legs and heavy splayed feet.

They stopped at a door but a few steps away from us. The feet disappeared within the doorway—all except one pair, which appeared to be planted there on guard. To judge by his feet, this fellow must be something of a giant. It would be necessary to remove him before we could enter the building.

The Skipper moved forward toward the end of the wagon slowly, an inch at a time. Bain and I followed. Suddenly Armstrong's hand shot out, gripped the thick brown leg, and jerked. The native came down with a crash and we leaped upon him before he could utter a sound. It was all over in two seconds. We tore up the fellow's burnoose and, after binding his limbs, threw him into the wagon.

WE made an easy entry into the building, Armstrong leading. Creeping along the passages brought us to the foot of a flight of stone steps. Faint sounds came down to us, then sharp commands in a feminine voice. We started to climb. The woman's voice came clear and sharp. It gave us something of a shock to realize what she was about. We hurried upward.

The landing was dark. A pencil of light from a door gave us the room we sought. We drew nearer. Mahrilya was talking. Moreover, she was talking in broken English. She was demanding something from some English-speaking person. In the space of a couple of minutes we had the whole diabolical story, a story of tortures being used upon some luckless devil to bend him to her will.

This, we gathered, was the third night of torture and was to be the last. Red ants had been used on the first night—to eat their way through a necklace of dates fastened round the fellow's neck; but he had fainted, so that didn't work. The second night, after a mechanical fan had been clamped to his jaw, to make him stutter and laugh and foam with terror, he had fainted again. Now a cobra, brought from India, was being used. We did not wait to hear more.

Three hefty policemen crashed into the door and sent the crazy structure flying. God! What a tableau! There was the erstwhile Don Juan among Eastern beauties. But there was nothing of the lady-killer about him now. He was a physical wreck, bound and tied to the wall. A table had been pushed up to him so that it pressed against his waist, and on the table was the cobra curled in repose or in some sort of stupor. At any rate, its head was not even raised. Probably that was to come later, as the gruesome eight-foot reptile came out of its lethargy. Slow torture indeed!

The youngster, in his stained and ragged uniform, presented a frightful picture. His eyes were glazed with terror and his face was a greenish yellow. Yet apparently he had been ready to face these tortures and face death rather than open his mouth.

He certainly had guts.

The girl Mahrilya had jumped to her feet with a squeal as we crashed into the room. Three muscular attendants made as if to rush us, but thought better of it. For a split second there was dead silence. Then, with a contemptuous flick of his wrist, the Skipper picked up Mahrilya and threw her across the room at Bain.

"Hang on to that! And keep these swine covered while I cut this lad loose."

HE released the young officer, who promptly fainted. Then he shot the cobra through the head. The great length of it writhed, quivered, and was still. Mahrilya was struggling, spitting, and cursing, but for all the effect it had on Bain she might not have been there. His grip on her arm was like a vise. He did not even look at her.

As the young man regained his senses, the Skipper dropped a fatherly hand on his shoulder.

"So you'd die rather than give them what they wanted, eh? Good! Stout fellow!"

The boy was staring round the room, obviously striving to take in the situation. He brushed his hand over his forehead.

"But who in God's name are you?" he faltered. "An Arab talking pure English."

Armstrong gave one of his rare laughs.

"I expect we are a bit puzzling. We're police. The burnoose and haik are just part of our uniform. My name's Armstrong. This is Bain, a transatlantic member, and the other chap is Digger Craven, originally from Down Under."

"My name's Pearson—Lieutenant Wilbur Pearson. I say! You're some of the fellows I've heard about—Secret Service Patrol?"

"We are. Now, then, tell us. What happened?"

Pearson's blue eyes stared at each of us in turn. He was a fair-haired slim wiry youth, with a three days' growth of beard on his cheeks.

"I say! I feel a frightful fool, you know. It's all my own fault. I let myself in for this. It's rather difficult to explain. I've been a bit of an ass with that—with Mahrilya—"

"I wouldn't worry about her now, son," said Bain. "Just give us the low-down on this racket."

Young Pearson looked very serious for a minute.

"This is going to ruin me," he said. "It'll ruin my whole career."

"Not a bit of it," said I. "You tell us exactly what happened and we'll fix it for you somehow."

"Damned decent of you fellows. Fact is, I got all wound up over Mahrilya. Met her once or twice in the bazaar. You know how it is—a girl like that? She seemed on the level. Interestin'. Fascinatin', if you like. A bit of fun and all that, but nothing under the rose. You follow? Well, one night she suggested I should come along to the dive where she dances. Gee! But she's a dancer! And I couldn't very well say nay, when she invited me to her quarters here, could I? And then, while she and I were swapping lessons in English and Arabic, these three big gorillas barged in. Before I could say Jack Robinson, I was struggling with them and Mahrilya was laughing. Next thing I knew, I was strung up to the wall there. Then the fun began—"

Pearson glanced across at the girl. If looks could kill.

Mahrilya would have died on the spot.

"Yes," said Armstrong. "We heard something of that before we broke the door down. They were trying to make you talk."

The boy shivered at the recollection.

"How long have you been out East?"

"Three months. And now! When I report to the O. C. I shall be finished. Heavens! How the boys at the station will laugh!"

"What exactly was she trying to get out of you?"

"Why, she'd spun a yarn. I fell for it. Like a bally ass, I sympathized with her. She says she's the daughter of a Turkish gentlewoman and a British peer. It was a union that occurred during the Great War, when the British were fighting the Turks in these parts. Frankly, I think the girl's barmy. But she has the details all pat. She says her mother told her the whole story just before she died, a little while ago. Now she wants to get in touch with her father—"

"Did she give you the name of this English peer?"

"She certainly did. But he's alive! He's married, you know. He has a family. I mean to say, I can't very well bandy his name about—"

"You need have no fear on that score. But you must trust us."

"Of course. I suppose all this will go down in the report, anyway? You'll find his photograph in that cabinet over there. His name's on it—his signature!"

ARMSTRONG opened the cabinet and found the photograph. A smile spread over Mahrilya's face. She held out her hands toward him.

"You now take these off?"

The Skipper looked at the photograph, then at the girl. He bit off half a dozen words. She quite understood that he would do nothing of the kind.

That photograph was a bit of a shock. It was the portrait of an English peer, all right, and the fool had signed his name across it. Whether or not the girl could rightfully claim him as father, she did have this in her possession. Armstrong promptly stowed it away in the inner folds of his aba. Whereupon she began to curse and spit again. She raved and foamed and dragged at the cords that bound her. For the daughter of a peer, her behavior was in the height of bad taste!

When she had quieted, the Skipper began to question her about her birth. She repeated, like a parrot, all that she had told Pearson. She certainly had the story by heart. She had been well primed by her mother. Try as he would, the Skipper was unable to find any flaw in the statements that she made.

"What I can't understand," he said, turning to Pearson, "is just where you come in. What have you to do with this girl's cock-and-bull yarn?"

"I was coming to that. You hear what she says? Her 'father,' this

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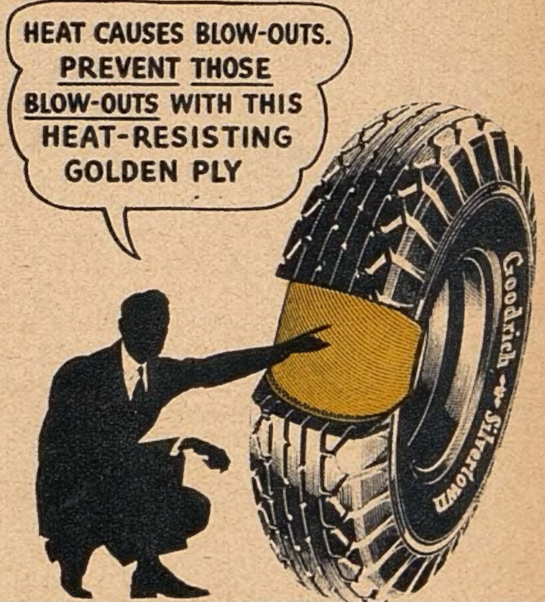
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English peer, is now in residence in a certain protectorate not far from Iraq. When I became friendly with her, she recognized my flying kit. It gave her an idea. She wanted me to help her. Apparently I was to be tortured until I gave my word I would. I kept refusing, of course. I mean to say—"

"For heaven's sake," broke in Armstrong, "will you tell me what she wanted from you?"

"Oh, that's obvious, isn't it? She wanted me to pinch a plane. You know, *pukkerao* the army plane that I'm in the habit of taking up. Then I could meet her and her bodyguard out on the Maidan one fine day, and away we'd fly to where this peer is living. How she knows where he's living and what he's doing is more than I can tell you. She knows all about him!"

"I see. Well, now, I am going to convey this girl and her attendants to a place of safekeeping. You can give us a hand. After that, we'll escort you back to your own quarters. Now listen carefully. Your report must agree with mine. Yours will be that Mahrilya became friendly with you for a purpose. She told you her story. You naturally disbelieved it. But you thought it worth while to pursue the matter. You made an appointment to see her in the privacy of her abode, where she had promised to show you evidence. It was not until you were inside this room, however, that you discovered the girl's treachery. When it was too late, you realized what was required of you—stealing an airplane and so on. You can leave all the rest out. You understand?"

"Well, rather! I say, you're a brick!"

"NEVER mind that. Have you got your story pat?"

"I'm word perfect, sir."

The Skipper smiled. "Right, boys. Come on, now. Let's go!" . . .

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

It is true that I am a fairly light sleeper, but when I had been awakened two nights in succession I thought it well to take precautions. Each night there had been just the suspicion of a sound. I had sat up. There had been nothing further, even though I had remained awake for hours. I didn't like it. I had more than enough knowledge of the catlike tread of the natives of those parts.

I was occupying the Skipper's quarters at Ramadi, he being still away, engaged on the Mahrilya case. As second in command, I was in charge of the Fourteenth Patrol. Naturally I did not care to have anything happen to my discredit. Moreover, this could not be just an ordinary attempt at robbery. No native in his senses would try to break into the Patrol barracks. Yet some one had twice attempted to get into the Skipper's room while I was occupying it. I was convinced of that. Who? And why? Bain and I set a trap. Nothing happened for several nights. Then it came.

It must have been somewhere around three in the morning. Bain was lying in bed, wide awake, but breathing evenly and steadily like a man sound asleep. I stood with my back to the wall, shifting from one foot to the other. A few feet away was an unglazed window covered with a straw chick. The moon penetrated this, throwing a network of light and shadow across the floor.

Then came the soft scrape on the ledge. I stiffened, flattened myself in the recess of the wall. A knife soundlessly slit the chick from top to bottom. A head appeared with knife in mouth. It was a brown head with a sparse beard and a bald pate. As the man slid into the room I saw that he was naked—and oiled from head to foot.

I WATCHED him move silently across the network of shadow. He made for a cabinet in the corner. That cabinet was Armstrong's property. It contained, besides a few valuable curios and other personal effects, a considerable sum in cash—the Patrol's pay. But it could not be the cash that had attracted the oiled visitor. Having neither clothes nor bag in which to stow it, he could not hope to carry it away.

He would find that cabinet a tough proposition, thought I, with only a knife to open it. Then I saw him put down the knife, and again his hand went to his mouth. Evidently he carried his tools there. He was an amazingly silent worker. A mouse would have made no more noise than he as he gently withdrew a tray from the interior of the cabinet.

For some minutes he searched. Then he straightened up, crossed the room like a cat, and made for the torn chick. In that instant I sprang. Bain reached over and caught the native's oiled leg, but it slipped from his grasp. My arms slithered down the naked body as I tried to drag the fellow from the window ledge.

Then Bain threw in his weight. We clawed at the slippery devil, our clothes carrying away the grease as we struggled with him. Never a sound came from him, nor from us. At last, putting all my weight behind the blow, I struck him flush on the point of the jaw. He collapsed like a punctured bladder and lay still.

We put on the lights. A knife with a long curved blade lay near the window. A few inches from it was a photograph, crumpled and stained with oil.

"Gosh! Whaddya know about that?"

It was the picture Armstrong had taken from Mahrilya, the signed portrait of an English peer.

"Wouldn't ya think the Skipper would have taken this with him?"

"Oh, no, Bain. He had it copied. It is too valuable a piece of evidence to carry around. He left it locked away here for safety's sake—and it begins to look as if somebody wanted it rather badly! I guess we'd better tie this swine up."

We did not ourselves attempt to make the native talk, preferring to await the Skipper's return. When he came, he gathered the Patrol together in the compound and had our burglar brought out. In spite of his beard and bald pate, the fellow was far from being old. The crown was shaven and the beard soft. A tough wallah in his prime.

The Skipper tried questioning. Who employed him? Who wanted the sahib's picture, and why? Baldpate sat stolidly and never a word passed his lips.

The Skipper then explained patiently what would happen if he did not speak. The man winced. It was clear that he understood. But still he uttered no sound.

"All right. Yank him up!" snapped the Skipper. "We'll see what a little native persuasion will do. Hold out his arms."

TWO brawny Cossacks were manhandling the prisoner.

"Tie his hands down. One at a time; there's no hurry. . . . Now pull on this wire gently. Hold! Don't drag the wire until I give you the order."

The native's brown face had turned an ashen gray. Sweat poured down his beard. His eyes were dilated with terror. The pain on his twisted features even made me sweat. Still no sound came from his lips.

"Drag!"

Still no sound from that twisted jowl.

"*Drag!*" snapped Armstrong.

The Skipper's face was cold, unemotional, like granite. How he must have hated this job! I looked at Bain. That wallah just shrugged his powerful shoulders and raised his eyebrows.

"*Drag!*" Skipper Armstrong spat out the order as if it were poison on his tongue.

Two powerful Cossacks heaved at the wire. Suddenly a spout of blood dyed the prisoner's beard. He screamed.

"All right. Let go!"

The Cossacks unharnessed him and flung him down. He lay gasping for breath, his two great paws pressing on his bald pate.

The Skipper yanked him to his feet and rapped out queries. He indicated that he was ready to answer. He was soused with water and given a drink. Then he talked.

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It was an amazing story. There was a white man backing Mahrilya in her attempt to foist herself upon the English peer. The idea, of course, was for her to get in touch with him and, presenting her evidence, to extort a large sum in hard cash from him. Besides Mahrilya and the white man, there were half a dozen natives in the scheme.

We lost no time. The Skipper, Bain, and I, with six of the boys to escort the prisoner, went off in search of one Fergus, a white man who had gone native. Fougass, the natives called him.

We learned that this ambitious extortion scheme had originated with him.

Two days' trek brought us to the capital city. Our prisoner led us through the labyrinthine alleys and byways where the lowest scum of the native element dwelt. There were a few white men in the quarter—the riffraff and dregs left behind by the war, who had taken native wives and had adapted themselves to the local native life, customs, and conditions—which last were pretty ghastly.

We found Fergus, or Fougass, in the midst of his family—a native woman whom, doubtless, he had long since come to loathe, and several children, brats of the most despised gray-brown variety. It was easier to understand now how he had come to devise such a plan of escape. For escape it certainly was in his eyes. His one thought was to make a getaway and with money enough to put him on Easy Street.

He had the shock of his life when we dragged him from the hovel he called home. At first he was inclined to bluster. He didn't see why a bunch of well dressed Arabs, followed by two or three white men in Patrol uniforms, should come along and start trouble over nothing at all. These Arab gentlemen could have nothing against him. Had he not become one of them, even to turning Moslem? He really talked as if he had conferred a great honor upon Arabia by going native!

It should be appreciated that even then we did not know just how far Mahrilya's story could be substantiated. The girl did possess some evidence. If her mother had been half as beautiful as she . . . Stranger things have happened in time of war.

When we disillusioned Fergus he began to show his true colors. He had a justifiable fear of the police. However, he knew that the authorities could have nothing on him—until we brought Baldpate forward. Then he realized what he was up against. The miserable wretch trembled. He cringed.

"You're not going to take the word of a native against that of a white man, are you? Gawd! That bloke has been telling you a pack of lies. Lies, I say!"

Armstrong told him that he would have ample opportunity to talk at the inquiry.

"Inquiry! My Gawd! I ain't goin' to no inquiry."

He made a feeble attempt to break away. He hadn't a chance. Our boys were accustomed to dealing with rascals much tougher than he was.

We made a sorry procession as we marched along through the streets. But by the time we reached the guardhouse Fergus was considerably calmer. He was even growing insolent, truculent, overbearing.

He strutted into the guardroom quite jauntily—until he saw Mahrilya.

Then the fun began all over again. The girl, realizing her predicament, had gone limp. She had collapsed; it had been necessary to brace her up with brandy. But at sight of Fergus her fires were rekindled. She spat contemptuously. Loathing was writ across her pretty features. Fergus began to yell:

"This is a put-up job! These natives are lying—an' you're letting 'em get away with it! Is this British justice? I know nothing about a scheme to pinch a plane and blackmail Lord—"

"Silence!"

Colonel Ross-Coverdale, our Commissioner, was in charge. It did not take that grizzled warrior long to extract Fergus's whole history from him, beginning with his period of service during the war, and continuing through a series of more or less despicable delinquencies since he had gone native.

The Commissioner pursued his interrogations with relentless vehemence. At last Fergus was, metaphorically speaking, groveling on the floor. The whole story came tumbling out of him. The scheme, it appeared, had been in preparation for months, ever since Mahrilya's mother had died.

There must have been some spark of pity in the Commissioner for his miserable compatriot, for it was noticeable that he made no attempt, then or later, to inquire into the cause of the mother's death.

The upshot of it all was that Fergus and his erstwhile friends were sent to the Andaman Islands. In that convict settlement he should certainly have ample leisure to meditate on his misdeeds, especially that one concerning a photograph given to him in all good faith. Had he not begged that autographed portrait from the officer whom, during a part of the Great War, he served as batman in the Iraq field, or had that officer declined to give such a memento to his servant, the "native" Fergus of the postwar period could not have concocted such a crazy scheme of treacherous blackmail.

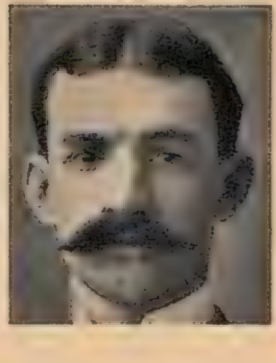
So much for him—and for the maddening Mahrilya. It was a genuine relief when her case was disposed of. I, for one, was fed up with hellcats of her kidney, and looked forward to a respite of patrol duty against the ordinary cutthroats and marauders of northern Arabia.

How little one knows!

Within seven days I was to be at veritable death grips with a woman compared to whom, either in seductive beauty or in deviltry, Mahrilya was but a plain artless child; a woman who had more than once wrought havoc in my life, and who was now to come more than once within a hairbreadth of ending it.

This devil woman's name? Could it be other than Olga Radnowitz? For the last and the most volcanic of Digger Craven's adventures with that queen of cocaine ringsters and consort of the dread Assassins, read Captain Blackledge in Liberty next week!

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Who (see the early photo at right) split the 1925 Nobel Peace Prize, shared authorship of a famous plan in 1919, and was general purchasing agent for the A. E. F. in France?

2—What is the popular name for encephalitis lethargica?

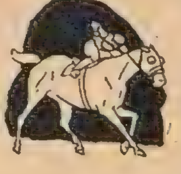
3—Who first patented the sleeping car?

4—What game of skill uses only 32 of 64 spaces?

5—Which talkie sounded the death knell of silent pictures?

6—Crater Lake National Park is in which state?

7—What masticatory in common use is often made from a product of the bully tree?



8—Who composed Hänsel und Gretel?

9—What Biblical character asked if there was any taste in the white of an egg?

10—How many furlongs in a mile?

11—What physician became mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and later U. S. senator from New York?

12—Which of Dickens's novels was but half finished when he died?

13—Who else was Theodosia Goodman?

14—What republic federated with the U. S. S. R. bears the same name as a U. S. A. state?

15—Who was nicknamed "Bet-You-a-Million"?

16—What did Joshua Humphreys do for his country?

17—Who wrote the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories?

18—What height do tides attain at Passamaquoddy?

19—Horse butts are generally used to make what leather?

20—Who played the character of Skippy in the movies?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

MAX SHEROVER presides over a mentally stimulating business house called the Linguaphone Institute, where people buy phonograph records from which they try to learn foreign languages—sometimes for strange reasons.

"I married a Swede," confided an Irish-American lady to Mr. Sherover. "He talks Swedish in his sleep. I've got to learn Swedish, and learn it quick!"

One of Harlem's colored cops wanted phonograph lessons in Yiddish. Said he had been transferred to a beat near the Bronx. Linguaphone puts out no Yiddish records, but Mr. Sherover sold the colored copper a German set.

Long established in Europe, Linguaphone is comparatively new here. Some of our celebrities use it to pick up foreign chitchat or to correct their native accents. Hope Hampton has helped her Italian this way; Professor Einstein has improved his English. Paul Muni is acquiring some Russian; Eleanor Roosevelt some Spanish. Sixty per cent of the customers take French. Spanish comes next in popularity. A new set of records, known as the Pronunciphone Course, teaches the best *American* idiom. Valuable, I should think, for ambitious girls who work. Many a sweet young private secretary has risen in the world through speaking better English than her boss.

MAX SHEROVER

Be sure, though, that you understand *what* language you study by Linguaphone. A Western professor of Oriental tongues took Hindustani by mistake last year, when what he really wanted was Bengali. For three months he taught his pupils the wrong language—but nobody knew the difference.

● In a confidential mood, a young wife started telling me why she had run away from her husband.

"This may be hard to understand," she said, "but one of the reasons, I think, was the fact that I could trust his mother to take good care of my baby."

She said she would never have gone if there had been no devoted grandma with whom to leave the child. In her case the family breakup was brief, I am glad to report, for she and her husband were soon reconciled. But what she said about leaving the baby with grandma is no less significant. From other stories of skittish young wives I am led to believe that their temptation toward jumping the fence may often be stirred up inadvertently by devoted grandmothers who show themselves able and willing to *mind the baby* at all times.

● Nothing revigorates our love of home more keenly than a mislaid key or a mislocked door. The snug satisfactions of domestic life seem never so desirable as when you have locked yourself out of your house and can't get in.

Recently a friend of mine spent some embarrassing hours on the veranda of her summer cottage when the door blew shut and locked behind her as she reached out to grab the morning milk—clad only in the upper half of her pajamas. Last Christmas morning I suffered a similar experience in my own back hall; but it was winter then, and I had on both halves of my pajamas. Our reaction, however, was the same. We agreed that being locked out of your own house actively intensifies your appreciation of home life. Perhaps it would be a good thing for all of us to undergo from time to time.

● The busier the family, the worse the jumble, as a rule, of scrawls and jottings left around the telephone on mixed-up pads and torn-off scraps of paper. You know the confusion: numbers without any names to go with them . . . names without numbers . . . fragments of messages. Such a mess! It can be avoided by installing an old-fashioned blackboard about eighteen inches square, with chalk and an eraser. Wipe the board clean every day. Folks soon acquire the habit of transferring what they need to their personal memoranda books.

● A deeply touching little note has just been sounded by the deaf-and-dumb bachelors of Italy. They are protesting against a law that exempts them from paying the national tax on bachelors. They don't want to be exempted. They resent it because it might make people think they aren't as capable of love and marriage as any other bachelors. So they are now demanding to be taxed like the rest. Their move is probably the first of its kind in the whole history of taxation.

● Are you interested in jewels—their history, the art of fashioning them for wear? If so, you will like Herbert P. Whitlock's book, The Story of the Gems. (Published by Lee Furman.)

● Contrary to general notion, the use of curry is by no means limited to hot spiced dishes. Salads flavored with curry are excellent. Here's a Bombay recipe for one:

Dissolve 3 teaspoons gelatin in 4 tablespoons cold consommé. On dissolved gelatin pour ½ cup consommé brought to boil with ½ cup water. Mix 1 teaspoon curry paste until smooth in 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar and 2 tablespoons sour cream. When gelatin cools, combine it with curry mixture and add 3 canned pimentos finely minced.

Stir when the jelly begins to set, pour into ring mold, and chill.

Serve with quarters of canned pears marinated in French dressing.

This salad is delicious with cold roast lamb.

IT'S ALL IN YOUR ACT

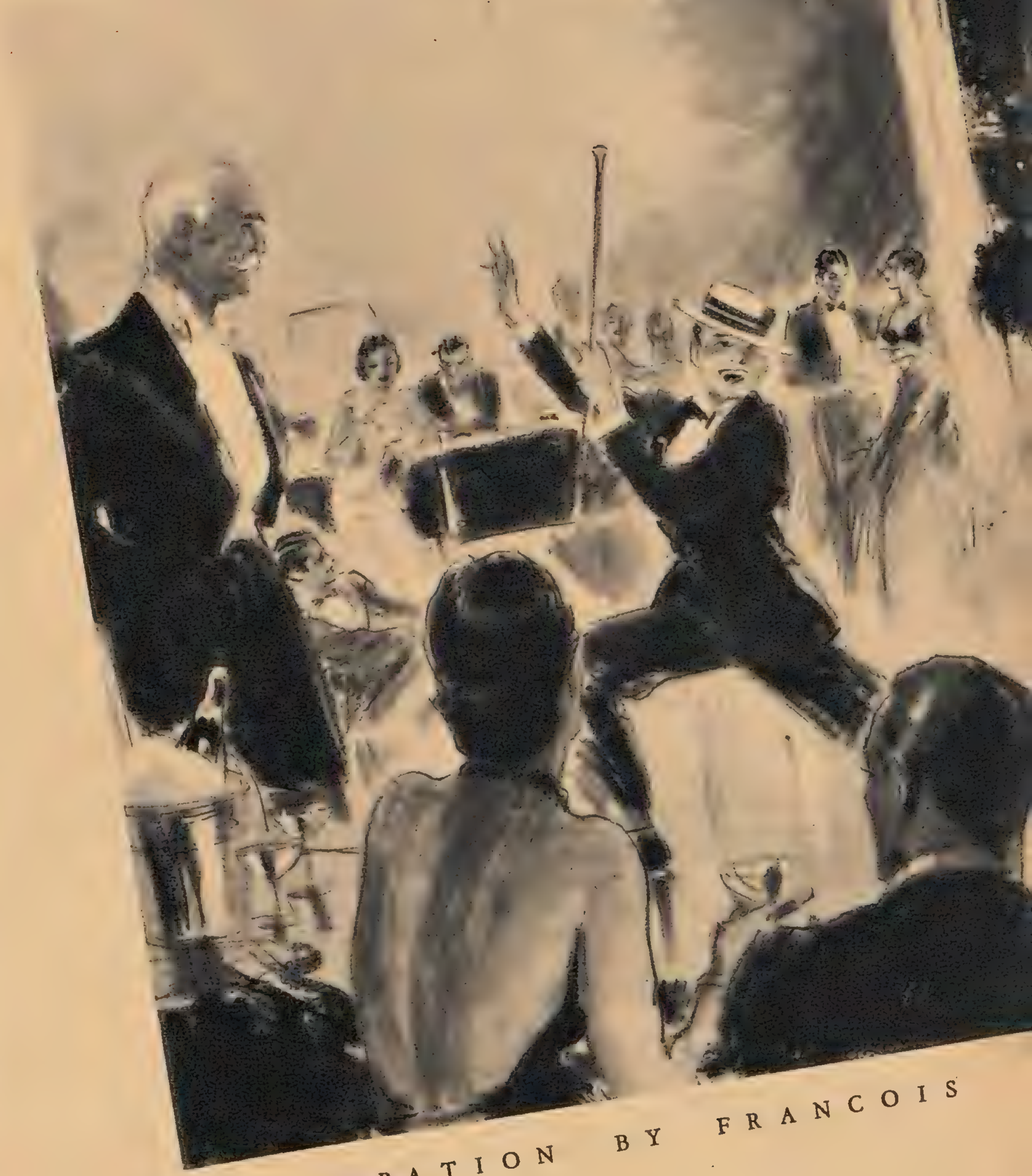


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCOIS

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE eye, as everybody knows, has little to do with the object seen. The eye transmits its laconic message to the mind, and the mind promptly invests the object with a light or gloom of its own.

So it happened that Audrey Townsend, whose eyes had wearied of those shimmering cornfields which surrounded her home town, was moved beyond words by a glimpse of the dark grease-smeared passage which, with its adjoining dressing rooms, comprised the back stage of the Armstrong Theater, Fifty-second Street.

The old man at the door blinked at her indifferently, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder. And Audrey, step by enchanted step, made her way down that passage which smelled of hair tonic, grease paint, and mice.

She was admitted, a few seconds later, to Raymond Wells's dressing room. The room was nothing more than a cubbyhole. And Raymond Wells himself was merely a tall lean young man who wore an old red-velvet dressing gown over his trousers and who was at that moment rubbing a blob of cold cream on to one side of his jaw. But Audrey Townsend stood at the door for a second, dazzled.

"Come in, come in!" cried Wells.

Audrey came in and sat upon the edge of a plain wooden chair.

"Let me see—you're from a newspaper, aren't you?" he went on easily. "You won't mind if I get on with this job, will you?"

He scrubbed his cheek a little more and wiped his hands on an old Turkish towel. He had begun, without further invitation, to give her the things he would like said about himself in the out-of-town papers. Audrey began jotting them down, with fingers that trembled, in a small new notebook.

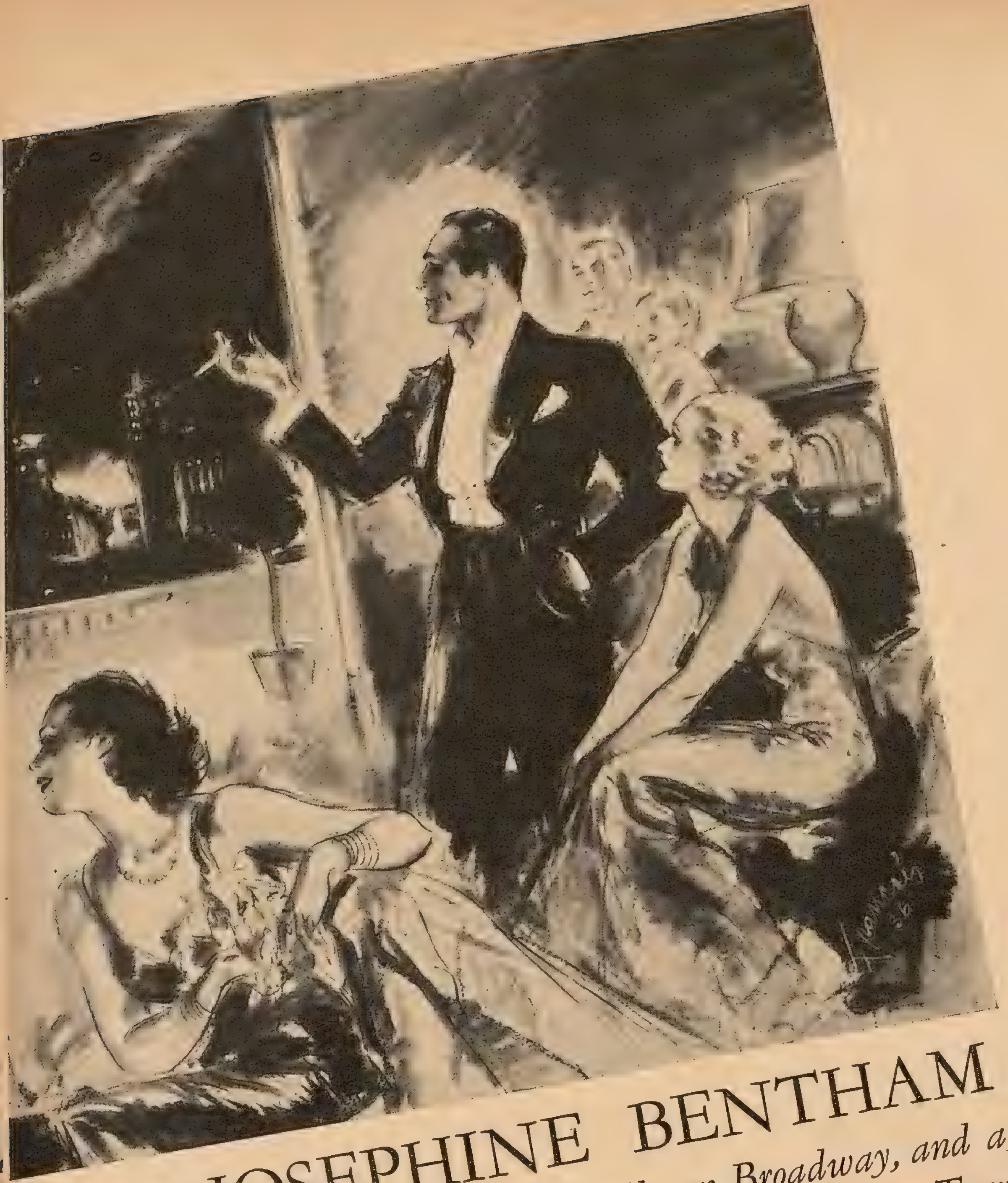
She would not have been so agitated if this had not been her first interview, or if this first interview were not likely to be her last.

Not quite a week ago she had left the town of Nile City, Illinois. She had been working hard for over a year in Miss Dunlap's circulating library and she had earned a vacation. Miss Dunlap could be rather difficult. So Audrey was having three weeks all by herself in New York—although, of course, she was staying in a very well ordered girls' club at some distance from Times Square.

Now, it so happened that old Mr. Faulkner, who was the managing editor of the Nile City Record, was wont to play chess with Audrey's grandfather every Wednesday evening. It was after one of these friendly sessions that old Mr. Faulkner had suggested that she interview a celebrity for the paper. This, of course, had been a joke—because Audrey was such a timid little thing. But as Audrey turned the proposition about in her mind—building it up, tearing it down, and building it up again—it had assumed the fearsome but thrilling outlines of a real assignment.

She had decided to interview Raymond Wells because she had gone to see him in a matinee of Sincerely, Madame, and had decided at the conclusion of that performance that poor miserable Nile City, in its abysmal ignorance, certainly needed to know about Raymond Wells.

She had called up the box office to state her case in



Pat Jameson's nimble feet were expressing heartbreak, a new hope, and goin' to town.

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

A Story of Cinderella on Broadway, and a Dazzling Adventure that Didn't Turn Out Precisely as 'Twas Planned

considerable trepidation, and the box office, as if it were talking of ordinary mortal transactions, had referred her to one Archie Gibbs, press agent for the Armstrong. Mr. Gibbs had said: "You're from the—what? Nile City. Well, live and learn. What's that? . . . Oh, sure. Why not? Drop around after the show Sat'd'y night and tell 'em that Archie sent you."

So here she was. It was enough to make a girl a little giddy. Mr. Wells murmured an apology and flashed his boyish smile as he wriggled out of his velvet robe, tossed it to a menial hovering in the doorway, and donned a dinner jacket which set him up again as Lord Carstairs in Sincerely, Madame. Someone came to the door: Audrey recognized a certain Spencer Small who had played the kindly solicitor to the young Lord Carstairs.

"Ready?" he demanded. "That is—you're planning to go on to Mabel's, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Raymond. "But I've had one or two little things—oh—er—Miss—"

"Townsend," murmured Audrey, turning red.

"Oh, of course. Miss Townsend, this is Mr. Small. You probably remember him in the play."

Audrey looked at Mr. Small. He was a tired-looking middle-aged man with deep furrows driven into his sagging cheeks. But some of the glory which transfigured Mr. Wells fell also upon this sardonic gentleman.

"Indeed I do remember you!" cried Audrey. "You were—you were simply wonderful, Mr. Small!"

The actor did not look annoyed.

"You think so, do you?"

"Oh, I certainly do, Mr. Small!"

"You are—er—enthusiastic about the theater?"

Audrey hesitated. The two famous ones smiled upon her sympathetically as she explained that—although, of course, she *was* enthusiastic about the theater—she had little chance to indulge that enthusiasm.

"I come from a place called Nile City," she said in apology.

"Then you're just here on a little vacation, eh?" said the older man amiably. "Well! You should have a gay time while you're here. Well, for that matter, why don't you come to the party with us? Mabel Todd's throwing one of her brawls. You've heard of Mrs. Todd—always in the papers. And you might get a kick out of it. . . . Good idea, Wells?"

"More than a good idea!" agreed Mr. Wells, automatically flashing that smile.

"But—"

"Oh, no buts!" urged Mr. Small. "Mabel will love you. They'll all love you! So now just you come along."

Mrs. Todd's party was given, that Saturday night, at an hour when any party in Nile City would have been struggling with its last yawn. The hospitable Mrs. Todd was the widow of a tooth-paste king. She was the sort of woman who seems to stay repressed all her life, only to expand, like a full-blown rose, in the widowed state. She lived in a penthouse from whose slightly synthetic-looking garden one could gaze upon the East River. And the East River was fashionable just now.

"But of course I'm glad you came!" she cried. "Any dear friend of Raymond's—I'm going to call you Audrey right away and be done with it. Raymond, the child is ravishing, simply ravishing—and those eyelashes are her own, because nobody can fool me about a thing like that!"

There were casual introductions. Big names went off like rockets against Audrey's ears. She found herself talking to Dorothea Perry, the screen star, and the fact that Dorothea had little more intelligence than her own Pekingese did not become apparent to the fascinated young woman from Nile City.

"Are you in pictures?" asked Dorothea.

"Oh, no!" said Audrey.

The actress simply didn't see her any more. And now a homely little person with gold loops in her ears nudged Audrey's elbow.

"She's fifty if she's a day," murmured the person with the gold loops.

"Who?"

"La Perry." The one with the gold loops sounded bitter, although she made thousands of dollars a year giving advice to the lovelorn. "Well, I'd be surprised if she saw fifty again. My mother took me to see her when I was a little bit of a girl. Of course she simply wouldn't be in the running if it weren't for Rosenthal."

"Who," ventured Audrey, "is Rosenthal?"

"Rosenthal, my dear, is another way of saying R. G. R. R. G. R. Pictures, my dear—where've you been?"

Audrey essayed a feeble witticism.

"I've been in Nile City," she said.

The love expert left her after this. But there were other people ready to go on with her education. Audrey was discovering that the world of the great was strangely topsy-turvy.

She was made to understand that the celebrities in this world were not so important as the mysterious powers who made the celebrities.

And when success itself was in full flower—that, too, was not what it seemed. These sapient ones could see it wilting—like last night's gardenia.

"Take Wells," explained Marcus Hammond, the great dramatic critic. "Now take a man like Wells, Miss Townsend. *He's* just about washed up. He doesn't screen well, so his contract with Hollywood is out—and he's on the skids as far as Broadway's concerned. But a year ago he had the town in the palm of his hand. That's the way it goes."

"Oh!" said Audrey faintly. "Isn't that dreadful!"

The great dramatic critic paid no attention to this remark. He waved one of Mrs. Todd's cigarettes.

"Take Dorothea Perry . . ." he continued.

AUDREY finally escaped the critic—and that was difficult, because Hammond knew a good listener when he had one. But resolutely Audrey approached Raymond Wells, who was standing by the radio, listening dreamily to one of the Porgy songs.

"Ah!" he said. "Little Miss—"

"Townsend," murmured Audrey.

"Yes, of course. Are you having a good time, Miss Townsend?"

"Oh, yes! It was terribly nice of you to bring me."

"A pleasure, my dear child."

"It will be something for me always to remember, Mr. Wells. To meet so many famous people—"

His eyes followed hers about the room. Pat Jameson, the tap dancer, held the attention of the largest group. Pat's nimble feet were miraculously expressing heartbreak, a new hope, and goin' to town. Audrey saw that Raymond was regarding the tap dancer in benevolent amusement.

"The boy's not what he used to be," said Raymond, shaking his head. "He's slipping."

The palms of Audrey's hands were colder than ice. She went on looking at the tap dancer.

"What can people do to keep from—slipping?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I guess you have to be good, that's all."

"And if you are good you don't have to worry?"

"You don't have to lie awake nights."

"*You* wouldn't ever have to worry, would you, Mr. Wells?"

He laughed.

"Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Oh, nothing—really," she told him in confusion.

But she was immeasurably relieved. She looked across the room at Marcus Hammond, a certain scorn in her eyes. He was a scandalmongering old gentleman, she thought. But it was possible that he suffered from his digestion, like Miss Dunlap of the library. She looked back to the handsome young man at her side.

"Of course you're in a class by yourself," she thought.

And she blushed to find that she had spoken aloud.

But he was not displeased—oh, no, he was not displeased. And she was, after all, a very pretty girl. Mabel Todd had been right about those eyelashes.

"THIS party's wearing a bit thin," he said abruptly. "Would you let me take you home?"

"That would be very nice," she said.

It was like a dream—like a daydream she might have had in the back of Miss Dunlap's bookshop.

"You've been a success," the actor murmured.

And she realized, in a vague way, that this was true. Mrs. Todd actually kissed her, Marcus Hammond patted her shoulder, and Ella Kimball, a stout newspaper woman of considerable importance, shouted good night across the room.

But these minor thrills were dimmed by the single amazing fact that she was sitting in a taxicab, being taken home from a party by Raymond Wells—by *Raymond Wells*. Audrey simply smiled at him, not trusting herself to speak.

Some bump in the road jolted the cab and flung her against Raymond's shoulder; quite naturally, then, he put his arm around her and kissed her.

But at once he was looking at her with something new in his eyes—as if, suddenly, he were perplexed, and even a bit abashed. He released her gently, but when they came to the door of the Girls' Club, he asked for the telephone number of that respectable establishment. He put down this number in a neat little leather-bound book.

And now, although it seemed extraordinary to her, there was really nothing extraordinary about Raymond's interest in her. He needed, perhaps, precisely that look of reverence in her eyes. The actor himself had begun to have certain difficult moments of doubt, of self-distrust.

But these moments never came to him when he was with this young person from Nile City. He could talk to her, as he flicked the ash from his cigarette, of the stipulations that he had put to Armstrong, or of the recent flattering demands on the part of his public, or of the cable that Cochran had sent him from London. And in convincing her about these matters, he almost managed to convince himself.

But the truth was that Raymond Wells was slipping. And when you start to slip in the theatrical world they put wax under your feet. Raymond had made his success by the careful cultivation of a Cambridge accent and a tired way of leaning on a Malacca stick. This attitude adapted itself admirably to the transatlantic epigram, which had been diverting the captious public for the past several seasons. But now people were tiring of all that and, incidentally, tiring of Raymond Wells. That was a fact that every one was beginning to recognize—except, of course, the actor himself and his admiring little friend from the midlands.

But after a while he dared to let a certain honesty creep into their conversation—and that, as far as any actor is concerned, is the final test of an enduring friendship.

They were having tea one day on a rooftop overlooking Central Park. Audrey sighed in honest rapture, and began to butter her costly muffin.

"Oh, I wish," she cried, "that this never had to end!"

He smiled at her.

"New York?"

"Yes. It's so much more wonderful than anything I'd ever imagined."

"You've been seeing the bright side," he told her. "The glitter hasn't had time to wear off yet. When it does, it can be a rather terrifying place."

"It could be for me, I suppose, but not for you!"

He lit a cigarette, hesitated for a second.

"I don't want you to get a wrong idea," he told her. "I wasn't born to all this, you know." And his quick gesture included everything from the theatrical-looking trees in Central Park to the silver teapot gleaming on their small table. "I was born, to be exact about it, in a place called Coon Valley. It's in West Virginia. Nobody ever heard of it. No blue grass—certainly no blue blood! It consists of a filling station and a ramshackle general store and a sort of fly-specked hotel for traveling salesmen. And in my time there was a speakeasy where the sportier farm boys could get drunk on corn and talk about their girls."

The actor tapped his cigarette against a silver tray. "I hated it," he added. "I hated everything about it—not the farming so much, although I wasn't cut out to be a farmer. You see, my father never worked *with* his land, and that's what you've got to do, if you're any kind of a farmer—"

"I know," Audrey said.

"Well, my father wasn't the sort of man a boy could respect. And my mother led a life I don't like to think about." He paused for a moment and began to rub his finger over the handle of the silver teapot. "She died eight years ago. I was just getting a start then. I managed to buy her a new stove for the kitchen and a blue silk dress—the summer before she died. If she had lived—but anyhow she had the stove and the new silk dress."

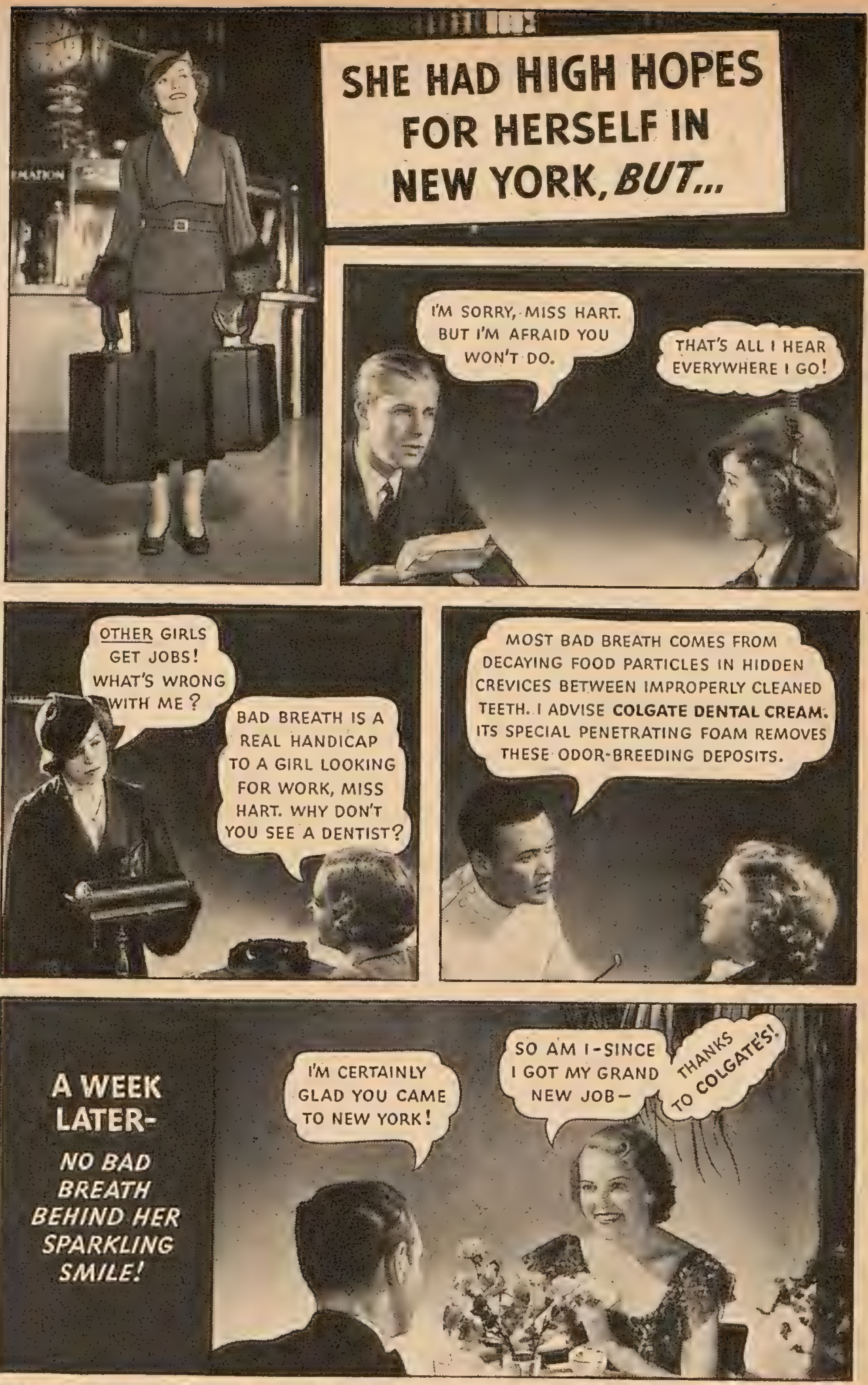
AUDREY waited, without saying anything.

"But before all this happened—when I was still a boy—my mother's brother came to live with us. He was sick, and my father didn't like it much. However, he was a fine old man—my Uncle Toby. And he taught me all the things I couldn't learn at the country school. You see, he'd been a professor at some small-time college or other before he chucked the whole thing and went on the stage. Some Shakespearean company—he'd met Booth." The actor smiled. "I can hear it now—what Booth said and what my Uncle Toby said. But are you interested in all this?"

"Yes," said Audrey.

"Well, then—there's nothing much more to this story. My mother encouraged me, and my Uncle Toby encouraged me. We hoarded pennies—we hoarded them in the traditional teapot. Sometimes my father found them. But finally there was my fare to New York and a new suit. That suit came out of a mail-order catalogue. Now I think about it, I don't understand how I got anywhere—even with the breaks."

But she wouldn't listen to that, of


SHE HAD HIGH HOPES FOR HERSELF IN NEW YORK, *BUT...*
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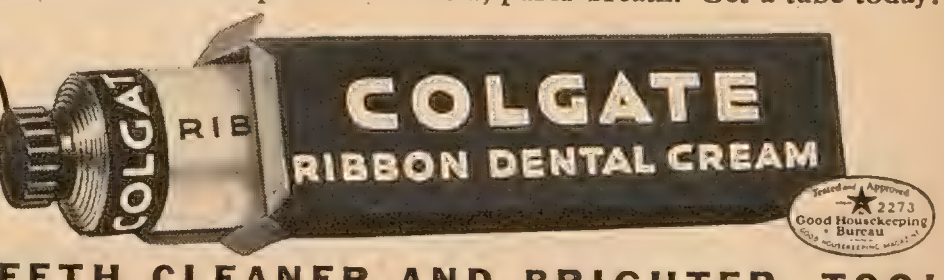
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course. She was so sure that he had come to his success only because he had deserved it. And he listened to her eagerly enough. These were the words he needed to hear these days.

"Of course I can act," he said.

"Of course!" said Audrey.

"Well—"

He shook himself a little, coming away from that West Virginia farm. By this time the tearoom was almost deserted. Light glittered through the dusk in Central Park, and on the rooftop the tables were tranquil white pools. Now, having roused himself from his dream of the past, he was looking at her rather anxiously. She saw him putting up all his neatly lacquered little defenses. Cambridge crept back into his accent. But he was clever enough to explain his predicament: he wanted her to keep his confession. No one else knew about that farm in West Virginia. Most people believed, in a vague way, that if he hadn't exactly come from England at least he had filtered through it. Audrey said that she understood perfectly. She was not yet wise enough to realize that actors like to be appreciated but not to be understood perfectly.

FOR the next few days she did not go far from the Girls' Club. If she went out, she thought, he would surely telephone. But finally she begged the young woman at the desk to make a note of any call and sallied forth to a large mid-town department store to buy a few small gifts for the people at home.

She ran into Ella Kimball at the glove counter. Ella Kimball was the bluff good-humored middle-aged newspaper woman she had met at Mrs. Todd's party.

"The little thing with the eyelashes!" Ella shouted. "Well! And how are you, my dear?"

Audrey said that she was very well, and asked politely how Miss Kimball was. The lady, it developed, was sitting on top of the world. Armstrong, the great Armstrong, had taken her play.

Audrey could perfectly well imagine what it would be like to be Miss Kimball; what it would be like to have written a play and to have had that play accepted. Not even Ella's best friend had received her tidings in so satisfactory a fashion.

"The trouble is," she explained happily, "who's to play the lead. It'll give any of these hams around town the chance of a lifetime. We'd like to have John Root, but he's gone to Hollywood, and there's no one else who—"

"Mr. Wells—Raymond Wells!" Audrey put in breathlessly. "Of course he'd be wonderful, and he's looking for a play! I happen to know he's looking for a suitable—"

Ella hooted.

"I bet he is," she said. "But in the first place this play wouldn't do for him. It's called The Maple Tree and it's all about a farmer who wears a pair of baggy pants right through to the final curtain. And in the second place, Wells is a back number. I don't think Armstrong'd have him carry a spear."

She turned to the clerk.

"I don't know what you mean," said Audrey. "I don't know what you can possibly mean! After all, Mr. Wells is the star of Sincerely, Madame—"

"Yes, and it's folding up." Ella Kimball paused long enough to tuck the new gloves into her handbag. Then she took Audrey by the arm and pushed her through the crowded aisle. "You see, Miss—er—Eyelashes, the public's got to the point where it'd be interested in a simple honest story of a farm boy who's trying to get ahead."

"But Mr. Wells—" began Audrey.

"Well, there you are, my dear! Can you imagine that lad separated from that Piccadilly slouch? Can you imagine him being a farm boy, putting his pennies in a teapot? Ha! No, my dear, your Raymond is a one-part star and nobody wants to see that part any more. I'm going to get a cab. Can I drop you any place?"

"Why—thank you—but I'm staying right around the corner—at the Girls' Club."

"Oh, I'd had an idea you lived out in Flushing or some place."

"No." Audrey looked at her wistfully. "I live in a small town in Illinois and I've got to go back there by the day after tomorrow. But—"

"But what?"

"But I'd like to stay here," she said.

A taxi swung to Ella Kimball's commanding gesture.

"Well," she said, with her foot on the running board, "would you like a job? If that's it—let me see, I think I can swing it for you. Yes, call me up tomorrow. I can get you a job. Proofreading for a small publishing house."

"Oh, Miss Kimball!"

"Practically no money," admitted Miss Kimball, "but simply lousy with contacts!"

This job, thrown so suddenly over Ella Kimball's shoulder, offered a beautiful prospect to Audrey Townsend. It might provide another chance of seeing Raymond Wells.

But six months went by, and Audrey did not see Raymond Wells and seldom heard his very name. It was rumored that he had gone abroad, and then, in the bustle of a new season, there wasn't as much as a rumor about him.

At last, during the course of one of Ella Kimball's dinner parties, she had news of Raymond. Audrey was ensconced in a wing chair by the fire sipping her coffee and listening gravely to that promising young actor, Brent Calhoun, who was talking about himself.

Spencer Small appeared suddenly by the wing chair. "This is my girl, Calhoun. You run along and let me talk to her."

The boy slipped off obediently, and Small turned back to Audrey. He was grinning like an old satyr.

"Thought you might be bored," he explained.

"Bored?" she repeated. She was really astonished.

"But yes, my child. Do you mean to say you're still listening wide-eyed to all these cubs? Well, you astonish me."

He sank, with a sigh, to the hassock at Audrey's feet, and stretched out his long legs.

"You see," he went on, "I thought you'd be tired by this time of hearing people talk about themselves, eternally about themselves. And I heard that young fool going into his act just now—"

"Was it an act?" she put in. "I thought he was supposed to be—"

"Sure. Oh, sure. He might go places, that youngster. Listen. Simply listen to the gabble in this room. What's it all about? Everybody putting over his act. You're just fooled because they've left off the grease paint."

Audrey looked at him doubtfully.

"Oh, I know," he said, chuckling. "We're all famous people—or near-famous. That's what takes you in. But we have to keep selling ourselves—*to* ourselves. And to everybody else. It's a form of mass hypnotism. Like the rope trick. D'you see? But I suppose you couldn't possibly see. You're such a guileless little thing."

AUDREY reddened. No woman under thirty likes to be called a guileless little thing. But she dismissed this grievance.

"Mr. Small," she demanded, "do *you* know what's happened to Mr. Wells?"

"Raymond Wells? Oh! Well, I do know, as a matter of fact. I ran into him the other day. But I rather like the boy—you won't give it away?"

"No," said Audrey. "Oh, no!"

"Well, then, he's living in some dump on West Twentieth Street." Mr. Small shielded his mouth with the palm of his hand, and murmured the street number. "He's pretty well down on his luck, I'm afraid. But remember, if you should happen to look him up, he'll go into some sort of act." . . .

She was breathless after those four flights of stairs, but not all her breathlessness could be blamed on the stairs.

"I came because I heard you were ill," she lied.

"I'm not ill, but it was very kind of you," he said coldly. "Won't you come in?"

Audrey ventured into a small dismal room cluttered with clothes, books, food from the delicatessen, and stills from Sincerely, Madame.

Raymond was looking thin and worried and that nonchalant effect was gone from his clothes: now they were merely clothes that needed the sponge and the iron. But he waved her into a chair as if this were one of the big scenes in Sincerely, Madame.

"I'm sorry I can't offer you any tea," he said. "Something's happened to the—er—stove."

"Oh, it's too early for tea!" she said.

There followed an awkward silence.

"I really should be going," she murmured.

"Well, I'm not very good company these days," he agreed.

"It's not that! But I—all your friends have been worried about you."

He lifted an eyebrow.

"I can't imagine why!" he said.

"Well, nobody's been seeing you, Mr. Wells!"

"Ah, no." He rose and began strutting up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to get away from all that crowd." He looked at her out of the corner of his eye, to see how she had taken this statement. And he gained courage, apparently, from that respectful gaze. "Well, that's why I came to this place, you understand. That's why I had my telephone disconnected. So I wouldn't be pestered to death by producers and newspaper people and all the rest of 'em."

AUDREY looked at him—the great star, tired of the glitter and mockery. It was a good act. But it wasn't good enough, she decided regretfully. Ella—anybody like Ella—would simply walk out on him.

Now, of course, he was wondering what was in her mind. He resented her having come to this place. He couldn't tolerate the idea of anybody's pity.

"Oh, my nose will be back on the grindstone," he said, "one of these days!"

And he laughed—as Lord Carstairs had laughed just before the second curtain.

"Of course," said Audrey gravely.

Then she left him. She took the subway uptown. And in the foyer of Ella's apartment house she whipped out her compact and hastily powdered her nose, drew a new bright smile with her lipstick. She wanted to look jaunty.

Ella was still beside herself because no one had yet been cast for the lead in her Maple Tree.

"Of course it means nothing to Armstrong, the big ape!" she fumed. "He's thinking of putting on that Prendergast play instead of mine. And the irony of it! All because my Jake is so big that there's no one big enough to play him! And Prendergast's play complete and utter drivel, my dear. It's enough to drive anybody out of her mind!"

"Yes," said Audrey, crossing her knee and nonchalantly eying the toe of her slipper. "Yes, I should think it would be infuriating. That's what

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I said to Raymond Wells—I simply begged him to consider the part. If only for old times' sake."

"Raymond Wells! *You* begged him to— Listen. Let me get this straight! What old times' sake?"

"Well," said Audrey innocently, "I always thought he was a friend of yours?"

"Listen," said Ella dazedly. "You went to that poor down-at-the-heel—"

"Down-at-the-heel?" cried Audrey. "Why, for goo'ness' sake, whatever gave you an idea like that?"

Now she arose and began to strut around the room. She lit a cigarette and tossed the match toward the nearest ash tray.

"Why, Raymond will simply die laughing when he hears about that," she said, a ripple of amusement in her own voice. "As a matter of fact he's been absolutely hounded to death by —by Cochran and lots of people on the other side. As a matter of fact he's been having a nice vacation. He's been living in a sort of—a sort of penthouse, away from everybody he knows."

Audrey paused long enough to smile indulgently.

"Of course he's temperamental," she conceded. "And I told him so right to his face! He says, of course, that he's simply sick to death of appearing in these plays that haven't anything to 'em—any substance, as you might say. I told him that he ought to consider the part of Jake, but—"

"Why, you're crazy!" cried Ella.

"Yes," she agreed, with a rueful little smile. "I was crazy to think he'd even consider it. With that English producer wanting him to play Hamlet—"

"Hamlet! But—well, of course, there was always something a little bit melancholy about Wells. At least—"

"Not melancholy exactly. *Thoughtful.*"

"Ye-es. Not exactly rugged—"

"It's too bad," said Audrey, sighing. "I can't convince him. Nobody could convince him."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Ella, bridling. "Where is he staying, child? I'll just dash over and—"

Audrey glanced at her watch.

"No," she said. "I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll get in touch with him and have him over here for cocktails. And maybe you can talk him into—well, *reading* the play. But, please—you'd better not let him know I had a word to say about this."

AND from that moment she said very little about either the long run of Ella's Maple Tree, or Raymond's personal triumph in it.

A young woman reporter made what she could of this silence.

"Of course you realize," she said, "that the public is interested in the star's wife almost as much as it is in the star!" She smiled at Audrey roguishly. "And I hope you'll tell our feminine readers how you captured the famous man—"

The three were in Raymond Wells's dressing room.

"She didn't capture me," he said. "I captured her. It was after the first night of Maple Tree. That opening night wasn't bad, you know." Here, of course, Raymond flashed a quick self-deprecating smile. "And afterward there was the usual crowd around. But I kept thinking that there was someone I wanted to see—someone who should have been there." He paused here, with a whimsical lift of his eyebrow. "You realize that up until this time we'd not given a second thought to each other. But suddenly I knew that I had to see little Audrey Townsend. And after that it was only a question of time—wasn't it, darling?"

Audrey smiled.

"Oh, but how romantic!" cried the young reporter. "And you don't belong to the profession, do you, Mrs. Wells? You've never been on the stage?"

Raymond broke in with the laugh that had charmed thousands.

"My wife?" he cried. "Why, she couldn't act if her life depended on it! She leaves all the acting to the head of the family—don't you, my dear?"

Audrey swept those eyelashes to her cheeks.

"Of course I do, darling," she said.

THE END

Listen in, **GIRLS!**

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"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

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The Man Who Stayed Home

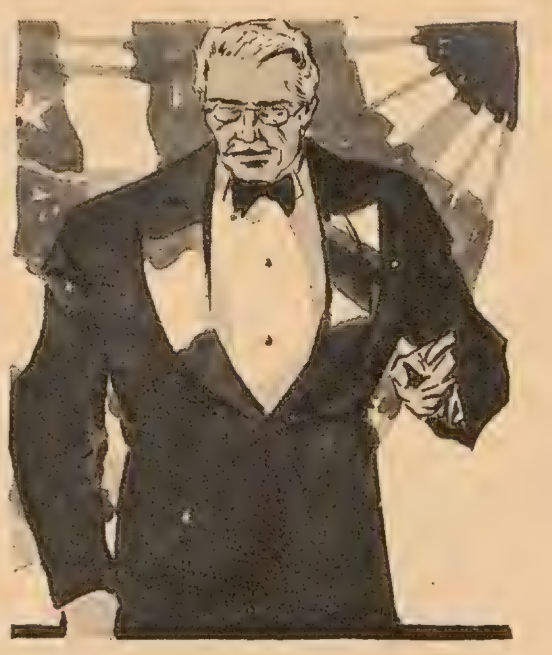
Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by
WILLIAM E. BARRETT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THEY were introducing the old lion of American journalism again: Jim Harper, the deep bass voice of the grass roots. The president of the Press Club was putting the introduction over, and for a few minutes the banquet crowd forgot that the evening really belonged to Hugh Mercer McNeil.

Jim Harper didn't forget. He frowned heavily at his plate and let the things that were being said about him flow by. He didn't have to listen while he was being introduced. He had been hearing that introduction for more years than he cared to remember. It was always essentially the same speech, no matter who delivered it.



" Jim Harper is more than a great newspaperman," the speaker said. " He is an American institution. For thirty years he has been the authentic voice of the America that lies beyond the big cities. His sane, sound, common-sense editorials have been written for one newspaper in one small town in a single state; but in those editorials the man of the soil has become articulate, the grass roots have found a voice . . ."

It was the same old stuff, the sop that fate had thrown him for his vanished dreams. Fame! He glanced briefly at Hugh Mercer McNeil, the speaker of the evening, and his eyes glowed.

On that man's shoulders sat fame that needed no high-flown rhetoric, behind him a career that needed no prop of sloganeering. Several years short of forty, McNeil was already a world figure—the confidant of kings and dictators, the ace commentator on world affairs. At sixty-three? Jim Harper's lips twisted bitterly. At sixty-three Jim Harper was a country editor.

He looked across the sea of white shirt fronts and soft satin to the frail figure of Nan, and his eyes misted.

The falling away of the speaker's voice and the sudden thunder of applause shook him out of himself. He had been introduced. He rose slowly, and there were no words in him. Perspiration dewed his forehead and he looked down at Hugh Mercer McNeil.

He didn't even know the man. A plane had been late. He knew McNeil only by reputation and— His eyes lifted to the expectant, understanding eyes of Nan. Yes, by gad! He knew this McNeil by intuition.

The deep bass voice of the grass roots rumbled and Jim Harper was introducing the guest of the evening.

He was giving them tonight the man who had done what every newspaperman yearns to do—the man who had made foreign capitals his footstool.

As he talked his thoughts kept pace: thoughts of that day when this century was yet unborn and there was a British war in Africa. The Press Association had wanted Jim Harper to leave at once; but Nan had already mailed their wedding invitations and a British war in Africa was no place for a bride. His eyes met Nan's briefly and he paused. He looked down at Hugh Mercer McNeil while some smothered thing in his soul whispered: " There, but for the grace of Nan, am I! "

He picked up the thread of his speech again, and he was talking about the map that had been unfurled for the feet of McNeil to walk upon. As he spoke, his own soul was marching back across the years. Japan had warred with Russia, and Jim Harper might have been at Port Arthur. He had had his orders. But Nan was awaiting the birth of their son—and what man leaves a woman at a time like that?

There had been the call from Rome when the gauntlet was down between Italy and Turkey. That was the summer that the boy died. Jim Harper looked again at Hugh Mercer McNeil. There had been no more calls. Now—

He introduced the man that he might have been.

The applause was beating about his ears, and he looked at Nan. Nan never clapped, but he read it in her eyes if a speech was good. It had been good tonight. So be it! Jim Harper was going to listen to a speech that he wanted to hear and that he'd give his soul to deliver—McNeil's. The foreign correspondent was on his feet.

" It quite overwhelms me to receive such a magnificent introduction from so distinguished a journalist . . ."

The man's face was wooden, his chin tilted like the chin of a monocle wearer. His accent was Oxford—terribly, overwhelmingly Oxford.

It annoyed Jim Harper, and he fought against the annoyance. The voice flowed on.

Slowly, ideas filtered through the words. McNeil was smooth. He was polished. He was suave. He was everything that a globe-trotting newspaperman ought to be. But he was making a League of Nations speech. He was preaching the inevitability of war. He was decrying the lack of American understanding on the problem of the war debts. Jim Harper's face reddened.

" You in America are not world-conscious . . ."

This fellow was thrusting at everything for which Jim Harper's life had stood. He was preaching pure foreign propaganda. He was talking like an English lecturer. He wasn't—by heaven, he wasn't an American!

Jim Harper's collar was getting tight; his dinner coat was pulling at the shoulders. He looked at Nan.

She was smiling at him as she had smiled down their thirty-eight years, and her eyes were talking to him through the rasp of that Oxford accent. " Darling, darling," they said, " I understand so well! "

SOMETHING that was mellow and kind and tolerant flowed into Jim Harper—something that he felt often when he stood in the doorway of his small-town newspaper office and listened to the voice of the America that lies beyond the cities. For the first time, then, he thought of Hugh McNeil as a man and not as a symbol.

The man was up there on his feet and making a valiant attempt to talk to his own people—and he had lost the touch. He was a world figure, but in making the world his own he had become a man without a country. He was a voice of many tongues, but he could no longer speak for the land that had bred him and sent him forth. For the things that the years had given him, the years had taken too much.

Jim Harper, who was a country editor at sixty-three, understood because he had made a profession out of understanding. He lighted a mangled cigar and he looked at Hugh Mercer McNeil with the eyes of pity.

" There," he whispered huskily, " but for the grace of Nan, am I! "

THE END

Outwitting Old Age by *Reactivation 1937*

A Famous Author Who Has Tried It Twice Tells of Its Wonders . . . and Plans to Do It Again!

by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TWO thousand years ago cosmetic surgery and gland transplantation were practiced in Indo-China. They had an unpleasant habit of slicing off the nose and ears of a political prisoner before incarcerating him, and when he came out, if he ever did, he wanted to look like other men once more. There were surgeons who became expert in transplanting ears and noses from poor men willing to sell—or, more probably, from slaves.

The origin of gland transplantation is more uncertain, although it may have arisen from the same cause: an incarceration of several years in a foul dungeon with small rations of bad food was likely to reduce vitality to a low ebb. And gland transplantation, or implantation, is a powerful tonic, although the effect is impermanent.

Does Time merely run round in ever-widening circles? The ladies of ancient Greece plucked their eyebrows, the rouge pot is as old as Egypt, and under the Caesars dyed hair was as common as red and white paint. Only the lipstick is modern, and perhaps one may yet be found in an ancient tomb.

As far as I know, cosmetic surgery was not revived until the twentieth century, or possibly the late nineteenth. But since then it has attained a perfection that has been a godsend to women of the stage, business women, and ladies of a profession ancient but perennial, and has made the term " face lifting " as familiar as " dyed hair."

But these devices are meant to deceive the eye. What mankind has never ceased to long for is the restoration of lost vitality, virility, endurance, stamina, capacity for work, enthusiasm, and pleasure. History abounds in legends of the search for the Fountain of Youth; legends also of selling one's soul to the devil in return for youth long past. Horrible rites of black magic, drinking the blood of infants; an uncanny exercise of will power that has come down in Chinese legend.

Eugen Steinach, who gave reactivation to mankind.

If Ninon de L'enclos had lived in New England in the seventeenth century, Cotton Mather would have had her burned as a witch and other women would have looked forward to growing old with composure.

No doubt there were many in tolerant Paris who were convinced that Ninon had sold her soul to the devil, for how else could a woman have lovers when she was seventy, look thirty, be vivacious, beautiful, and charming when she should have been telling her beads on the shore of eternity? To be sure, Voltaire says the Ninon de L'enclos legend was a lie and when he saw her she was a wrinkled old hag; but other chroniclers do not bear him out; and no doubt, when an ugly old thing himself, he paid court to the famous beauty and was repulsed with that look of blank surprise that turns a man's admiration into hissing gall.

Endocrinologists have come to the conclusion that Ninon was one of those rare beings whose ductless glands never run down but continue automatically to secrete hormones as in youth and discharge them into the blood stream, keeping the whole organism at what may be called par. That is, of course, if nothing has occurred seriously to affect the heart or other organs, and no poisonous germ has entered the blood stream.

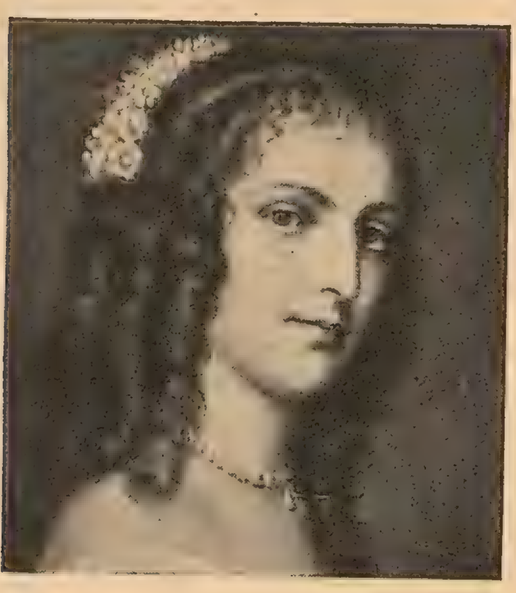
Ninon is not the only case in history whom nature endowed with this power of automatic reactivation. Sophocles wrote Œdipus at Colonus at the age of eighty-two. Verdi did his best work between the ages of fifty-eight and eighty, and Goethe was still creative beyond eighty. One occasionally meets with similar cases. I came across a woman of eighty-four at Atlantic City, some years ago, who was limber and energetic and quite as agile of mind as of body. She told me she suffered from none of the disabilities of age; but as she was devoid of vanity she looked anything but young and fascinating. But so for that matter do women of forty who take no interest in their appearance. It is well authenticated that Ninon de L'enclos wore a mask at night saturated with beneficent oils. Her contours, teeth, and no doubt the color and abundance of her hair, were preserved by her unaging glands.

The first sensational attempt in modern times to restore youthful vigor was made by the French doctor, Brown-Séquard, but, like gland transplantation, the effect was merely that of a tonic, and temporary. Moreover, like everything new, it became the butt of the world press, disgusted the medical fraternity, even those devoid of jealousy, and was an El Dorado for cheap wits. Nevertheless, Brown-Séquard was the groping forerunner of what was destined to become a science.

I think it was about 1912 that Sir Walter Somebody, the head of a popular biscuit firm and aged seventy-five by the clock, electrified London by announcing from the housetops that he had been literally rejuvenated in Vienna by Professor Steinach, the greatest biologist in Europe. I was in London at the time and heard the excited discussions. The attitude of the medical fraternity may be imagined.

Nevertheless, we all learned for the first time that Professor Steinach had for years been experimenting successfully with rats and guinea pigs; if he had been equally felicitous with human beings, Sir Walter was the first to admit it. But that enthusiastic and delighted little man had no reticences, and being a generous soul he wanted his fellow men of sixty and upward to be equally blest. Before long he announced that he would hire Albert Hall on a certain date and tell them all about it.

New Scientific Miracles



Ninon de L'enclos was beautiful and had lovers at 70.

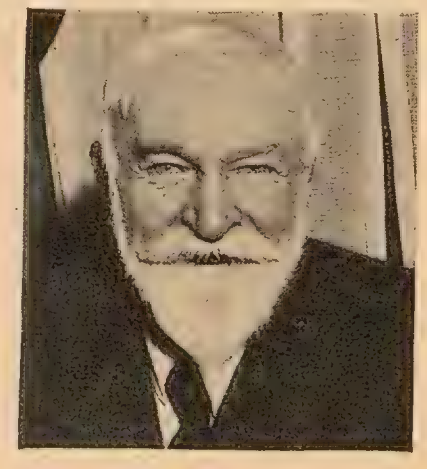
Gertrude Atherton—born on October 30, 1857—in 1936.

It is safe to say that every old chap in London, whether skeptical or not, who could squeeze into Albert Hall would have been there; but alas, Sir Walter, in skipping blithesomely from one pleasant night resort to another, and too insolent, in his victory over Time, to take reasonable precautions, contracted pneumonia and died before the date upon which he was to exhibit himself in Albert Hall.

London rocked with laughter; the scoffers hugged themselves. Nobody reflected that young men die of pneumonia every month in the year.

It is possible that if some other prominent man had gone to Vienna and returned with the courage to announce similar results, there might have been a revival of interest, but the war came and all else was forgotten. Oddly enough, it was certain results of the war that swung Steinach's name into the spotlight again.

Dr. Lorenz, the famous orthopedic surgeon of Vienna, had visited the United States some twelve years before the war in order to operate on the lame daughter of a wealthy man, and his fee was said to have been a hundred thousand dollars. That would have been enough to excite the press, but during that and a subsequent visit he lectured and operated throughout the United States, making a deep impression. Then he dropped out of sight as far as the United States was concerned, completely forgotten, until he suddenly reappeared in New York in 1922 or 1923—I am never strong on dates—established a clinic, and operated for many hours a day, looking exactly as he had done twenty years before.



Dr. Adolf Lorenz at 81, reactivated by Steinach.

He was given a polite measure of publicity but nothing more—until the bomb exploded. Two American correspondents in Vienna, hearing of the remarkable feats performed by a man in his sixties whom even Vienna had forgotten, unearthed a few facts and cabled them to their newspapers. The great practitioner of bloodless surgery, who had amassed a fortune before the war, had been deprived by those terrible four years not only of all he possessed but of health and strength as well. If Steinach was forgotten in London, his clinic was famous in Vienna. Dr. Lorenz's friends begged him to take the Steinach operation, but for a long time he would not listen. The two great men had been enemies for years. But his friends finally persuaded him that it was his last desperate chance to struggle out of the quagmire of poverty. He consented with a shrug and little hope. It may have been this lack of faith that retarded the process for nearly six months, but finally, with vitality pouring through him and ambition reborn, he wisely made for New York; and here he was, amassing another fortune!

Of course reporters descended upon him; once more he was Big News. His secret discovered, he admitted the truth freely, and said that he had not felt more vigorous mentally and physically at forty.

Then one or more reporters nosed out the fact that a young Berlin doctor was practicing in New York and had not only lectured upon the Steinach method before medical groups but written about it in medical publications. At first he refused to be interviewed, such being the ethics of the profession; but when the reporters told him that his articles were too technical for their lay minds to grasp and interpret accurately to the public, he consented.

It was here that I entered the picture.

In contradiction to certain articles that have been written about me on this subject, I will begin by stating that neither at that time nor any other was I apprehensive of "failing powers," nor was I the even temporary victim of mental fatigue. But I have always had what is perhaps the most erratic fiction tract of any one living. Sometimes it sprouts one crop after another; ideas for novels and stories will come to me in rapid succession for several years. Then that tract will go infecund, like an overworked field, and despite coaxing, imprecations, and even a stern exercise of will power, not the tiniest green blade will lift its head. It is dry, parched, brown and barren.

ON the other hand, themes will arrive at a more leisurely pace at regular intervals for several years—and then, presto! that barren expanse. As for short stories, sometimes I have not had one for ten years, and then a dozen will come racing out of God knows where.

The point I want to make is that that fiction tract is entirely independent of the rest of the mental processes, or even of mental health. In my case the rest of my mind was as robust and active as ever and I had no more sensation of brain fag than of physical depletion. Many years ago a psychotherapist with whom I took a cure for insomnia told me that if I kept my body in such good condition that it would secrete no poisons to affect the brain, and if I never had a microbic disease, I would write with the same freshness and vigor at ninety, if I lived that long.

All very well, but that gives me no control over my fiction tract, which does as it damn well pleases.

I believe there are authors who, when at a loss for themes, run hither and thither looking for them. This I will not do. Nature gave me that fiction tract, and, while I do all I can to improve it and my mind in general, study life and human nature, I expect that tract to supply plots and themes. What is it there for? I have scolded it roundly, but do its work I will not.

I was not much excited over the Lorenz interviews. But a day or two later, when I read the interviews with the Berlin doctor—whom I shall call Dr. X, in mercy to those who suffer such convulsions of jealous hatred every time he is publicized that I fear apoplexy for them, and possibly being sued by surviving relatives—well, when I read that Dr. X told those reporters that *women* from all parts of Europe had been running to the Steinach clinic to resuscitate their wasted energies, recover the youth they had prematurely lost, I sat up and took notice.

It was about a year since I had written a novel and I had not liked it, nor the one that preceded it, although the latter had been highly praised by the critics and sold about fifty thousand copies. There was a very good reason for these two novels being inferior. I had worked so hard during the last two years of the war, running an *œuvre* for France, raising money for it, that I had written very little fiction and was out of practice. To say nothing of a mind dwelling inexorably in the present and far from the realms of fancy.

No, I thought those two books very bad, but that was not the worst. Not the faintest rap at the back door of my consciousness, not the tip of a green blade in that brown and barren tract. Despite a long experience, I began to wonder if a resentful imagination had dried up.

I was in San Francisco at that time. One day I suddenly said to myself, " There is a novel waiting for me in New York." A week later I was comfortably established in a New York hotel and sat down to await the arrival of that book: I knew there was no use to go out and look for it even if I had the disposition to do so.

But when I read those interviews with Dr. X, I knew where it was, and also that my fiction tract felt itself entitled to a fertilizer. Before I was out of bed I had telephoned to Dr. X, asking him for an interview.

After giving me a thorough examination, he concluded that as all my organs were as sound as if I were thirty, to say nothing of my arteries and blood count, and since I had never been poisoned by rheumatism nor any other member of that destructive family, the stubborn behavior of my imagination could be due only to the fact that my glandular constitution was lagging; in other words, not secreting enough hormones to fertilize my fiction tract—an effect that might be due to any one of a dozen causes. (I beg Dr. X's pardon for this unscientific way of putting it, but that is what he meant.)

I concluded then and there to take the treatment, which at that early date consisted of eight X-ray exposures of twenty minutes each, administered twice a week. Frightfully boring. Moreover, I was so stupefied for a month that I saw no one, barely could write a brief letter, was unable to interest myself in the most exciting mystery story, slept sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and would have thought myself ruined for life if Dr. X had not inspired me with such confidence.

Then, almost from one moment to another, the lead in my veins turned to quicksilver, the heavy masses of cloud in my brain rolled away—and Black Oxen raced out.

NOW, it is only fair to admit that Dr. X could not have had a more likely subject, for on both sides of my family I inherit the soundest of New England constitutions—probably the toughest stock in America. But what of the hundreds who took that treatment as the result of Black Oxen? For, as may be imagined, I soon found myself with a heavier daily mail than when I had been running a French *œuvre*.

Although aghast and decidedly rebellious, I answered every letter. Very few of these women were impelled to write from motives of vanity. They were doctors, nurses, business women, teachers, writers, even dancers, all with their living to earn, but with vitality run down and little hope for the future. " I am so tired " was the burden of their appeal. The greater number of them took the treatment, and many wrote me enthusiastic and grateful letters. Certainly not all of these women could have inherited sound New England constitutions. Of course Dr. X has a certain percentage of failure, as what doctor has not?

In not one of these letters was the awful word SEX mentioned, nor had I any reason to think it lurked between the lines. And yet the outcry against Black Oxen and the Steinach method in general was based on the conviction (born in putrid minds) that " rejuvenation " was not only taken for one purpose and none other but was caused by the re-energizing of the sex glands alone; quite overlooking the equally important thyroid, pituitary, and adrenal.

But we of the United States are not the only offenders. In Europe, which is supposed to be more broad-minded, there was such an outcry from both the clergy and the medical fraternity after Professor Steinach's success with human beings became known that, although the most eminent candidate in his field for the Nobel prize, he has never received it.

To be quite fair: it is possible, of course, that Steinach's path would have been smoother if the world had not been afflicted with Voronoff. Or if that gentleman had confined his experiments to the glands of goats, rams, and sheep. Or if he had observed the reticence of the first-class scientist.

But Voronoff was a born exhibitionist. He flung his discovery to the public maw, and the consequence was that " monkey glands " became the joke of the decade and made the whole thing ridiculous, not to say offensive. Voronoff was by no means a quack, or he would have passed unnoticed, but the transplanting of monkey glands is no more lasting in its effects than that of ram, goat, or sheep glands. What little good he accomplished weighed lightly against the odium he inflicted upon the more conservative and lasting method of Steinach.

TWO of the novels I wrote not long after taking the Steinach treatments, The Immortal Marriage and The Jealous Gods, are among the very best I have ever done, and although I spent nearly a year on each, I felt no more fatigued when I finished either than at the conclusion of The Conqueror, written twenty-five years before, and which tired me not at all.

I live in San Francisco, but visit New York every two or three years. It was when I was there in 1928 that Dr. X told me the Steinach method was much improved and asked me if I wouldn't care to take another course of treatment. I didn't feel the slightest need of it; but being of an adventurous nature and having nothing else to do in the mornings, I consented.

This method was certainly quite different. As strong X-rays cause sterility, Steinach and his disciples had refused to treat women under forty-five. Now, however, with only two brief dosages of Roentgen, and the rest of the course consisting of a diathermic current transmitted from a high-frequency machine through electrodes placed over the glands most in need of reactivation, the treatment may be taken by a woman of thirty or less worn out by hard work, illness, or worry. There is no sensation except heat, and one merely lies on a table for about three-quarters of an hour and is very bored. There are also hypodermics of glandular tissue.

As I was quite well and my mind full of a new book anyhow, I felt no immediate reaction from this course, but I have no doubt that it supplemented the first. At all events, since I took that first course thirteen years ago, I have written seven novels, including Golden Peacock last year, in which I had to be sixteen years of age for five months without a letdown—and if any one thinks that an easy feat let him try it; an autobiography of five hundred seventy-eight large printed pages; a short story, The Foghorn, of which I am proud; three long short stories; and something like fifty articles.

I have also been to Europe, Asia, and Africa during that time, and enjoyed several prolonged spells of indolence. Now I am thinking of writing one of those long, meandering, earnest, humorless modern novels, with grayish purple patches of complete dullness at carefully selected intervals to induce a smug sensation of intellectuosity in the reader, and without a spark of creative imagination or originality. That would be a far more strenuous effort than being a Roman girl of sixteen in enchanting surroundings for five months, and before attempting it I shall seriously consider taking Steinach reactivation treatment Number III.

For, Dr. X tells me, Steinachism has taken another bound upward and forward. It is the short-wave (radio) treatment, and as I do not pretend to understand it I shall merely quote from notes provided by Dr. X:

"There is no electric current (as in diathermy) if short-wave treatments are employed. The short waves create an electric field, and we try to bring into this field that part of the body that contains the gland or glands we want to treat. This field traverses the body in an almost straight line and affects the very small blood vessels—capillaries—much more than the large blood vessels. Therefore it improves circulation and tissue nourishment much better and much more lastingly. Glandular functions are especially benefited, because in the nourishment of glands the capillaries play a larger and more important part than the large blood vessels. . . . The ultra short waves . . . are known [also] to influence infections by interfering with bacterial growth. Since chronic infections exist so frequently in aging people it is more logical to employ ultra short waves instead of short waves for the purpose of reactivation."

Quoting from a treatise recently published by Professor Steinach, he adds that the short-wave method is also used with the vasoligature operation for men, that definite changes have been observed in the structure of senile brain cells, explaining possibly the mental changes following reactivation. "Equally important and convincing are the changes in the composition of the blood, *i.e.*, the striking increase of the number of red blood corpuscles." "The heart muscle can be one of the regenerated muscles. These are only a few of the new confirmatory facts." That sounds cryptic and mysterious to my lay mind and fascinates me. I am quite sure I shall take Number III if only to be able to understand it, to say nothing of writing that book. Who knows? I might get the Pulitzer Prize for writing the dullest book of the year!

MEANWHILE, be it understood that the proper word for any of these treatments—or operation, as in the case of men—is reactivation. Rejuvenation, which was carelessly used at first, is misleading; that is to say if by "youth" is meant looking as one did between twenty and thirty. That, of course, is nonsense; nor would any sensible person be other than embarrassed by such a metamorphosis. In some cases graying hair has returned to its natural color and sight and hearing have improved; but the beauty parlors will not suffer.

It is only fair to add that very often when persons of any age are suffering from mental and physical fatigue there is nothing the matter with them but thyroid deficiency. Therefore it would be as well before going to the expense of the reactivation treatment to undergo a basal metabolism test, and, if it is found to be necessary, take daily doses of thyroid extract *prescribed by one's doctor*. But never forget that, while thyroid is a grand renovator if you need it, the effect on the heart may be very serious if the natural supply is already at par. So be careful.

As for the reactivation treatment, although, as I said, there is bound to be a certain percentage of failure, there are never any ill effects.

Last spring Anna Steese Richardson had an extremely interesting article in Physical Culture on loving life at seventy. Mrs. Richardson took stock of herself at fifty and concluded not to go down to defeat. She had an all-over examination and, under the advice of her doctor, went to an oculist to have eyestrain and consequent dizziness relieved. She also had infected teeth out. "Intestinal poison, which makes most of the trouble we have to face from fifty on, I began to fight unremittingly with the help of osteopathy, hydrotherapy, exercise, and diet." She also takes mild exercise every morning, and knows when to work, when to play, when to rest.

ALL of which is prescribed by Dr. X when he gives his reactivation treatment. It is a mistake to suppose that, because X-rays, diathermy, short waves, or whatever, restore the ductless glands to their old vigor and the whole organism is revivified, you can put your faith henceforth in that alone and commit any indiscretion that appeals to you. Remember Sir Walter.

There is no time of life when the digestion cannot be ruined (to say nothing of the appearance) by overeating habitually, by drinking like a fool instead of like an epicure; when the brain will not be affected by alcohol and drugs; when the heart may not be destroyed by overindulgence in athletics, or poisons generated by excesses; when absence of all exercise will not cause obesity and mental lethargy; when infected teeth will not cause rheumatism. Nothing makes an endocrinologist who has reactivated a patient more angry than to have his advice as to constant observance of all the laws of health disregarded. More than one of Professor Steinach's patients in the early days ran wild and fell dead from an overstrained heart.

I fancy that Mrs. Richardson has a sound ancestral constitution, and I suspect her of belonging to the Ninon de L'enclos sisterhood and automatically regenerating her own endocrines. When men and women have not received that particular beneficence from nature, the best thing they can do is to avail themselves of the blessings of modern science.

If there are still those who maintain that the benefits derived from the Steinach method are due entirely to suggestion, let them ponder the case of rats and guinea pigs upon which the first experiments were made. What possibility of suggestion and touching faith there? And rats really are rejuvenated, not merely reactivated, for ancient females have become proud mothers of little rats, not once but with biological frequency. No such claim is made for women, and for that reason, if for none other, the word "rejuvenation" is out.

THE END

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WIFE TROUBLE

by Wallace Irwin

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

STILL flirting with Stan Freeman, the struggling young engineer, Emmie Stockton, an heiress in her own right and now married to the rich Rod Gill, challenges Stan to kiss her in the midst of her wedding breakfast. To Sara Boyd, in love with the engineer, this dared kiss means more than a merry prank due to the flowing wine and high spirits.

But following the departure of bride and groom Stan leads Sara to a beautiful garden spot on the Stockton estate in Sycamore Valley and declares his love, despite his poverty. Both his family and hers have suffered severe financial reverses during the past year, and Sara has been forced to take a job as model in Jen Riley's fashionable dress shop, while Stan has quit his course at M. I. T.

Though Fred Robley, millionaire cousin of the Stocktons, is mad about lovely Sara Boyd, she is willing to marry poor Stan at once. He expects a good raise next spring, and is working on an invention that may bring in a fortune.

Humbly, happily, they start housekeeping in a little flat, working hard, watching pennies. But they are not left alone in their paradise. Fred Robley intrudes his personality, his sly temptations to Sara. And Emmie and Rod call, he quite drunk and requiring all of Stan's attention, at Emmie's affectionate solicitation. Sara doesn't relish the setup one bit. Emmie is too artful.

The Freemans are invited to have "a simple home dinner" with the Gills. It turns out to be a gay drinking and dancing party. Rod gets tight. Again Stan must take care of him. Then he has to devote himself to Emmie. In retaliation, Sara pretends to be all taken up with the amorous Fred Robley, though her eyes are on her husband and Emmie, whose heads are together.

PART FOUR — WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . .

IF I were your husband—" Fred began coolly.

"Well, you're not!" Sara's eyes became fire blue.

Tactfully Fred held his silence. She mustn't reveal herself too much, she thought. But Stan over there, dancing attendance on Emmie—that was too much. Sara turned to Fred, tried to be flip again, to shimmer like a June firefly. But it didn't work. Her voice was crackling; she wanted to cry.

"Fred"—suddenly, in the midst of a sentence—"I'm awfully tired. I have to work tomorrow."

"I'm going too. Suppose I drop you."

"Will you, Fred?"

She paused in the doorway, not wanting to be too awful. She must say good night to Emmie; make some sort of excuse. But Emmie wasn't in the room when Sara looked over. Stan, too, wasn't in the room.

It was a queer ride, going home with Fred Robley. His smooth car threaded smooth drives rapidly, noiselessly. Fred was a monologue, impersonal and somehow soothing. Talking about his money, but never calling it anything like money. His horse, Tree Mill, for the Louisville Derby next spring. His foxhounds. His imperial collection of Kien Lung. His experiments with pedigreed Muscovies—whatever they were.

Sara knew, half listening, not listening at all, that Fred was pretending nothing had happened. He was being protective, not trying to take advantage. He was taking the situation in a spirit of fine chivalry.

And for that she liked him better than she ever had before.

It was early morning when Stan got home and turned on the bedroom light. He didn't storm at her for going home with Fred. It might have been better if he had; a shower of words might have cleared the air. Instead he stood over her, maybe a little tipsy, and said, as he loosened his suspenders:

"Gosh, think of what a high-strung sensitive girl must have to go through with a bum like that!". . .

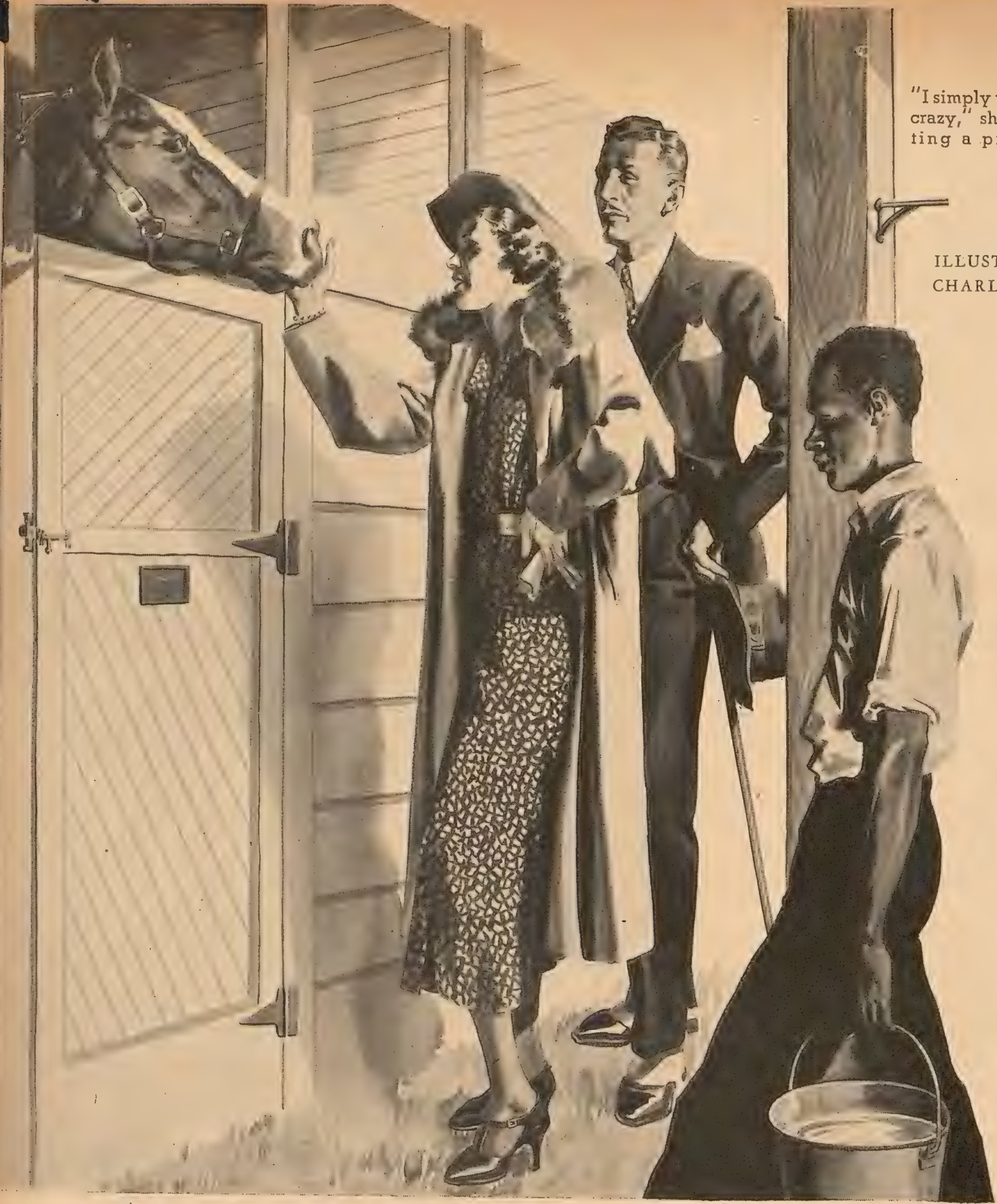
Weather prophets had promised a hard winter, and November was going out with a bluster of snow. The young crowd of Sycamore Valley greeted the cold; there would be skiing up on Fox Mountain, and, when it froze again, skating on Ray's Dam. The season had opened with a newspaper story of Rod Gill's minor accident: he had collided with a tree at one of their moonlight bobsled parties. A couple of weeks in the hospital would do him good, Sara reflected, not too sympathetically. She had grown impatient with people at play.

She was getting used, she hoped, to the noise in the kitchen—the metallic grinding on Stan's clumsy workbench, the equally metallic voice of Bert Wiel. There was hammering on tin, on wood. Cylinders of tin, ironbound tool chests, fierce steel gadgets, pipes, buzz wheels, overhead belts were grinding, slamming together half the night.

Bert wasn't standing on ceremony; he was in and out whenever he chose, making no apologies.

Then there was the night when something exploded with a dull boom. A vapor, worse than poison gas, a nasty swillish smell, ran through the house. Nervously she peered into the kitchen. Potato peelings, apple peelings, bits of bone, bits of tomato had vomited across the

It was fun to bargain, and she was proud when she got him to eighty-five dollars.



"I simply won't go horse-crazy," she vowed, patting a piebald nose.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

A Bride Plays with Fire . . . and Tragedy Looms in the Story of a Modern Marriage

floor. And the smell of half-cooked garbage! The thing had blown up. She was glad of it. The inventors, stooping over a twisted mass of tin and steel, quite disregarded her standing there. "Nerts!" Bert Wiel was scolding. "Didn't I say there was too much pressure in the drum?"

She went about opening windows. She wasn't there, as far as the conference was concerned, until she stood over the scheming pair and shouted, "You clean up that filthy mess, every bit of it! Do you hear me? I'm sick of your dirt."

The machine never behaved like that again, but its hollow tinny voice went on. In the morning there would be sawdust, metal filings, and grease for her to take off the floor. In his hot enthusiasm Stan never took care of minor details like cleaning up after himself.

In the spring, she would reflect, we can afford a little workroom. Maybe in this house. Not too far away. Dwelling on Stan's ambition, she quelled her annoyance. Bright prizes were ahead. Mr. White believed in the garbage destroyer.

She wished that the thing Stan was turning out wasn't so ugly. If he worked with beautiful objects, as a jeweler would, for instance, or a sculptor, he could have the living room as a studio and she could be with him all the time, enjoying every minute.

"How do you stand that Wiel?" she asked one night after he had gone earlier than usual.

"He's nobody's Apollo Belvedere. But he's got a lot of ideas about transmission you don't learn at school."

"I'm sorry," she said. They were fondling each other now. She was glad that Bert had gone home so early.

"Listen, honey," Stan said softly in her ear. "There's one thing I wish we could wangle."

She smothered a small dread; she couldn't refuse him anything when they were like that.

"What must we wangle?"

"Well, I've wangled it myself, but I've got to come clean. I get my forty tomorrow, and I've promised it to Bert—"

"That little—"

"Well, he's hard up. And I promised to pay him something on the tools in November. Bert's a crab, but I see his point of view—"

"How about mine?" Not looking at him.

He pulled her face around, his splendid eyes deep in hers.

"It's a debt, honey, and Bert's as poor as we are. Poorer, maybe. He's taking care of his mother and a lot of brats. You were right, darling, when you said our gadget was wonderful. We won't need those tools much longer, and we can sell 'em for practically—" Then, with a worried look, "You're not sore, honey?"

"No." She shook her hair, as if to clear her mind. "The noise it makes, and the smell—"

"But that's imagination, dearie. It doesn't smell any more, since we checked it up. And there won't be much more noise. Only a couple of weeks or so, maybe, if it works out this time."

If they'd quarreled and laughed and made it up, she might have told him about a lot of things. About that winter coat, for instance, thick and smart and English; she had arranged with Jen to pay for it in driblets. Or about the rent man she had put off for a week. Or the new rug coming up from Hausemann's; she couldn't bear the greasy threadbare look of the old one. Yes, they were in a corner. A week's pay gone, when she had counted on it for the rent. Everything topsy-turvy. She could have rushed to the kitchen and torn that hated workbench from the wall, destroyed it with a hatchet.

"We can wangle it," she said casually, and went to bed.

NEXT day, when she finished at Jen's, she came back to the flat and unplugged the little radio spitefully from the baseboard. He loves radios in Emmie's house, she thought, and he hates them in ours. She propped open the closet where she had stowed the heavy unpleasant pieces of their wedding silver. Her wedding hadn't been a shower of presents; some of them had been beautiful, like the Dresden lovebirds which she had given a place of honor on the mantel. But in the dim closet, junky tarnished objects blinked out at her like surprised toads.

There was the funeral-urn effect which the Waverleys had fished out of the attic probably. And the bulging pair of sconces from the Fishers. And the Stocktons' punch bowl, knotty with fat glued-on roses. Sara set these pieces on the table with the radio. Terrible to look at but solid silver. Hastily she wrapped them in newspapers, bundled them in her arms, and went downstairs.

The man with the pink hair who stood behind an M Street counter under a sign, GOOD PRICES FOR OLD SILVER, quizzed the bargains with a jeweler's glass, weighed them, and peered at his customer as he would at a caught criminal. "Where'd you get them?"

Somehow ashamed, she explained, "They're wedding presents. Duplicates. I'll let them go for a hundred and fifty."

He toyed with everything, especially the Stocktons' punch bowl. Then they started bargaining. It was fun to bargain, and she was proud when she got him up to eighty-five dollars. She signed her name in a book; he scrutinized it as he had the silver, then timidly opened his safe and counted her out four twenties and a five.

She hurried out of the shop, carrying the radio. Her heart was lightened; she had a heady feeling of triumph. She had been pretty smart, thinking of that wedding junk. Probably she could dig out a little more, if they ever got cornered again. She knew a place where, she felt quite sure, they'd give her fifteen dollars for the radio. Or ten at least. That, with the silver money, would make Stan's forty and something to pay Jen on the coat, and she wouldn't have to send back the rug from Hausemann's. There'd be a few dollars left over; she and Stan hadn't been to the movies for ages. Eagerly she looked up at the signs over the picture houses: Janet Gaynor . . . Janet Beecher . . . Katharine Hepburn.

"YOU'RE a little early this year, Santa Claus," said a pleasant voice behind her. She turned to Fred Robley, his cheeks bright in the cold air. She was glad that she had on her smart new English coat.

"This isn't for Christmas," she said, and let him take the package. "It's a radio—I'm having fixed." The last was an afterthought. She had no intention of advertising her poverty to Fred Robley.

"I know just the place. What's wrong with it?"

"How do I know? They just squeak and stop. I know a place too."

"Still sassy, aren't you?" Laughing indulgently.

"Think so?" slanting up at him teasingly. "For heaven's sake, don't drop that radio. If you did, I'd probably sue you."

It was nice, having Fred Robley carrying things for her in his smart reindeer gloves. She laughed lightly.

"What's the wheeze, pretty?" he asked.

"You'd make such a swell drayman."

"That's it, ride me. All the women do. It's rather jolly."

They went on like that, fencing emptily, for a couple of blocks. Then she stopped in front of a sign, RADIOS REPAIRED, BOUGHT AND SOLD.

"Thanks a lot," she said. But Fred held the radio tightly.

"A good drayman doesn't drop the goods in the snow," he said. She went into the store, Fred with her. When the proprietor came forward she said, "I'm leaving this to be repaired. I'll call later and tell you about it." And fairly scampered out of the place.

She knew that Fred had looked at her shoes getting wet on the slushy sidewalk. She didn't catch him at it, but she knew.

"I've got my car parked around the corner," he said. "Couldn't I give you a lift, wherever you're going?"

"Thanks a lot." He seemed to be always making her thank him for things.

Rolling into a shabbier part of town, Fred said, "I thought of calling you up two or three times. Inviting myself over."

She giggled, "I'm sure Stan would love to see you."

"Would he?" Slightly suppressed. Then, "Fine boy, Stan." A grown man praising a high-school lad. "Ever going to let me come up?"

"I'd be flattered."

"But you wouldn't ask me."

"No, probably not. Stan and I are working nights."

"Doing what?"

"Building a battleship."

He was saying something about liking to be slapped by a pretty hand when his car slid to a stop in front of the chipped brownstone. It's after five, she thought, and Stan's home. If he doesn't like Fred, he's got to get used to him. He wants me to get used to Emmie.

"Won't you come up, Fred?" she asked suddenly, audaciously.

"Splendid! I'd love to!" He bounded out of the car, followed her eagerly into the house, up the stairs. He was too eager. Before she unlocked the apartment door and let him in, she wished she hadn't asked him. Why did she do these fool things, inviting trouble?

She turned on the lights. No, Stan wasn't home yet. Quicker than the flash of electric bulbs illuminating blue furniture and shell-pink curtains, she knew that Stan was somewhere with Emmie.

"My goodness, you're very cozy, aren't you? Nice little diggings."

"We dug them ourselves," she laughed. "Let's have tea."

She hurried to the kitchen, put on the pot, cluttered cups and saucers on a tray. Back in the parlor, she found Fred wandering about, examining everything like an expert in a museum.

"Sara, you got my shade of blue exactly! And the curtains are just the touch, with that rug. Where'd you get those Dresden birds?"

"A wedding present." She shouldn't have brought up wedding presents. But Fred cleverly ignored the implication.

"Now that you've let me see your place, Sara, when are you coming over to see mine?"

The doorbell rang, a welcome interruption to a growing intimacy. Rather embarrassing, though, to be found here, chumming with Fred. She touched the mechanical clicker, then opened the door and saw mother coming up the stairs. Dropping in at odd hours was mother's habit and her privilege.

Inwardly Sara was relieved as she set out tea-things and a sparse collection of trick biscuits. Mother had respectabilized the situation. Stan, when he came home—if he came home at all—

A BLANK proper hour with Mrs. Boyd and Mr. Robley. Like a high comedy scene on the stage, these two, of about the same generation, bandying Sycamore Valley gossip. Mrs. Boyd, marooned on Cherry Street, had lost no echo of the fine society which had been hers not so long ago. Fred, tactful and appreciative, as though she were still one of the grande dames on the hill. Earnestly they spun out threads of relationship between this one and that, and the scandals which had tangled the threads. "But Mary Prentiss was Sam Hilton's first cousin." "No, Mrs. Boyd; you remember, Mary's father was married twice, and Fowler Regan . . ."

"Yes, of *course*."

Tea was cold, and the cigarettes—mostly Fred's—all smoked up.

"Wasn't Stan coming in?" asked Mrs. Boyd, with the babelike innocence of mothers.

"He's late," said Sara, none too cleverly.

"Good heavens, six thirty!" Fred examined his fine wrist watch. "You've made me forget the time, Mrs. Boyd. Can't I drop you at your house?"

"That's so good of you, Mr. Robley."

They rose, mother as sprightly as a girl of sixteen. Sardonically Sara was thinking, Wouldn't it be wonderful if Fred should take a shine to mother!

As my stepfather he'd—

Then Stan came in, in his noisy sudden way. He blinked, took off his hat,

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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

kissed his mother-in-law, and stared enquiringly at Sara.

"You've missed your tea, dear," chimed Mrs. Boyd.

"So I have." He grinned creasily. "I'm always missing my tea."

Absently he saw Fred's hand, shook it briefly, and was very polite when Mr. Robley said, "Well, Mrs. Boyd, if I'm taking you home— Nice to see you, Sara. Good night, Stan."

When they were gone Stan closed the door softly after them. His noncommittal look seemed to be asking, Well, are we playing the Emmie-Fred game again?

"They dropped in," Sara explained calmly.

"That's fine," said Stan carelessly, taking off his coat.

"Stan, I got you some money this afternoon."

"Money?" As though he had never heard of it before. Then, sharply, "Where'd you get it?"

"I sold a lot of wedding junk—that awful bowl Emmie's mother gave us, and things. I got eighty-five dollars."

"You did?" Why was he looking at her like that?

Then she spat out at him: "Stan Freeman, what are you thinking? Are you thinking I got that money from Fred? Are you?"

He seized her by the wrists. His fingers were like great ropes, strangling the blood. "God, no! If I thought Fred Robley gave you money, I'd kill him! I'd kill—" He seized her around the waist, and her body hurt, smothered against his. Yes, he might kill her. But he couldn't bully her into faithfulness. Men don't get love that way—by main strength; not from Sara's kind. But did he really believe, down in his heart, that she was taking money from Fred Robley? . . .

On a Sunday afternoon, less than a week later, the flat was very still. But holiday was in the air.

"I'm glad Bert Wiel's got the flu," she rejoiced at lunch. "It's keeping you away from that damn jigger."

"I'm glad too." He reached out for another of the coarse but pleasant dumplings. "Sometimes that jigger gives me lockjaw."

"Poor Stan. Tell you what let's do. It's a perfectly swell day. We'll walk out as far as Barrow Avenue and sit in the park for a while, then take a trolley to the Boulevard. Then a four-bit taxi to Bill Egan's. Remember, he asked us for cocktails."

Stan went on smiling. What was the matter with him? Last night it had been heavenly, being so close to him again, hearing the sweet inarticulate things that made her weak with joy when he said them. And now that smile, putting them worlds apart.

"Wish I could, honey," he said. "I feel like a party."

"But why can't you?" Holding on to herself.

"Got a job of work on." Looking straight at her with the honest gaze of a liar.

"Oh." She might have asked a thousand questions about the job.

"Maybe I'll be a little late for dinner. It's a darned nuisance, on a day like this."

"All right, go on." Burning as she met his gaze.

"But you see how it is, don't you, Sara?"

"Sure. You'd better hurry, or you'll be late."

HE held his poker face, lingered, pretending to eat, then jumped up and went into the bedroom. She could look into the door and see how carefully, how exquisitely he combed back his black curls. Stan, who had been rather careless lately about his appearance.

It was like somebody stepping out of a bandbox when he came in to say good-by. Going to a directors' meeting, old man? she felt like asking. A few weeks ago she couldn't have made that joke, even thought it. She felt herself hardening. She knew Stan was lying to her, afraid to give his real reason. He was going to Emmie.

She turned her head a little when he kissed her. "Well, have a nice time at the works," she trilled.

Stan just smiled again and went out. Going to see Emmie. On the first Sunday they had had to themselves for a long time. Last Sunday mother came over and appropriated the afternoon. The Sunday before . . . What did it matter? He was Emmie's putty. He had lied baldly, just to get away. Stan, who had been so dear, so wholly Sara's in the glory of last night. How can he change so in a few hours? There's nothing solid about him. I'm not real to him. Is Emmie? I'll leave him. No, I'll never do that. What's the matter with him? The matter with me? I'll go somewhere. I won't stay in this house another minute. I'll go alone to Bill Egan's and get as tight as Rod does.

The telephone rang.

"Sara?"

"Hello, Fred." His voice was as individual as his clothes.

"I've had you on my mind."

"You must have a lot to worry about," she giggled, inappropriately excited. After all, Fred was nobody to get het up about.

"You dropped something the other day when I saw you. I hope you haven't missed it."

"Dropped something? What?" Thinking rapidly of the things a girl can drop nowadays.

"I'll be over in ten minutes."

SHE had time to put away Stan's clothes, which were strewn across the living room, and to smuggle neglected luncheon dishes to the sink. Hastily changing to her street dress, the decentest thing she had, she was thinking how Stan would take it if he came home early and found her hobnobbing with Fred Robley. She didn't care. Stan was having his afternoon—well, so was she.

She was giving her hair a last finicky combing when the downstairs bell rang. His feet sounded heavy, coming up two flights. She thought she heard him puff. Fred was letting himself get a little fat. Other people rode his horses nowadays, they said.

Now he was on the landing, a fine figure in a sporting ulster and snap-brim hat. Under his arm he carried a neat square box. Was he bringing her flowers? But that box would hold a lampshade.

"Well," he said, "here's what you dropped."

She looked at him questioningly, then broke the string. Something inside was professionally wrapped in tissue. She dumped it on the couch; before it was unbundled, she recognized the squatty lines, the bulgy roses—the Stocktons' punch bowl, highly polished!

"What the devil—"

His restraining hand stopped her rather pompously.

"It was on display in Pfeiffer's window," he said. "And I know how Louisa Stockton is about things like that—terribly fussy, you know. So I bought it up, just to keep peace in the family."

"How'd you know I sold it?" Fred's sensibilities about the Stockton family were beginning to amuse her.

"Oh, Pfeiffer had your name in his book. Sara, you always throw back my wedding presents. Won't you accept—"

"No." She picked it up and thrust it into his hands.

"Horrible-looking thing, isn't it?" He held it up to the light, and they both laughed. "Something Al Capone might have designed. Wonderful what they dare charge for this stuff."

She didn't ask how much it had cost to buy it back. Didn't dare. She asked him to sit down, but he roamed about the room.

"You *do* give style to a place." His short laugh.

"Thank you, kind sir."

"I own a lot of houses of this class all over town. Most of the tenants make them look so Godforsaken—"

"Tenants of our class?" She never could quite let Fred alone when he was spread-eagling.

"Sara, darling child! Please don't always misunderstand me. You're putting up such a splendid fight. How do you manage?"

She might have told him that love made her manage; pretty things had flocked to her on the first bright impulse of adoration, like happy thoughts. But today she couldn't say it. Stan in his finery, with his hard-set smile, going out the door, was too recent in her mind.

"You've never seen my house," he remarked casually. "You like pretty things. I go in for knickknacks, rather. Jade and porcelain. My horses might amuse you, too."

Her mother's banjo clock, over the mantel, pointed a quarter of three. "And back by half past six?" was Sara's acceptance.

He carried the box as she followed him downstairs. From the step above she could see his tiny bald spot. It was comfortable, this going out with him. Like having an uncle who always made a fuss over his prettiest niece.

Fred, to her, was no more dangerous than that. . . .

Fred's model dairy, Fred's long brick stables, with graceful brown necks craning out, soft noses begging for sugar. The feel of the horses nuzzling her palm seduced her into a fleet vision of herself arrayed for hunting, astride a sleek brown back, Sycamore Valley applauding. "I simply won't go horse-crazy," she vowed, patting a piebald nose.

Fred's hand was on her arm; maybe she was unconscious of it as he explained how Virador took two cups last year, and how he'd like to see her on Tom o' Tim over there—gentle as a kitten.

"I've got a lot of riding things kicking round. Want to try?"

She shook her head, timid for the first time, and thanked him again as they strolled toward the rambling white-brick house. "Any time you want to ride," he was offering, "ring up McCullough—he's my trainer, you know." He was letting her into the carved doorway.

NOW they were in a tall ivory room; he found her an exquisitely comfortable chair. A soft green carpet threw a dreamy aqueous light on the pale wood. There were crystal knobs set at intervals in the panels.

He slid back a panel, and a light came on somewhere inside. Graceful things with cool, waxy surfaces glowed on the shelves.

"Jade!" she cried, springing up.

"Does this sort of thing bore you?"

"Don't be affected, Fred. You know I love it."

Little trees of moonstruck soapy yellow; bowls of enchanted white, like carved milk, flowers showing inside them; mottled mountains with little gods asleep on the crags; a sheer green cylinder, two inches long, pure as an emerald—Chinese archers had used it as a finger guard.

Fred Robley patted his treasures, handed them to her carefully; the soapy coolness of jade caressed her hands.

He brought out two little ducks, their necks entwined, one pointing east, the other west. "The chap who carved that was a wag," said Fred Robley, watching her. "It represents marriage, don't you see? They're mated but trying to swim in opposite directions. But they're hooked together."

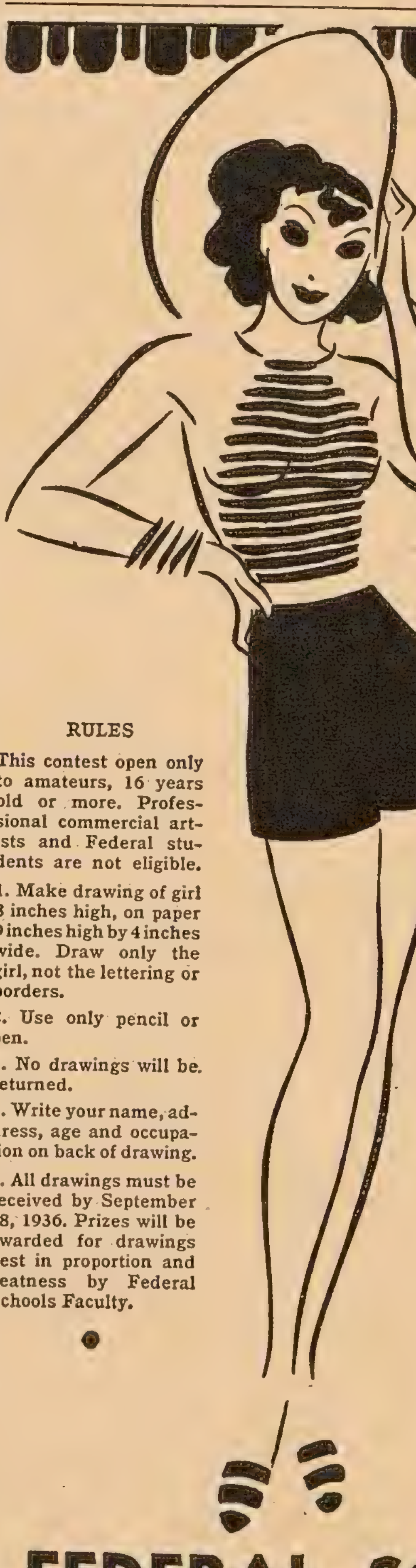
"Hooked by the neck, not by the heart," said Sara indifferently, passing back the married ducks. He smiled too knowingly and showed her row on row of Kien Lung porcelain, loot from an emperor's drawing room. This was Fred Robley, buying lovely vastly expensive things, keeping them to impress the pretty girls he brought to his house. Sara was rather touched. In his coarse square hand he held a flowery bowl so lovingly.

In the library upstairs he made her look out at the landscaping of his acres, the small lake, winding through rocks, touched with snow, crowned with dwarf pines. After the first freeze, he promised, he'd have Sara skating there. No, he didn't skate much any more. Too lazy. But he liked to throw his place open to the crowd—he stopped himself before he said, "the younger crowd."

Then there were cocktails, two long-stemmed glasses beside a silver urn. Sara felt no awkwardness at first; this was just drinking with Fred Robley.

She shook her head when he held up the shaker again. A long couch, white as a swan, caressed her as she lay back, luxuriating. Fred, beside her, touched her arm again. She drew away slightly, knowing how to manage him, she thought.

What is Sara letting herself in for now? Has she the right to lead on Fred Robley just to get even with Stan and Emmie? Human explosions are primed in just that way, and we will look to see the extent and kind of ructions in the next issue of Liberty.



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2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
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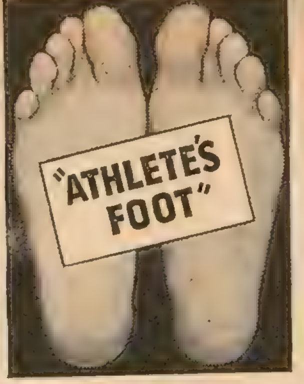

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(To be continued in an early issue)

$1,500 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS CONTEST!

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK

GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

BELOW is coupon No. 7, which brings this set of jumbles to a conclusion. After you have solved these names and assembled your set of seven contest coupons, be sure that you prepare the brief statement required by Rule 3 and without which no entry will be complete.

As you prepare your entry for mailing it will be wise to keep simplicity in mind. Elaborate, ornate entries are not required. A simple, plain entry will win just as easily as the most embellished. Do not waste time and money on decoration that cannot enhance the value of your work. Simplicity is best.

There is ample time to recheck your solutions before you consign your entry to the mail. Check them now. Once they are mailed they cannot be recalled, as no correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. Results will be announced in the earliest possible issue after the judges' decisions are handed down, and checks for the proper amounts will be mailed to the prize winners at the same time. Will you be a winner?

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5.. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 7

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

JUMBLE SOLUTION

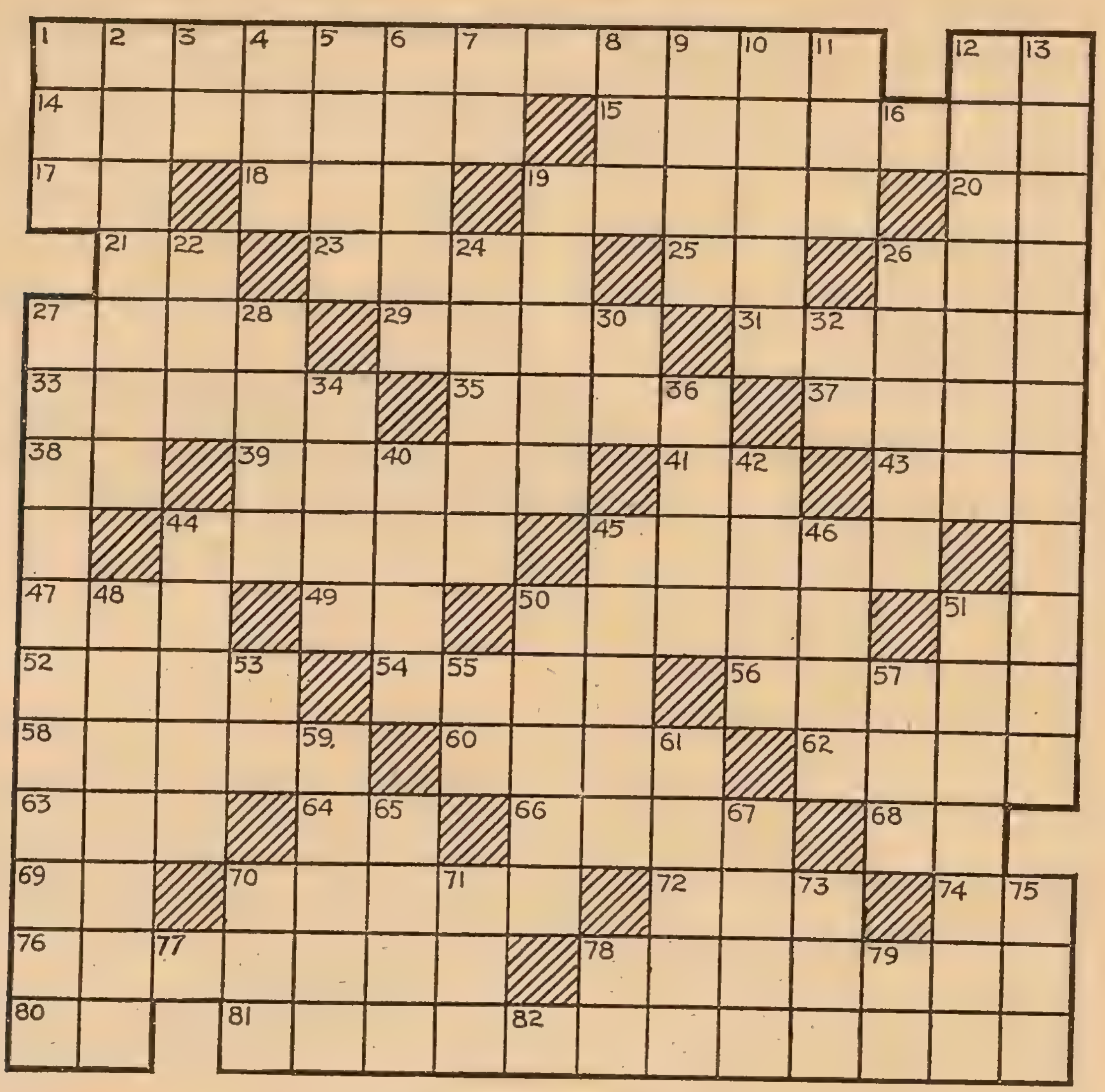
1. THOGRAWSTYLSUDA ....
2. ATOYWHEELERNINE ....
3. LANETRIMERECHID ....
4. LACWONLONETRYL ....
5. ROBHENDRIKCELE ....
6. ROJERNOBMYRAH ....
7. GINSNOBDARODREW ....
8. GULLSRAMANETARVA ....
9. EBTHRUNARKENHAPI ....
10. REDWRATHFOBMELODIE ....

BIG CASH PRIZE PRESIDENTS CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

CORRECTION: On Coupon No. 4, August 22, No. 10 should read OBROLFARSKIF

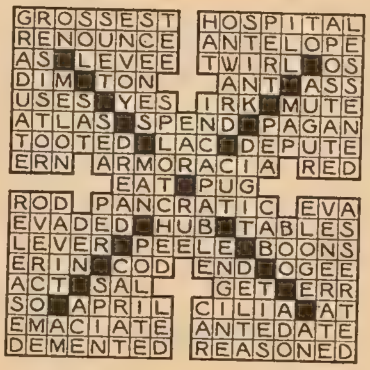
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Where they satisfy the cosmetic urge (two words)
12 Stuffed Buzzums (abbr.)
14 He made clothes that wore like iron
15 Mal de mosquito
17 Heard before Caesar's last Brute
18 Wrap in the neck for a dame
19 It's used in baskets and Xwords
20 The wage of gin (abbr.)
21 It started Jeanette MacDonald singing
23 Old-fashioned kind of bridge that was a letdown
25 Cleo got a shine from him
26 The dastard's sneer
27 Kind of slicker that got around our Nell
29 The biggest mess in the Irish Free State
31 There's a kick beneath this kind of tale
33 He's just a weasel at heart
35 She's chaste, like Agnes
37 World Times
38 The second thing Jeanette MacDonald sang
39 What a bottle does for baby (the little souse)
41 Preposition
43 A retched verb
44 You rarely find one in a stevedore's pants
45 Hitler keeps them underfoot
47 Wot Britons never give hup
49 He's at his best when you aren't (abbr.)
50 No intellectual, he
51 Male man
52 What Mickey Mouse's friends turned out to be
54 Well known cousin of 50 Horizontal
56 Well paid dance director
58 Memory's warehouse
60 Hair shirts for nude nuts
62 It's a relief to live on this
63 To do a Robert Bruce
64 What flyers hope to keep
66 Kind of people with a dirty license
68 It goes round and round and is always up in the air
69 A couple of black eyes
70 Chinee walk acloss the bload, bload ocean in this
72 Famous ranch—it was always a circus!
74 .28 4/7 caliber
76 He plays the old army game with poor sunken sailors
78 Things easily gotten of hot-tempered people
80 No kissing in abbreviated style
81 Tiny feminine garments (two words)



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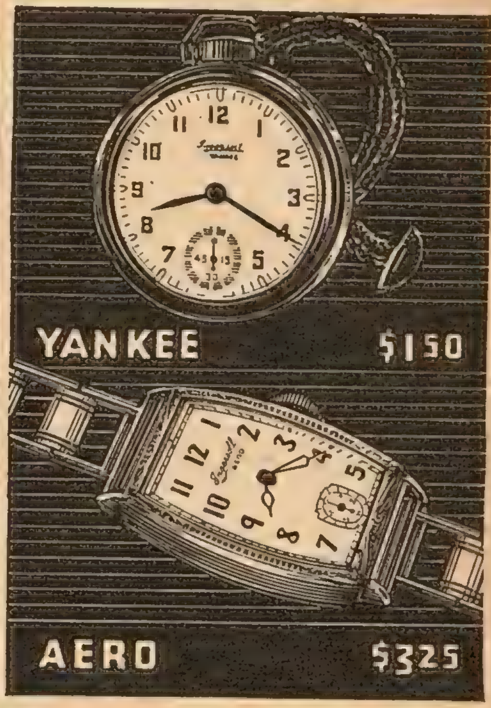
GROSSEST HOSPITAL
RENOUNCE ANTELOPE
AS■LEVEE TWIRL■OS
DIM■TON   ANT■ASS
USES■YES IRK■MUTE
ATLAS■SPEND■PAGAN
TOOTED■LAC■DEPUTE
ERN ARMORACIA RED
     EAT■PUG
ROD PANCRATIC EVA
EVADED■HUB■TABLES
LEVER■PEELE■BOONS
ERIN■COD END■OGEE
ACT■SAL   GET■ERR
SO■APRIL CILIA■AT
EMACIATE ANTEDATE
DEMENTED REASONED
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Gals, don't let this get in your hair!
2 What the Weisenheimers are supposed to be
3 Forward it's existence; backward, the cause of existence
4 U Old Bum! (abbr.)
5 What the Kaiser did on treaties
6 A number of things no woman likes to admit
7 Young sprout's pop (abbr.)
8 Mom's minus a thousand here and looks like a mystic cry
9 What Mussolini and Hitler make in the great international poker game—there's no holding them
10 Things pressed in suits
11 Handle on the mug
12 Vehicle for getting pleasantly soused on
13 Believe it or not, this is a machine for dunking
16 Doctors always start prescribing with this
19 Streamline speedster, manufactured in Ohio
22 A Giant bopper
24 Apisa
26 The first thing the boss does to every stenog
27 Bay window (it's a standout among capitalists)
28 Isn't this a scream!
30 Ocean flyers
32 Pink Elephants (abbr.)
34 What French cities are (it's a word you've regretted)
36 The song of the humming birdman
40 The weighty thing about a pig
42 No right-minded aviator wants to be one
44 Kind of motives attributed to kissable girls
45 What Ulysses laid to Troy before horsing around
46 Mrs. Geraint
48 Well known Irish snake charmer
50 Kind of milk watered with eyewash
51 A wild woman—is she fierce!
53 2/3 of 6 minus 10 equals this
55 A hurt expression
57 He died as he was named
59 "Fault!" says Caesar
61 Kind of music appropriate for hangings
65 A sulky look on the puss
67 Some things you're always picking up, only to put 'em down again
70 To this or not to this? That's the feminine question
71 Corned beef ends up in hash; and hash ends up in this
73 There's a note of promise in these letters
75 Any one of your wife's relatives
77 A letter that's on the square
78 You'll find a couple of these in every banana
79 The Midget of the New Englands (abbr.)
82 What egoists pivot on

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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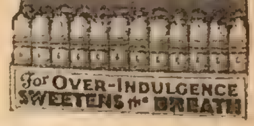

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"WHO'S Your GIRL?"

A Tender, Searching Story of Things in the Heart of Troubled Youth . . . of One Who Looked in the Face of Death and Learned About Love

PICTURE BY
WILL GRAVEN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

VIC passed her house on the narrow dark street for the third time, trying to summon courage to go in. He had begun the affair with Grace Barton in the early spring, while he was studying for his Ph. D. in the graduate college. Now it was summer, and suddenly he knew he was out of love, that his season of romance was at an end.

"What the hell!" he muttered. "What am I, a snob?" And, turning, he strode toward her house, up the steps, and rang the bell.

Grace was as he knew she would be—dark hair cut in bangs over her forehead, a frilly dress, and wide hazel eyes alight with welcome.

"Vic!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" Her warm hands seized both of his. "Isn't it a lovely night! Let's walk over by the statue?"

Immediately that sensation he could not analyze swept over him. The statue was a marble memento to those who died in the World War, far along Elmwood Street and cloistered by trees. There was a marble bench at its foot. Here they had sat on still spring evenings, she in his arms, nestled to him trustfully, murmuring: "Tell me you love me, Vic—tell me."

The statue. He didn't want to go there. He said: "Oh, we'll take a walk somewhere—I've got to be in early tonight—"

"Not tonight, Vic!" she pleaded. "Don't go in early tonight! Because—don't you remember?—you're coming down to Manton next week end, and we've got so much to talk about! Won't it be wonderful to sit and watch the ocean by moonlight? Just you and I!"

He had forgotten. Two weeks ago he had promised that he'd go to her mother's cottage at the shore. He had been delighted at the plan then.

"I got a letter from mother today and she is so anxious to meet you!" Grace went on, drawing him farther into the house. "I told her all about you." Her voice took on an intimacy that made Vic feel caged. "You don't mind?"

"Oh, no! I don't mind at all! Only I really should go home. The family—"

She stood quickly away from him. "But, Vic," she pleaded, "you promised! Mother has told everybody you're coming. I think I'd die if you didn't!"

"All right, Grace." It was an effort to speak. "I'll write the family. We'll go to Manton."

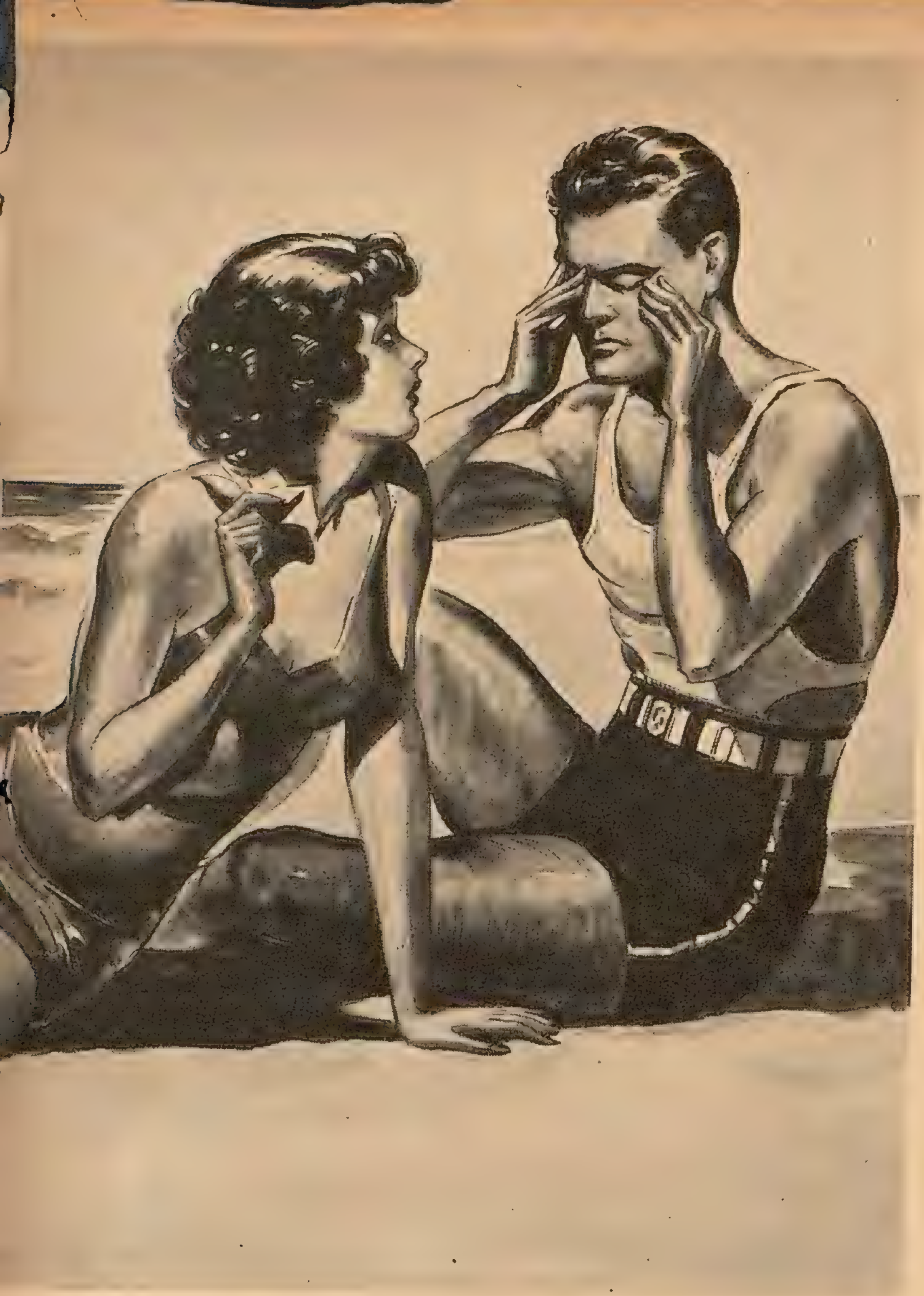
"Darling!" She threw her arms about his neck, kissed him.

Later, as they walked down the street, Vic caught himself thinking of another girl, a girl he had known since childhood.

Mary Shaw lived next to him in the city. She was the sort of girl he could talk to easily, with whom he had shared many youthful confidences. Why should she come into his mind just now?

Vic scowled and tried to devote himself to Grace, but several times he saw her glance at him inquiringly. In denial of her unspoken accusation he led her to the statue and took her in his arms. His caresses were violent, feverish. After one long kiss she breathed: "Oh, Vic darling—it will always be like this, won't it?" and he forced himself to say, "Yes, Grace. Always."

When he left her that night at her doorstep he could



Vic rubbed his eyes to get the sand out. Grace murmured: “Oh, I'm so sorry! Here, let me— Bend down, darling.”

by ROGER GARIS

see her eyes shining. “I can't wait until next week end,” she whispered. “Vic, I do love you.”

“And I—” He hesitated, but lashed the words out: “I love you, too.”

“Good night, darling!”

HE called for Grace early in the morning. It was a beautiful day, cool, with a bright sun and a light invigorating breeze. Despite himself, Vic felt almost happy. Grace looked lovely too, and as she sat beside him in the car Vic recaptured some of his former feeling for her. Everything seemed different now. Grace was like a doll with her small features and compact beautifully formed body.

“You look very pretty today,” he said enthusiastically.

“Do I, Vic?” Grace was delighted. “Say it again. Tell me how well I look.”

“Why, you look—you look fine!”

“Who's your girl, Vic?” she asked, leaning close.

“You are,” he replied shortly. “Excuse me, Grace—I want to get a cigarette.”

During the ride Vic tried to hold to that little moment of affection for Grace, but the more he sought it the further it fled. He found himself tiring from the effort. Finally he gave it up and just sat there listening to Grace talk, her voice heightened with a note of triumph. Vic hunched under the wheel as though seeking its protection.

They got to Manton about eleven, and parked the car on a road that ended at the beach. Then they trudged through the sand. Vic was carrying the two suitcases and they banged against his legs. Trickles of perspiration ran from beneath his hat, streaking his face, dampening his collar.

A short distance off was a row of bungalows. A figure appeared on one of the porches and waved.

“That's mother!” Grace exclaimed. “You mustn't mind if she kisses you. Hello-o-o-o, mumsy!”

Answered a gay “Hello, darling! [illegible] Vic!”

Then they were there. Mother and daughter flung themselves in each other's arms. Vic dropped the suitcases.

Grace stepped to him quickly, grasped his arm.

“And this,” she said happily, “is Vic. I told him you'd kiss him, so don't disappoint!”

Mrs. Barton raised herself on tiptoe and kissed Victor on the lips.

“Welcome to Sea Spray,” she said, smiling.

“Thank you, Mrs. Barton,” Vic muttered. He felt a bit dizzy. “I'm delighted to be here. It's lovely, with the ocean and the—er—ocean—”

“Did I exaggerate, mother?” Grace broke in. “Isn't he just as thrilling as I told you he was?”

“Hey, listen!” Vic protested. “Take it easy.”

The mother and daughter laughed together at that.

They showed him to his room, and Grace told him to hurry and get on his bathing suit. The room was a fiberboarded bandbox in the rear, off the kitchen. Vic shut the door and sat on the bed. He could hear them talking about him. He didn't want to listen.

He began to think of Margirt, fifty miles down the coast, where his family had had a shore house for as long as Vic could remember. This week end the house would be filled with guests.

Lord, it would be great to be there! To go over to the Bath and Tennis Club and see his friends. Mary Shaw would be there, certainly, and others he had known all his life—his own kind of people.

“Vickie!” a voice called. “Are you nearly ready?”

“What? Oh, yeah—almost—be right out—”

When he came out Grace ran across the sand and seized his hand.

“Vic, do you like my suit?” she asked eagerly. “I bought it specially for you, for this week end. I saved up for it.”

“It's a knockout,” said Vic, and meant it.

“Thank you.” She gave a little laugh. “Come on; I want to introduce you to the gang. They're down by the water.”

“Gang?” he echoed. “Oh, the gang.”

Grace dragged him playfully after her. Vic had an idea that he must look like a fish just hooked.

He said to Grace: “Let's walk. I've got a stone bruise on my heel.”

She was immediately sympathetic and they slowed down, but she still held his hand.

There were eight or ten of them sprawled on the sand. As Grace and Vic approached there was silence. All eyes were on them.

“Hello, people!” Grace called. “Stand up and greet the guest, you lazy things! This is Vic!”

Good Lord, Vic moaned inwardly. Oh, my Lord!

Automatically he began shaking hands with men and bowing to girls. Grace pulled him down beside her and talked.

Vic found himself next to a gangling fellow with a protruding Adam's apple and very blue calm eyes who seemed a bit older than the others. He said to Vic quietly: “You're getting a Ph. D. now, aren't you?”

Vic nodded. He started: “How did you—”

The fellow laughed. “We know pretty much all about you. Gee wrote to Alice, and—”

“Gee?”

“Grace. She told Alice that you were coming down, and Alice showed us the letter.”

Vic cleared his throat. “What else did she say in the letter?”

“Oh, she told us your father was head of the Saterlee Chemical Corporation, and that she liked you—stuff like that.”

The sense of imprisonment, which had lifted momentarily, returned acutely. Had she implied that he was going to marry her?

“Think I'll go in for a swim,” Vic said sharply. “It's getting hot.”

“[illegible], Vickie, are you going in the water?” Grace cried reproachfully. “Without taking me?”

There was a general snicker. A girl called: “Afraid he'll get away, Gee?” A boy added: “Keep close to him, Gee—there's lots of competition around here!”

Grace swung about in mock rage. “Vic doesn't want to get away from me—do you, Vic?”

“Of course not.” Vic managed a smile.

“There! You see!” Grace stuck her tongue out. “We're going to swim to France and elope!”

The redheaded youth shouted, “Send us a card from Paris, will you? X marks room!”

“Let's give them a send-off,” a big girl giggled. “There's no rice, but sand is just as good.”

She tossed a handful at Vic. It stung his eyes. Grace squealed and grabbed his hand and they were running again. They were escaping under a shower of sand and “Happy honeymoon!” “Bring him back alive, Gee!” “May all your troubles be little ones!”

At the water's edge they paused and sat down for a moment. Vic rubbed his eyes to get the sand out. Grace murmured: “Oh, Vic, I'm so sorry! Here, let me—Bend down, darling.”

“It's all right,” Vic said shortly. “Never mind.”

She said anxiously: “Vic, you're not sore at their kidding, are you? They mean well—you'll like them after you get to know them—”

“I'm sure I will,” he gritted. “I'll be just nuts about them.”

She looked up at him in astonishment. “What's the matter?”

“Nothing. Nothing's the matter.”

“Yes, there is.” Her eyes were sorrowful. “You're angry at me, Vic.”

“I'm not.”

“Yes, you are. You wish you hadn't come here.” She looked away. “You wish you'd gone to Margirt, where your friends are. Don't you?”

“No, I don't! I don't at all!”

Grace came close to him, smiling hopefully.

“And you still like me, Vic?”

“Sure I do! Sure!”

“Oh, darling!” A long tremulous sigh. “Then kiss me, Vic. They can't see. We're behind a sand dune.”

His protest was useless. She came to him, raised her lips. He kissed her.

“Sweetheart,” Grace whispered, her cheek against his. “Say you love me!”

“I love you.”

“Who's your girl, Vic?”

“You are.”

“Tell me again. Tell me how much you love me.”

“I—”

Suddenly, involuntarily, he thrust her from him.

“Listen!” he said wildly. “I love you, I love you! Want me to make a phonograph record of it? Shall I write it down and sign it, so you can wear it around your neck? How many times do you want me to say it?” Nothing mattered now except venting his pent-up sense of captivity. “I don't like your friends. I think they're stupid. I don't like having sand thrown in my eyes. I don't like this place. I don't like anything about it. I don't like—”

“Vick-ie!”

“Oh, nuts!”

He turned, plunged toward the ocean, and dove into the surf. He struck out madly. A towering comber broke over him and he snarled: “Damn you!” He fought it. He wanted to conquer it, kill it.

When he was beyond the surf, he heard Grace calling: “Vick-ie! Come back, come back!”

Come back? To those people, and that hot cage of a bungalow, and Grace and Mrs. Barton? He'd never come back! He'd keep on swimming. Maybe a fishing boat would pick him up and take him down the coast toward Margirt. Anything to get away—to be free of all this mess. God, if only he never had to see those people again—any of them!

Vic glanced toward the shore and saw Grace. She wasn't waving; just standing there. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't go back now, after what he'd said. Anything was better than that. Even drowning.

Grace seemed so tiny there on the beach. Then he didn't see her any more. The waves were pretty high. He must be a quarter of a mile from shore. He was rather tired now. He'd rest a bit, float. Then start down the coast. Take it easy for a while—lots of time—

A wave lifted him and he noticed that now there were no houses on the beach opposite him. Just sand dunes topped by green scrub grass. Deserted. They were quiet and friendly. As he floated, it seemed that all confusion and anger were being washed out of him. He was alone here, free, his own master again.

“I could go ashore here,” he thought. “No one would see me. I could walk along the sand. I might get a lift in a car toward Margirt.”

He was watching one dune. And suddenly a peculiar fact struck him: He wasn't swimming, but he was moving past that heap of sand quite swiftly. Going out. The shore line was receding.

To make certain, he began to tread water, fixing his eyes on that dune. It was getting smaller. And in a few moments he was beyond it.

Holding his fear off, he lowered his head and struck out for shore. He swam deliberately for several minutes and then looked up.

The beach was farther off than ever. He was being swept out to sea.

Not a sign of life on that shore. Only sand dunes. Their friendliness had departed, and now they were desolate, forbidding. They were casting him out as he had wished to cast out those others.

“No,” Vic told himself, “I won't let this get me. I won't!”

Again he started swimming. Desperately this time, with all the power that was in him. As eagerly as he had desired to flee the shore, now he wished to return to it. His shoulders rolled and his arms smashed through the water and his legs churned it fiercely. He swam until there was scarcely more breath or strength. He was afraid to stop even for a second. Then he had to, and stared hungrily toward the beach. He made no progress. If anything, he went backward.

“God!” he panted. “Oh, God!”

What now?

Nothing. Finished.

Not yet, though. He could try again. He could keep on trying. He *had* to. Rest, and then swim—rest, and swim. Useless, but keep going—keep—going . . .

“Vic! Vic!”

The cry came from his right. Dazed, unable to credit his ears, he stopped and let a wave carry him to its top.

He heard it again: “Vic!”

Then he saw her. Not two hundred feet away. Swimming toward him, her arms lifting wearily, her face white with fatigue.

"Grace!" he yelled.

"Vic, wait for me! I can't—"

A new emotion gripped him, that gave energy instead of taking it. He plunged toward her. For that short time he conquered the current. And then she was with him, in his arms, and she rested against him like a tired child.

"Vic," she whispered, "hold me. Hold me."

"All right, Grace," he choked. "I've got you. Don't worry. Stay quiet. It's all right."

She was unable to cling to his shoulders, so he got behind her and supported her with his hands beneath her arms. They drifted with the current, neither speaking, both waiting until strength came back a little. Vic's face was close to hers; he clasped her body to his, floating.

When he could speak, "Grace. What did you do it for? Why did you come?"

"The current. I wanted to tell you—about the current. You didn't know. It's dangerous. Almost every year some one—drowns. Oh, Vic, what's going to happen to us?"

Her terror broke through at the end. He held her tighter. Here the sea was quite calm, for the tremendous flow flattened the waves. Vic asked: "Didn't they see you — the others? Didn't you tell them you were going out?"

"No. I didn't want them to think— Don't you understand, Vic?" She stirred, faced him, one arm about his neck. Her eyes pleaded with his. "After what you said—I couldn't let them know!"

"And you followed me—"

"To warn you of the current. You kept swimming faster. I called—you didn't hear. And then I was in it. I wasn't scared at first"—she trembled—"but I am now, Vic. I'm awful scared."

She said it quite simply, and suddenly Vic felt sick with remorse. He had done this. It was his fault! That he might die was now unimportant. But Grace—to have it end this way for her—

"Listen to me," he said harshly. "We'll get out of this. We'll get to shore. Are you rested?"

"Yes."

"Then we're going to swim. You hang on to my shoulder and kick hard. Stay a little to one side of me. Swim with your other hand. Ready?"

"Yes."

He breathed deeply and took the first stroke. He must remember the rhythm. Make believe he was in the pool at college, swimming the eight-eighty. Long, even strokes. Leg motion from the hips. Inhale through the mouth, out through the nose. Not too much of a roll. He could feel Grace's small hand firm on his shoulder. Count. One-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three.

IT seemed that he had swum for hours when he heard Grace gasp: "Vic, it's no use. We're not gaining. We're going out!"

He raised his head. His eyes were blurred, but he could see that the shore line was more distant.

"I'll rest a minute," he panted. "Then—"

"Never mind, Vic."

He stared at her. She was smiling faintly. There was a strange expression on her face that came through her weariness.

"I guess we're finished. Hold me, Vic, won't you?"

"Grace! For God's sake, don't talk like that!"

She did not answer for a moment. Then: "How long do you suppose we'll float, darling?"

"Hours! We're not licked. Some one will pick us up—a boat, or—"

She shook her head. They were clinging to each other, borne effortlessly by the race. "There aren't any boats around here. Only the coast guard, miles away. There's no fishing here. They can't put out nets because of this current. I'm tired, Vic."

"Stay awake. Don't close your eyes. Grace!"

"What, darling?"

"I want to tell you something. I love you. Do you hear? I love you!"

"No, Vic. You don't love me. You never did." How calmly she thrust the barb into herself. "I know. For a while I tried not to know—"

"It's not true! You're talking nonsense!"

"It's true. Girls know these things when they happen. Sometimes they make believe to themselves — but it never works."

"But why do you think—all those weeks—"

"Don't bother, Vic." Ever so gently. She was pressed to him. They had been apart but now they were united by the sea. "I'm not your sort. I'm a stranger."

"You risked your life for me! You can't die—"

"I won't mind." Sleepily. "You see, I really do love you—and that makes everything—different—"

"Grace! Listen to me! I—"

"Poor Vickie—all—mixed up. Don't try any more, dear—just—hold me—"

"Oh, God!" he groaned, and his body went limp. Only his arms retained the strength to clasp her to him. His legs moved listlessly, and then this too seemed useless. He remembered drawing her closer. After that, time ceased.

. . . . .

From a spinning void he heard some one saying: "Saterlee! Hey, Vic!"

Slowly, heavily, he opened his eyes. Above him was a misty face and below it a neck with a great bulge in it. The Adam's apple. His gaze focused on it. It was the only thing he could see clearly.

"Saterlee! Are you all right?"

They were yelling at him. "Huh?" he muttered. "What's matter?"

"Here, sit up." A hand was at his back. "Boy, oh, boy! Were you almost gone! Geez, you had us scared—"

It came to him, smashed at him. "Grace! Where's Grace? Where is she? *Where is she?*"

"Take it easy, Vic! She's all right! Look, she's here! Beside you! We got you both. How the hell we ever found you—"

He saw her. She was sitting next to him in the bottom of a boat. A cloak was over her shoulders. When she met his eyes, she smiled.

"Grace." His voice broke, so that he whispered. "You're not drowned. You're here."

"Sure I'm here." Her hand crept out, touched his. "Hank got a car and went down to the coast-guard station. They sent a boat. They picked us up. How are you feeling, Vic?"

Before he could answer: "Drink this, buddy. Fix you up. Take a good hooker."

Some one was holding a bottle to his lips. The liquor was hot in his throat. Then he was stronger. He pushed the bottle aside, kept looking at Grace.

"You're sure you're all right, Grace?"

"I'm all right. I didn't swallow as much water as you did. They said you were holding my head up, even while you were unconscious. Oh, Vic, I was so worried about you!"

There were tears in her eyes. He watched her blink them away. Her hand was in his, warmly, comfortingly. He grasped it tighter. A boundary had been crossed. Grace was of his own people.

THE END

Answer to Last Week's Word Puzzles

From ROAST MULES you can make the word SOMERSAULT.

As for SEND MORE MONEY, the values are as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
M	Y			E	N	D	R	S	O

Obviously you saw that all the digits were not represented and that M was 1. Now if M (1) plus S gave a result in two figures, S had to be 8 or 9; and, no matter which it was, O had to be zero. But the previous addition was O (zero) plus E, which could never have 1 to carry in its result; therefore S was 9 and not 8. With these three values assigned, it was obvious that N was one more than E. Zero plus E gave N, so there must have been 1 to carry from the addition before. And in that same previous addition R plus N gave E. Now 9 plus anything results in the same thing less 1 (9 plus 8 equals 17, in which you put down 7 and carry 1, and 7 is 1 less than 8), but we have already determined that S is 9. Then R has to be 8, and 1 is carried from the first addition. A few trials will show that 5 and 6 are the only values that will satisfy E and N—and the problem is solved.

The CASE New Jersey Would Like to Forget

One Kidnaper, or Eight?—The Fear-Crazed Hermit—New Light on the Hauptmann Trial. Is This Crime Still a Mystery?

by C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

PROBABLY ninety per cent of the reading public still believe that John Hughes Curtis was convicted in the Flemington Courthouse on a hoaxing charge. Nothing could be further from the truth.

When Harry Stout took himself and his information to the enemy, he took also, as he afterward confessed to me, a profound conviction that Curtis had actually been in contact with the kidnapers as claimed, and that we would be able by irrefutable witnesses to prove that claim to the satisfaction of the jury.

This conviction he expressed to Prosecutor Hauck and the state police—and, as a result of his representations at a dinner conference the night before the trial, the state executed a complete about-face in their plan of attack on the prisoner.

For weeks before the trial they did everything in their power to create the impression that he was nothing but a hoaxer. They even issued signed statements to the press asserting that he was a hoaxer. They went before the grand jury and had Curtis indicted on the ground that he did *not* know the kidnapers as he claimed.

Then, when they learned from Stout that the hoaxing charge could not be sustained, they came into court—the same witnesses and the same prosecutor—prepared to prove that Curtis was *not* a hoaxer, that he *did* know the kidnapers, and that he was obstructing justice by refusing to disclose their whereabouts.

That is, Curtis was tried on the highly technical accusation of obstructing justice by failing to give accurate information as to kidnapers—" numbering seven or eight, and including a member of the Lindbergh household "—with whom, the state conceded, he was actually in touch.

Said the prosecutor: " We will prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Curtis was dealing with the kidnapers, that he knew who they were and where they were."

Against this accusation we had no defense.

We had ready what we believed, and what Stout evidently believed, was a bulletproof case against the charge that Curtis did *not* know the kidnapers. We had witnesses to prove that he had been seen with at least two of those concerned, and others to account for his movements during the entire period of his contact. These witnesses were now useless to us.

If we put on the stand the manager of the telephone company to prove that Curtis had been in his office with Larsen, the state would say, " Yes, that is what *we* are trying to prove. He was there with one of the kidnapers, but he now refuses to tell us where the man is."

All the defense could do, under the circumstances, was to put on a character witness or two, and rest.

So far as the state's case was concerned, they too might just as well have rested with their first witness, Colonel Lindbergh. Not that the Colonel's testimony was so important in itself. It was most general in character, and had very little bearing on either the state's original charge or its later charge. But that did not alter the fact that this was Charles Lindbergh, the nation's idol, the father of the lost baby, and that he was testifying against the prisoner at the bar.

But the state did not rest. The same witnesses who had told the grand jury that Curtis did not know " the gang of kidnapers, numbering seven or eight, and including a member of the Lindbergh and Morrow household," now testified before the trial jury in support of the charge that he did; and the trial jury not only believed them but brought in a verdict that condemned Curtis for not disclosing the kidnapers' whereabouts.

The defense was able merely to get into the records, in spite of the prosecution's assertions that Curtis was treated with every courtesy, the fact that he was put in the cellar under guard as he had said he was.

Captain Lamb testified that he was in charge of Curtis at the Lindbergh home. Here are some of my questions and his answers:

Q. You swore a little at Curtis up there?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did not swear at all?

A. No, sir.

Q. Captain, as you sit in that stand, do you want to tell this Court and jury that you did not swear at John Hughes Curtis while you were up at Hopewell?

A. I did not.

Q. Did you not use any foul language toward Curtis?

A. No, sir.

Q. You always treated him with the utmost courtesy?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Captain, there is a cellar in the Lindbergh home?

A. Yes, I believe there is.

Q. Did you not give or-

John Hughes Curtis in court at the opening of his trial, before the state's "complete about-face" was manifested.

Edward Jay Reilly, as chief defense counsel (left), tells Mr. Fisher, at a critical moment in the Hauptmann trial, what the defense will do next.

ders that John Hughes Curtis should be taken to the cellar?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you say, Captain Lamb, that you did not give orders to the guard of John Hughes Curtis that he, John Hughes Curtis, should be taken to the cellar and put down there in the cellar?

A. No, sir.

But when Inspector Walsh went on the stand, he was quite willing to admit that Curtis was in the cellar, as he said he was, and under guard:

Q. You visited him down in the cellar on one occasion, did you not?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. So that when Captain Lamb said he had never been put down there, he was mistaken?

A. I do not know.

Q. Curtis was down in the cellar of the [Lindbergh] house?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You say that it was on the 18th that you saw him in the cellar?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was there a guard in the cellar with him?

A. There was a trooper down there; yes, sir.

ALL of which has a bearing on John Curtis's veracity—and so does the result of the trial, which, although technically a victory for the state, was actually an exoneration for Curtis so far as the truth of his statements to Colonel Lindbergh was concerned.

Said the judge in his charge: "In order to convict, you must find that John Hughes Curtis . . . had contact with the actual kidnapers or knew their exact whereabouts." And—this is the point—*the jury so found.*

The persons concerned and the as yet unidentified "member of the Lindbergh and Morrow household" were now officially accepted by the State of New Jersey as the "actual kidnapers" of the Lindbergh baby.

The state's witnesses had testified on the theory that they were that. A jury sitting in the Hunterdon County Courthouse had accepted that testimony as true.

A judge of the Hunterdon County of Quarter Sessions had sentenced John Hughes Curtis, on the basis of the state's own testimony and the jury's verdict, to serve one year in prison and to pay a fine of $1,000.

All that remained was to bring the kidnapers into custody. As police jobs go, it didn't seem difficult. Curtis was able to give detailed descriptions of the five men and one woman with whom he had been in contact. That accounted for six of the seven persons involved. The Lindbergh and Morrow households contained relatively few persons, all of whom were still under direct surveillance.

Curtis was also able to give minute descriptions of the haunts, hide-outs, boats, automobiles, wireless set, furniture, clothes, habits, voices, and peculiarities of speech of six of the seven involved. He was able to take the police right to the cottage where two of them lived, to the shack where they kept the wireless set they used, to the pier from which they operated their boats.

Olaf and Hilda Larsen must have been known to many people in Cape May, where they lived. They were presumably known to leaders of the rumrunning trade in which they were engaged, and to the federal and local officials keeping track of the rumrunners' activities.

Curtis, during his incarceration on the Lindbergh estate, repeatedly urged the prompt following up of these leads. Even after his arrest and trial and conviction, he was still willing to co-operate with the authorities to run down the kidnapers with whom, according to the state's sworn testimony, he had been in contact. His aid was never sought. So far as I know, the Jersey authorities have made no effort to apprehend the gang of "actual kidnapers" on the basis of whose existence they obtained Curtis's conviction and the payment of a $1,000 fine.

And did Curtis serve his sentence?

No. After his Flemington conviction we immediately appealed. But, to prevent the case from going to the upper court, negotiations were immediately instituted to remit the prison sentence and permit the case to be closed upon payment of the $1,000 fine.

It was less expensive to pay the fine than to prosecute the appeal; so we agreed, on behalf of Curtis. But there are some cases which are not so easily closed.

Some weeks after the excitement of the Curtis trial had died down my home telephone in Flemington rang.

"My husband has just been arrested by the state police," a feminine voice announced over the wire.

"For what?" I asked.

"For trying to help solve the Lindbergh case."

I promised that I would go at once to the magistrate's office and find out what it was all about. There I discovered four or five state policemen, including a commissioned officer, with their prisoner, whom they were about to send to jail on the charge of practicing as a detective without a license. He had been "caught making inquiries among the hill people" in regard to the Lindbergh case. His name was John Devine.

NOW, I didn't know, when I arrived, whether this man was a detective or not, whether he had a license or not; but I did know that making inquiries about the Lindbergh case was not a crime. I demanded an opportunity to discuss the situation with Mr. Devine, who turned out to be a reputable citizen of Pennsylvania. He not only held a license as a detective but was an investigator on the staff of an official of that state. His personal reputation and his reputation for solving difficult crimes were both beyond reproach.

Like hundreds of other people, he had his theory as to the solution of the Lindbergh mystery, and had been willing to spend his own money and time and energy in the hope that he might contribute to the apprehension of the kidnapers.

And now he was about to be sent to jail by the very people he was trying to help!

They had picked him up at eight o'clock in the morning, taken him without due process out of the County of Hunterdon to the New Jersey State Police headquarters in the County of Mercer, and detained him illegally there all day, while, so he told me, they tried to coerce him into dropping out of the Lindbergh case.

By this time Devine had his Irish up and refused to be coerced. It was then, apparently, that they decided to press the "practicing without a license" charge and throw him into jail, where he couldn't pursue his investigation, "whether or no."

I immediately caused a warrant to be issued for the trooper who had taken him into custody and removed him from Hunterdon County to Mercer County and thence back to Hunterdon. There followed much hurried telephoning. Apparently it was decided that perhaps the best thing to do would be to turn Mr. Devine loose and let him go about his business.

There were, you see, many similarities between the Curtis case and the Devine case. *But* Devine was arraigned, not without counsel in a specially improvised "court" in the library of a private house, but, as the law requires, in a properly constituted magistrate's office, where he could have his own lawyer and avail himself of the protection which the law provides.

That there was, and perhaps still is, plenty of reason for *some one* "making inquiries among the hill people" is indicated by another little known case.

A thousand feet back from the Mount Rose road, where the supposed body of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., was found, stands a lonely shack. In this squalid two-story building lives a man who in the spring of 1932 weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Now he weighs a hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He has not dieted; he has not been physically ill. He has worried. And he has had reason to.

On June 4, 1932, a high official of the State of New Jersey reported on an investigation which had taken him to the little shack back of the Mount Rose road:

> Suspicion was from the first centered on ——— ——. He is a powerful man, probably of German extraction, and is psychopathic. He has unusual and weird obsessions and hallucinations and is possessed of a wild and violent temper.

THEN this official refers to a previous report in which he had expressed the opinion that the kidnap ladder had been "constructed by a left-handed person whose knowledge of stresses and tools was not great."

> This man [the occupant of the shack] is ambidextrous, and although he writes with his right hand, he uses a saw with his left hand. I know this from direct observation.
>
> In my previous report I mentioned the difficulty a person not familiar with ladders would have in ascending and descending the above-mentioned ladder, especially if burdened with a child. —— has been a sailor, is agile, and boasts of his ability to climb anything "like a monkey."
>
> Wood of the same size, grade, and approximate age as that used in the ladder has been found in his shack. Chisels of the same manufacture as that found outside the Lindbergh home had been found there also. . . .
>
> Two small pieces of yellow pine similar to pieces cut from the runners of the ladder to form insets for the ladder rungs were also found at this man's residence. They were compared with notches in the ladder by a fellow investigator and found to be a trifle larger. However, . . . it is possible that long exposure of the ladder would slightly alter its original size.
>
> It has been stated that a car colored dark green or black with bumperettes on the rear was seen near the Lindbergh home on March 1. In a lean-to built against this man's shack was found a dark green Paige sedan with bumperettes. This car contained burlap bags similar to those described as having been found near the body.
>
> The car contained approximately five gallons of gasoline and the storage battery was found carefully packed in excelsior near ——'s bed. A significant fact is that although the car was piled high with weighty lumber and debris and was completely covered with old carpets, etc., the tires were not flat, but on the contrary their side walls were rigid. . . . It is a fact that no car will stand unused over a period of many months without the tires losing air pressure and becoming flat. The tires and wheels also showed signs of having been washed. . . .
>
> This man is very familiar with tools and the ladder used was such a one as he might construct.
>
> —— is evasive, crafty, cunning, and, from what information Mr. Dawes gives me, has been unable to establish an unrefutable alibi.

Copies of this official's report were forwarded to the then Governor A. Harry Moore, who had first suggested the investigation, and to Colonel Schwarzkopf.

This was May, 1932. Four years later —— was still at large; and on the night of March 31, 1936, when Hauptmann was supposed to have been electrocuted, he flew into a tantrum and raised such particular hell that friends and neighbors had forcibly to restrain him. When word of the forty-eight-hour reprieve reached him, he quieted immediately and caused no more trouble.

The night Hauptmann died, this man went completely off his head. Three days later he was removed to a hospital for the mentally deranged, where, I am informed, he is still confined.

My next connection with the Lindbergh case was when Anna Hauptmann entered my office in Flemington and, after explaining the financial situation in which she and her husband found themselves, asked me if I would act as their counsel in New Jersey. I said that I would.

I have often wondered why I did so. Hauptmann had only $2,900 to his name; or, rather, Mrs. Hauptmann had only $2,900 to her name. That was the sum total of the money available to the defense at the Flemington trial. There was no other money whatsoever for the retaining of counsel, the preparation and filing of legal papers, the investigation of clues, the subpoenaing of witnesses, etc.

Mrs. Hauptmann was entirely frank with me on that subject; and even if there had been financial inducements, I doubt if they would have appealed to me.

It was understood from the first that a New York lawyer's services would be enlisted. Mrs. Hauptmann's first choice was Mr. James M. Fawcett, who had been recommended to her by a mutual acquaintance. Her second choice was Edward J. Reilly of Brooklyn, to whose office she was taken by a representative of a New York City newspaper.

Mr. Reilly, a big jovial fellow, was good copy for the reporters. He did much to dissipate the gloom which hung over our beautiful little town.

Once he announced to the press that on a certain day he would give the names of the four kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby: two men and two women. After he had calmed down I said:

"Ed, you shouldn't have done that."

"Well," he blustered, "there's Isidor Fisch—he's dead; and there's Whateley the butler, and Violet Sharpe, and—"

He stopped suddenly, and his face went from red to purple.

"Holy Mike!" he yelled. "Where'll I get another dead woman?"

On another occasion, shortly after midnight, the building in which I have my office across the street from the courthouse caught fire. It was a slight blaze, soon out; but since all our records of the case were in the building, I rushed in with friends and began removing the papers. On my last trip out, after the fire was all over, whom should I see but Reilly, in fireman's hat and slickers, standing on the step of the fire engine, holding high a pickax, and having his picture taken!

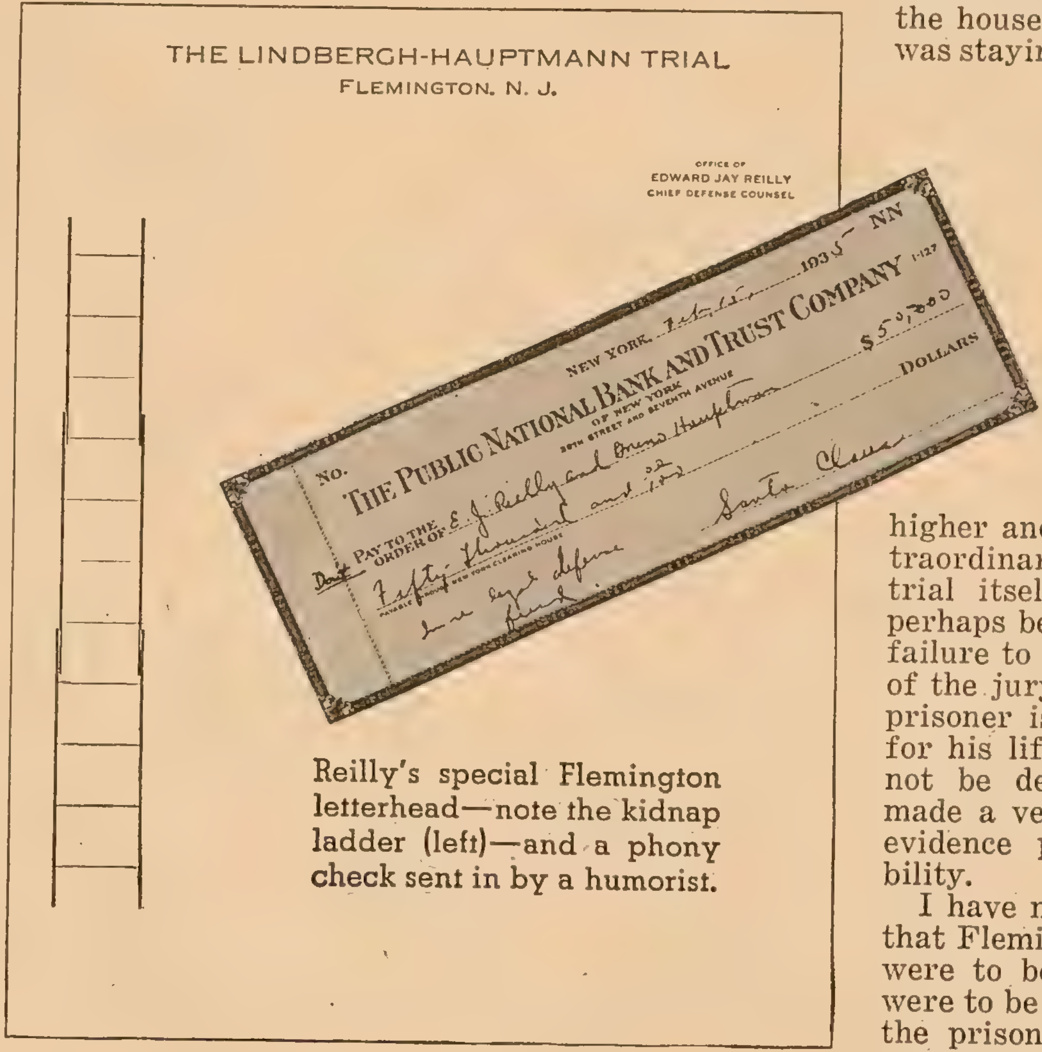
A VERY likable fellow, Ed Reilly. My chief complaint against him was that he was too popular. It was almost impossible to hold a conference with him in regard to the case. He was always too busy with newspaper interviewers and photographers, broadcasting from his favorite newspaper's radio station, or writing letters on the special stationery he had had made for himself, bearing the legend THE LINDBERGH-HAUPTMANN TRIAL, OFFICE OF EDWARD JAY REILLY, CHIEF DEFENSE COUNSEL, and ornamented in red ink with a reproduction of the prosecution's pet exhibit, the so-called kidnap ladder.

From the first, too, I was honestly doubtful if Mr. Reilly, with his "fine clothes and city ways," was the type most likely to appeal to a jury of the plain citizens of Hunterdon County. As an offset, the idea of getting additional local counsel naturally occurred to me.

It was then that I enlisted the aid of Judge Frederick Pope, who served to the end of the trial, as did Mr. Egbert Rosecrans, with meager recompense.

Although we were without funds—Mr. Reilly had taken $2,400 of the $2,900 for his retainer—we were not without well-wishers. As attorney for Hauptmann, I have received letters blaming the crime on the Communist Party, on Japan, on the meat packers of Chicago, on Mexico, on the I. W. W., on the Maffia, and on Jafsie Condon. One correspondent signed his name "Alfred E. Smith" but doubtless was not the ex-governor. Many of these letter writers were, of course, plain nuts.

Then there were the humorists who were forever sending phony checks to assist Hauptmann in his defense. One such check was drawn on a New York bank for one jelly bean. Another was drawn for $100,000 on the Snow Bank of Alaska, and signed Charlie Santa Claus. Several others were signed Isidor Fisch.



THE LINDBERGH-HAUPTMANN TRIAL
FLEMINGTON. N. J.

OFFICE OF
EDWARD JAY REILLY
CHIEF DEFENSE COUNSEL

NO.
THE PUBLIC NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
38TH STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK Feb 15 1935 NN 1-127
PAY TO THE ORDER OF E. J. Reilly and Bruno Hauptmann $50,000
Fifty thousand and 00/100 DOLLARS
PAYABLE THROUGH NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE
for legal defense fund
Santa Claus

Reilly's special Flemington letterhead—note the kidnap ladder (left)—and a phony check sent in by a humorist.

Good souls were continually sending Richard Bibles. One sweet old lady sent two. "I thought one wouldn't do you any harm, either," she wrote me. There were more than a hundred and fifty of these Bibles. One fell into the hands of the state police, but I learned afterward that they never opened it. They thought it was a bomb!

Most of our correspondents, however, offered clues. Some claimed to have secret information which they were prepared to barter. A good many of these were in prison. I personally interviewed the most likely of the convicts—one, I recall, in the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, and one in California's San Quentin—but nothing came of the interviews. Some of the other correspondents became very angry when we didn't seem to be acting on their suggestions. One man even engaged counsel, who proceeded to write me a threatening letter.

Lawyers were largely represented, of course, in the really worth-while mail. They often made most helpful suggestions for the conduct of the defense.

It is not my purpose to go into the evidence offered at this most written about of all trials. As all the world knows, I was on the losing end. Anything I might say about the evidence would be considered "bellyaching." Moreover, the evidence presented at the Flemington trial had, in my opinion, very little effect on the result.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S presence at the trial every hour of every day had an effect, just as it had had at the trial of John Hughes Curtis. There was no reason that I can see for the Colonel's being there, except on the day when he was called upon to testify.

The publicity campaign waged by the state authorities had an effect, just as it had had in the Curtis case. "There was hardly a paper in America," wrote a distinguished legal authority in the American Bar Association Journal, "that did not prejudge the case, and 90 per cent of them prejudged it against the accused."

As a result of this trial by newspaper, the accused was continually referred to in print as the "criminal," and was so considered by the great majority of people, including, beyond doubt, the majority of the panel from which the Flemington jury had to be chosen.

Around Hauptmann there was at all times a seventeen-man guard, mostly New Jersey State Police. The cost to the State of New Jersey of maintaining this force was approximately $30,000. The effect of such apparent proof that the state was dealing with a desperate criminal cannot be doubted.

We have in Flemington an organization of which we are very proud, the first children's choir organized in America. From the year of its formation, this choir has met early Christmas morning, separated into sizable groups, and gone through every section of the town singing Christmas carols. At a given hour the groups would reassemble in front of the courthouse and sing for perhaps fifteen minutes to the prisoners in the jail. But on Christmas Day, 1934, the choir was instructed not to sing in front of the house where Mrs. Hauptmann was staying or within a block of the jail in which "the arch-kidnaper and world's worst criminal" was confined.

Hauptmann had not yet been tried for the crime of which he was accused. He was supposed to be clothed in the presumption of innocence.

As the trial approached, the feeling in the town mounted higher and higher. Under the extraordinary circumstances of the trial itself, the authorities may perhaps be excused for their utter failure to effect that sequestration of the jury to which the humblest prisoner is entitled when on trial for his life. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that that failure made a verdict based only on the evidence practically an impossibility.

I have no complaint to make of that Flemington jury. If the case were to be tried again, and if I were to be in undisputed charge of the prisoner's plan of defense, I would be willing again to stake the success of my client's case on their ability impartially to hear the evidence and honestly to give their verdict—*if they had a chance to do so.*

But this Hauptmann jury had no chance. They had, as a matter of fact, no more privacy than the traditional goldfish.

When they left the courtroom, they had to fight their way through a milling crowd of shrieking newsboys, yelling and displaying epithets denouncing the man whose life they held in their hands, and blood-lustful spectators, some of whom thought nothing of hurling the vilest epithets against him.

Flemington, as I have said, is a town of about twenty-five hundred people; but during the trial it grew into a bustling community of thirty to thirty-five thousand, the latter figure being reached on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, next to the last day of the trial.

It is safe to say that 90 per cent of these people believed Hauptmann guilty, and came to Flemington for a Roman holiday in which they hoped to see him "thrown to the lions."

In the Union Hotel the jurors ate their meals separated only by a cloth curtain from a dining room full of reporters and spectators, whose remarks could be as plainly heard by the jury as the jury's own conversation could be heard by those outside the flimsy curtain.

To reach their quarters on the third floor, the jury had to climb two flights of stairs through hallways crowded with reporters, and past the open doors of rooms where more reporters were telephoning their stories—almost invariably inimical to the accused. In the evening, when they took their exercise on the second-story porch, they were just outside the window where Boake Carter was broadcasting in his clear crisp English accents the prosecution's version of the day's events.

How, under all these circumstances, could any jury be expected to render a verdict based on the evidence, and on the evidence alone?

And how, in these same circumstances, would you or I have fared if our lives had fallen into their hands?

In spite of everything, however, I was not without hope that we might secure an acquittal for our client. It was still true that no one had seen the prisoner commit the kidnaping with which he was charged; that no one knew for sure that a murder had been committed; that no one knew for sure that the body found beside the road was the body of the Lindbergh child; and that no one knew for sure that the child whose body was found—whoever he or she might be—had not died from what is legally termed an act of God.

Then, of course, there was the Curtis case.

Curtis, as I have shown from the records, was convicted because of dealings with a " gang " of some seven or eight people, including a member of the Lindbergh household, who, the state asserted, were the actual kidnapers. Now, three years later, another man, Hauptmann, was being accused by the same prosecutor and the same witnesses in the same courtroom, not as a member of a " gang " but as the *sole* perpetrator of the crime which, according to their previous testimony, seven or eight people were known to have committed.

I knew and I felt that the jury would know that the same prosecutor, the same witnesses, the same State of New Jersey couldn't have been right both times.

How could they remember their own testimony at the Curtis trial and, at a new trial, say that the entire job had been done by the one man whom Fate had now tossed into their laps?

How could the same witnesses who had gone before the grand jury in the Curtis matter and testified on the theory that Curtis did not know a kidnap gang, and then had gone before the trial jury and testified on the theory that he did, now say they had been wrong both times because there wasn't any gang at all?

OF course that is what happened, and it resulted in a conviction—but I still feel that if the Hauptmann conviction was right, the Curtis conviction should be set aside and his thousand-dollar fine returned to him. If, on the other hand, the Curtis conviction was right, the Hauptmann conviction should be set aside—even though Hauptmann's life cannot be given back to him.

And another thing: How could they be sure that John Hughes Curtis might not walk into that Flemington Courthouse and identify Hauptmann as one of the gang with whom he had had his contact? And if he did, what would become of their theory of a one-man job?

On the other hand, Curtis might *not* be able to identify their man—and then what would happen to their case against Hauptmann?

It was a pretty problem for the Jersey authorities. Obviously, the smart thing to do was to pocket their pride and send for Curtis—and that, although few know of it, is what they did do.

I admit that I awaited the result of this meeting with some perturbation. John Hughes Curtis held no brief for Bruno Richard Hauptmann. He would probably be glad, if he honestly could, to identify the Bronx carpenter as a member of the gang he had dealt with in the weeks that had followed the kidnaping.

Of course the state knew that. They knew that they had it in their power to afford Curtis a vindication. Was it possible that, with such a prospect dangled before his eyes, he might be willing to change his story of the number of people involved in the crime, so as to fit it in with their own revised version?

Personally, I couldn't see John Curtis doing any such thing; but in the Lindbergh case anything was possible. It *was* possible, clearly—so remarkable were the resemblances between several of the individuals suspected of the Lindbergh kidnaping—that he might in all honesty think he recognized Hauptmann as one of the kidnapers.

In short, the possibility of Curtis changing the whole course of the Flemington trial by a positive identification of Hauptmann was one with which both sides had to cope—such a distinct possibility that we of the defense hesitated to call him to the witness chair.

For the state, however, the situation was quite different. Without Curtis, the state still had no real tie-up between Hauptmann and the actual kidnapers. Jafsie's John had never been proved a kidnaper. At most, he was an extortioner. Curtis's John, on the other hand, had been proved in that same courtroom to be one of the " actual kidnapers "—and the court record would so indicate.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding on this all-important point—for it has a bearing on the entire course of the Lindbergh kidnaping case—I quote once more from the opening address of Prosecutor Hauck:

" We will prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Curtis was dealing with the actual kidnapers. . . ."

And from the presiding judge's charge to the jury:

" In order to convict you must find that John Hughes Curtis . . . had contact with the actual kidnapers."

THE state, of course, was fully aware of this fact. So, obviously, the first thing for the state to do was to find out whether Curtis would change his story. It was pretty tough on the Jersey authorities, after the way they had treated John Hughes Curtis, to have to turn to him for help.

Practically, however, they weren't taking much of a chance in sending for him to take a look at the prisoner and have a little chat. If they didn't like what he said or did, they could ship him back to Norfolk and refuse to call him at the trial.

Curtis, on his side, *was* taking a chance—he had learned that by previous sad experience!—in coming into the State of New Jersey and placing himself once more in the hands of the men who, according to his story, had made his stay on the Lindbergh property a hell on earth. He did not fancy putting himself in such a position until he had received adequate guaranty that his rights as a citizen would be fully respected. But he still wished to help Colonel Lindbergh, if he could.

A compromise was finally arranged whereby the state paid Curtis's expenses as far as Philadelphia, and sent a representative there to confer with him on that neutral ground.

The conference didn't go very smoothly. The state's representative was quite willing to assure Curtis the safe-conduct he demanded. Curtis, under those circumstances, was quite willing to come to Flemington and have a look at Hauptmann.

But when the official stated that Curtis would be expected to subscribe to the state's new theory that the entire job had been done by one man, John Curtis simply laughed him out of the room.

" I told him," he later informed me, " that if I came to Flemington, I would tell the truth. He thereupon told me to go back to Norfolk and wait for further instructions. I did—but the instructions never came! "

The state now knew that if the sturdy Norfolk shipbuilder were allowed to go on the stand, he would testify that there were at least seven individuals involved in the crime; that the child had been taken down the stairs and out of the door of the Lindbergh home; and that some member of the Lindbergh and Morrow household had co-operated in the execution of the kidnap plot.

Of course any such testimony—given by one of the state's own witnesses—would upset completely the theory that Hauptmann was the sole perpetrator of the crime; it would disqualify the ladder as a contributing cause of the baby's death; it would indicate that which hundreds of people always believed—and always will believe—that some one familiar with the Lindbergh home had knowledge of the crime.

But—it might also have led, by public demand, to a successful search for Larsen and Nils and Eric and John, and thence to a final solution of what I believe to be the still unsolved mystery of the disappearance and death of the Lindbergh baby!

THE END

Love Haunts a Hangover

The Movies Have Malicious Fun with a Headlong Cross-Country Romance—and, While in the Mood, Take a Gently Satiric Fling at the Folk of Our Last Frontier

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ SING, BABY, SING

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly, Michael Whalen, the Ritz Brothers, Montagu Love, Dixie Dunbar, Douglas Fowley, Toni Martin, Paul Stanton. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Story by Milton Sperling and Jack Yellen.

SING, BABY, SING—which Twentieth Century-Fox insists is not based on a recent headline romance—is a wildly hilarious farce that gallops along its musical course to the loud accompaniment of incessant laughter. A boisterous, completely insane show, the picture tells its story with a breathless gusto that includes no feeling or sentiment. But for swiftly moving entertainment in sarcastic mood this comes as an outstanding treat.

Michael Whalen and Alice Faye in Sing, Baby, Sing.

Giving one of the best performances of his lengthy career, the dapper Adolphe Menjou is seen as the Hollywood actor on a New York spree. While convalescing from a prolonged drinking bout, the befuddled Thespian is pounced upon by a shapely young singer whose manager arranged the meeting for publicity purposes.

From there on, Sing, Baby, Sing tells a story that seems to have been clipped right out of the newspapers. The actor's Romeo and Juliet romance takes on the aspects of a national comedy, and the girl's cross-country pursuit of him makes ribald reading matter for the whole world.

Spiced with such established comedians as Patsy Kelly, Ted Healy, and the word-mangling Gregory Ratoff, Sing, Baby, Sing gets its silliest moments from the Ritz Brothers, a knockabout trio whose dazzling debut marks them for either a lunatic asylum or great acclaim. Alice Faye and Michael Whalen supply the only note of sanity.

VITAL STATISTICS: In field day of fly-catching, upstaging, lens-grabbing, cast cutthroated each other in Olympiad of picture stealing. Ted Healy had three gagmen to think up Healyisms. Ratoff pummeled his writer brains to get goot veeteeceezeems; shouted everybody down in scenes, big-handed Menjou whenever camera allowed (i. e., cut off Menjou's face by "casually" inserting hand between Menjou and camera). Mike Whalen used superjuvenile tricks. General result: excitement and spontaneity. Easy Winners: The Ritz Broz, tarantara! They quietly played their normally idiotic selves and are Al, Jim, and Harry, superstitious about being known in that order. Al's the official group worrier, Jim's the moaner, Harry's got little left but to play the horses. They're Newark, New Jersey, kernels; got that way because dancer-actor father Max Ritz clowned around house. What corresponds to education they got from Brooklyn schools and ten years intellectualizing in vodvil, niteries. On S. B. S. set they ribbed plenty, rigging chair which sprayed talcum powder when sat in. Only Al's married—eight years; the others remain single, waiting to see how Al's marriage turns out. . . . Gabby, witty Ted Healy married actress Betty Hickman in Yuma, Arizona, day before he started his thirty-six-day honeymoon on 20th Century lot in this. Betty's Teddy's No. 2, and he tried harder in this than ever before, hoping to make good for the new little woman. . . . Megger Sid Lanfield is piano player for original swingologists: Dixieland Jazz Band. . . . Since picture's obviously founded on Barrymore-Barrie Caliban-Ariel pursuit, Barrymore's threatened suit for slander on Barrymorals. . . . Zanuck's getting economical these days; salvaging title from his once proposed Sing, Governor, Sing (Thanks a Million) and using plenty of sets you've seen before in other Zanookies. . . . Having gained fifteen pounds since recent illness, Menjou ordered 28 new suits, first installment on new wardrobe, which now boasts about 100 suits, 40 sports coats, 2 dozen pairs assorted trou, 60 pairs of shoes. Often takes fifteen fittings to get the hang of a suit right; but lets wifely Verree Teasdale pick out his ties! Adolphe's of a Cleveland tavern-keeping family. . . . Alice Faye is trying out her new hair shade, amber brown, result of poll among gent friends. She and Mike Whalen (formerly Joe Shovlin) are romancing. . . . Rahshn-bo'n Gregory Ratoff figuratively died as an actor when he pushed up daisies in Road to Glory, but is resurrected herein for supposed type part. Came out of this with a producer contract added to his present triple-threater, by which he does everything but sweep up Zanuck daily. Greg's very popular around; has an Irish setter named Shamus; is constantly followed by two sektries to take down Ratoffisms; buys straw hats by the dozen, they blowing off in open cars, he refusing to ride in closed. Calls up gifted Rahshn wife, Eugenie Leontovich, now in Europe, every week; is vehement, gabby during conversation. . . . Toni Martin is Al Morriss, late of the St. Mary Galloping Gaels, and asked out of that brain-taxing institute when heard playing swing music on the chapel organ.

★ ★ ½ MY AMERICAN WIFE

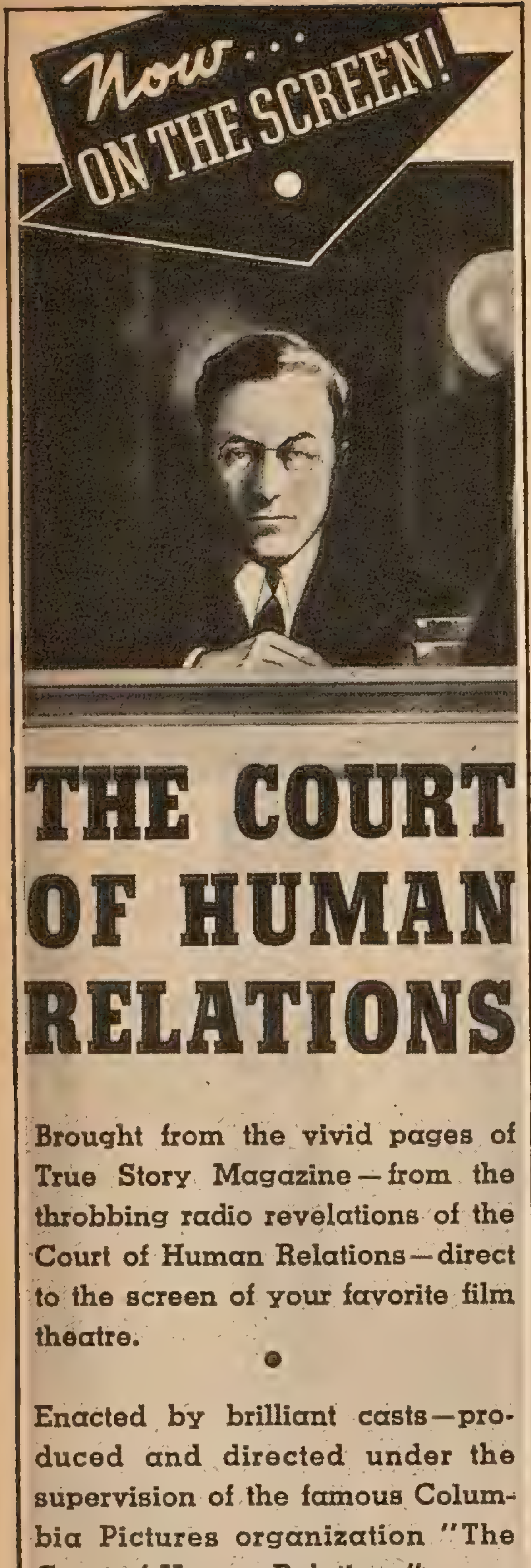
THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern, Fred Stone, Billie Burke, Ernest Cossart, Grant Mitchell, Hal K. Dawson, Helene Millard, Adrian Morris, Dora Clemant, Montague Shaw. Directed by Harold Young. Story by Elmer Davis.

A MILD lampooning of the no longer wild West, My American Wife is a frothy little comedy-romance that spreads much easy cheer as it retells the old story of an American heiress who marries a foreign nobleman.

Featuring a decided twist on the standard setup, the plot has the nobleman as no effete hand-kisser. Instead, much to the undisguised chagrin of the social-minded Arizonians, the titled visitor turns out to be carved from the same sturdy material as the trail-blazing pioneers.

Agreeably fashioned throughout, the film is at its sly best when poking slightly vicious fun at civic and social leaders, excellently enacted here by Billie Burke, Grant Mitchell, Hal K. Dawson, and Adrian Morris.

In bouncing Francis Lederer the picture has a playful protagonist who manages to combine Old World suavity with exuberant broncobusting. As his wealthy wife, the decorative Ann Sothern gives the proceedings a touch of beauty. And because Fred Stone, the Patriarch of the Pasturelands, offers such a deft caricature, one may take



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THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

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Sponsored by
COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.
based on stories in
TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
"Truth is Stranger Than Fiction"

this show as a neatly biting satire on the populace of our last frontier.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture made on a merry-go-round of location trips—unusual these days when you make better deserts, mountains, seas indoors than nature does out. Cast felt the cold breezes around Victorville, California, locash in its lotus-eating bones, shivered pathetically. . . . Frankie (Snooks) Lederer's gone gent farmer with a fortune—an ideal way to be a farmer, and the only practical one. From first harvest of apricots, alfalfa, grapes, truck from 250-acre San Fernando Valley ranch he selected 20,000 heads of cabbage; sent most to charity, rest with card attached to a thousand friends—nothing personal. . . . Fred Stone's fastest gun draw this side o' Hell's ½-Acre. At skeets he can bust two clay pigeons flung simultaneously, and is tough on real elk, bear, moose, and Kadiak. Fred started wire-walking at seven; has mastered anything that's impressed him since with pertinacity. At sixty-three he can ride, shoot, rope, rope-dance, sonja-heinie, box, fly, tumble. Otherwise he's fairly inactive, slowing with the years. . . . Ketti Gallian's trying again after wowing Europe, not wowing America after her importation. . . . Ernest Cossart's getting sick of putting the soused mawster into pants and passing the cocktails as a perennial movie butler. A Shaw actor for years, Cossart's considered the ideal buttling type by Hollywood. Ernest has his own valet-butler around stages; admits he can buttle better than most professionals, claiming it's all in the handling of the jowls. . . . Fat Boy Adrian Morris ate 9 pounds chocolates, 3 dozen bananas, nuts, apples, banquet spreads for his part and Art. . . . Nannette Lafayette, the maid, used her orchid dog and pink Angora cat, dyed to match her Hollywood ap't, in this. . . . Lederer's stand-in is Mohammed Achmed Aga Sobby Affandi Bacri Joulandi Sabuni, or Victor Sabuni. Vic wants a screen career, not Tripoli-politico one. . . . Megger Young started in the cutting room; megged Scarlet Pimpernel.

★★½ HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

THE PLAYERS: John Halliday, Marsha Hunt, Robert Cummings, C. Henry Gordon, Esther Ralston, Esther Dale, Frieda Inescort, Albert Conti, Thomas Jackson, Oscar Apfel, Purnell Pratt, Hyman Fink, others. Directed by Robert Florey. Story by Faith Thomas.

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD offers film fans an inside peek at the movie city, and at the same time it revives, for a brief moment, the careers of many former cinema favorites.

Veteran picturegoers should get a certain pleasure out of spotting the old-time performers who flit through the film's gaudy background. Among the many pretalkie personalities to look for are Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Charles Ray, Mae Marsh, Herbert Rawlinson, Bryant Washburn, William Desmond, Frank Mayo, Creighton Hale, Ruth Clifford, and Pat O'Malley.

This celluloid guessing game is set around a bitter little plot that has John Halliday as a fading screen star whose sensational memoirs in a popular magazine throw some embarrassing light on many almost forgotten scandals. The picture attains its stern climax when it turns out that the publisher's wife is implicated in the love theme of the story. And that scene wherein the harried wife sets out to kill the actor supplies a dramatic close to a film that is at all times interesting, both in its heavy plot and frivolous decorations.

VITAL STATISTICS: Over 1,000 years of acting experience in this, all in various stages of has-beenity, after incredible dazzling pasts. . . . Jittery with emotion and lured from a seven-years retirement in a small Beverly Hills flat, Maurice Costello, who wowed them with dimples and curly hair, stepped before the first sound camera he'd ever seen, took a moment to shake his emotion, whipped his first mike, decided he liked soundies, decided to continue a once terrific career. . . . Comfortable unlicked Francis X. Bushman, who with Beverly Bayne was first team in films, is now an M. C. in radyo, on stage . . . Mae Marsh, recently recovered from serious illness, and busy mothering three, running fruit ranch, has little time for movies and fame such as was hers in Birth of a Nation. Mae derides modern cinchiness, reminiscing that once star had to do three pictures a week, in-between picture rests were from midnight to 7 A.M., and every one, including Mary Smith Pickford, had to pitch in to mend costumes, run errands, do this'n'that menial thing. . . . This is William Desperate Desmond's 347th part. He was a great serial favorite. . . . Ethel Clayton, contract-to-Paramount-miss 1917 to 1922, is unmarried; lives modestly with mother on movie savings; says retirement is too too peaceful and it's heartbreaking to walk along Hollywood Blvd. these days and be recognized only by middle-aged people. Like all the rest, she wants to be back in grease paint again. . . . Ruth Clifford, who got into pictures fifteen years ago when she was fourteen, resents being called an old-timer. . . . Charles Ray, the homespun hero, went broke ten years ago in his own productions; has been keeping both ends almost together since by writing. Still has hopes. . . . Roy D'Arcy's tragedy is that the villain you loved to hate has gone and Roy's flashing smile has been sent to the warehouse. . . . Both Bryant Washburn and Herb Rawlinson had dimples and curly hair, which helped them get their heart throbs. . . . Esther Ralston, while hardly an old-timer, says it's easier to do talkies than silents, but harder to crash them. . . . Frank Mayo raises wirehairs for a living. . . . Young-timers Marsha Hunt and Robert Cummings showed how new generation could take it, by having to have thorns removed from bunches of roses Marsha had to fling in the handsome Cummings's face.

★ ½ HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia, John Eldredge, Samuel S. Hinds, Phyllis Clare, Leonard Mudie, Jed Prouty, Pedro de Cordoba, Rafael Corio. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Story by George Auerbach.

GRIMLY playful and heavily dramatic by turns, His Brother's Wife is a disconcerting mélange of muscle-bound whimsey and bosom-heaving dramatics. Cast once more as a playboy of the medical world, the popular Robert Taylor is seen as a brilliant scientist who discovers the cure for a tropic malady, wins a girl, and becomes a national hero—all of which he does in his own cute manner.

There is hardly a realistic moment in the film, and the story jumps from episode to episode with little regard for logic. But the whole affair has obviously been designed not to tell an engrossing story but to exploit the offscreen romance of Taylor and Miss Stanwyck.

The film opens with Taylor just having been assigned to dangerous duty in the fever-infested tropics. While on a vacation bender he meets Miss Stanwyck, and their hasty romance hits its first barrier when his brother dissuades him from marrying the girl. The second barrier to their love life is a gambling bill from a racketeer, who threatens immediate revenge.

These complications, though, are dwarfed by the entanglements that rapidly follow. Miss Stanwyck, in an odd bit of revenge, marries Taylor's brother. But even this does not prevent her from joining her ex-sweetheart in the tropics. Here she purposely contracts the fever, and the picture struggles to its peak when the young scientist is forced to risk his unproved serum on the woman he loves.

The quiet sincerity of John Eldredge and Jean Hersholt is submerged in the shuffle of the story; but His Brother's Wife is hardly the sort of thing that could support much sincerity, anyway.

VITAL STATISTICS: It was Producer Lawrence Weingarten's cunning idea to play up public's interest in Babs Stanwyck-Prettymans Bob Taylor romance, so he cast them together.

The romance doesn't spring from the picture, but vicer-verser. Romance has reached present-giving stage: Babs gave Bobs a lovely wrist watch; Bobs came right back with a St. Christopher medal to ward off disease, bum parts, and also Frank Fay. Babsie's friends are pleased she is off Frank Fay forever, they always wanting it to be thus. Nobody knows if Taylor's heart bust when the Irene Hervey-Allan Jones wedding bells tolled, but whatever his feelings, it's all too late now—the whole thing caused by Taylor's managers, who broke up his erstwhile torrid relations with Miss Hervey. . . . Miss Stanwyck's better-looking off the screen than on. She passed out twenty fine lapel watches to gents in the cast and gold bracelets to the women. She has mighty keen Irish insight and a shrewd manner of appraising people. . . . During making of this, Taylor took off two days to guest-of-honor it at Texcentennial. Even though it was paid admission, he drew 31,000, while Prexy Roosevelt, with a free gate, drew only 28,000. Mobbed at Exposish, Taylor needed six state troopers to ward off the women. One of the Beauty Queens was introduced to Taylor, and promptly fainted in his arms. When she revived, she took another look at his face and fainted again. Taylor studied to be a doctor, didn't like it, and has ridden to fame on doctor roles alone. Much speculation among fan maggies as to whether fame'll spoil him, and rumor is he's still very unspoiled, not knowing he's been wreathed with laurel. Is second only to Gable among male stars as box-office draw, and two years ago he was in college—which only goes to show how a corn-fed boy from Nebraska can slip. . . . Jean Hersholt reduced seven pounds to play the doctor, then found role required fat sawbones, so had to wear a false stummick. . . . Woody Van Dyke was his own technical adviser, having been in tropics so long. Burned up at phony tropic props; jettisoned paper papayas for those from his own garden; yanked Taylor from tan linen into white duck and changed kellys; fussed about African monkeys, said he wanted South American ones. Plus a macaw or sissy parrot.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three.

★★★½—San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love.

★★★—To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann.

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **HALFWAY HOUSE** by Ellery Queen. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

So Ellerish as to be—sorry for the pun—to the Queen's taste. This reporter looks forward to the day when Ellery Queen, Philo Vance, and Thatcher Colt will join hands and solve the murder mysteries of the ages.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

★ ★ ★ **THE RIVER PASTURE** by Judy Van der Veer. Longmans, Green & Co.

The story of a girl who runs a ranch in California, told in terms of her animals, whom she regards as human beings. Beautifully written and sympathetically presented even for non-animal lovers.

★ ★ **THE LAST ROMANS** by Theodore Jeske-Choinski. Translated from the Polish by the Right Rev. Monsignor George Barry O'Toole. The Pittsburger Printing and Publishing Company.

A vivid historical account of the fourth-century revolt of Paganism against the Christian emperors—the "Dusk of the Roman Gods."

★ ★ **CANNERY ANNE** by Morris Hull. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Breathless tale of likable boys and girls working in a California cannery.

★ ★ **MANILA GALLEON** by Cameron Rogers. D. Appleton-Century Co.

The historical background—Manila in the seventeenth century—is superb, colorful, picaresque. Only, Mr. Rogers does not know how to write a novel. So read the book as a contribution to history.

★ **GREENGATES** by R. C. Sherriff. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A retired insurance clerk and his wife find a new life together in a Pollyannaish but persuasive story of small people making the best of small things. By the author of the successful war play Journey's End.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Charles Gates Dawes, born 1865.
2—Sleeping sickness.
3—Henry D. Myer, in 1854.
4—Checkers.
5—The Jazz Singer, starring Al Jolson.
6—Oregon.
7—Chewing gum.
8—Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921).
9—Job. Job 6, 6: "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?"
10—Eight.
11—Royal S. Copeland, born 1868.
12—The Mystery of Edwin Drood.
13—Theda Bara, pre-eminent vamp of silent pictures.
14—Georgia.
15—John W. Gates (1855-1911).
16—He built the historic ships Constitution, Constellation, and President, among others.
17—George Randolph Chester (1869-1924).
18—Twenty-eight feet.
19—Cordovan.
20—Jackie Cooper

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My Wife Left Me to Join
FATHER DIVINE
...A White Man's Story

Time, 1936; Place, America! The Amazing Experience of a Hard-Fisted, Two-Gun Southerner Who Worshipped a Negro as God

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HE was big and lean and dangerous as one viewed him from the doorway. "I'm Griggers," he said as I entered; "Charles J. Griggers. I'm a Texan." On his olive-gray shirt, on the left, were three loops of black thread. The pin of a shield or star should go through those. But he had no badge. As for cartridge belt and revolvers, he looked half-dressed without them—until I glanced into his eyes. They were a washed-out blue, and mild as milk. His hair was growing white.

"I came here to find my wife and bring her back," he said. "But I guess that ain't to be."

He took out of his pocket a picture. "That's Eva. They call her Enoch Light now. She is a disciple of M. J. Divine."

"Is that Father Divine?" I said.

"Don't call him Father Divine. That means the divine Father—God. He ain't God. I know that now, though once I admitted that he was."

"You're a Texan, and you worshiped a Negro as God?"

"I'm a Californian now," Griggers said. "I was a policeman in Compton, near Los Angeles. I was a bank guard too. But I was born in Texas, in Grand Saline, a town where they don't allow any colored people. There were a lot of them there at one time, but the white men killed some and drove the rest out. So colored people were little more to me than animals. I was raised that way.

"That's why I was such a sensation in the M. J. Divine movement. A Texan. And I was one of the sincerest believers of them all. It cost me my house, my furniture, my wife, the love and respect of my children. I'm broke. Haven't got a dime."

"How did you get into it?"

"Curiosity, at first. My wife and me went every place together. Sometimes we went to the Mormon church. Oh, I wasn't much of a churchman. I took a drink when I wanted one. And the girls—I'd been wild in my day. And I've been shot at lots of times, and I've done plenty shooting. And there have been times in this M. J. Divine business when I felt like selling out."

"Selling out?"

"In Texas when we sell out we stand with our back against a bar or a wall and we mow down everybody in front of us until they get us. That's selling out.

"Eva was a widow when I married her. She had a daughter. I had eight kids; some of them are pretty young yet. I'm only fifty-four. One night we decided, Eva and me, to go to one of those M. J. Divine extension meetings in Los Angeles. They are mostly all white people there. Well, it was fun. We went again. And again. The first thing I noticed was that my right foot was keeping time to the hymns. The next thing, I was clapping my hands.

"Then one night my arms and legs kept jerking and I couldn't stop them. When I got home I threw myself on the floor and kicked and jerked and screamed and hollered until four o'clock in the morning. It had me. I couldn't get away. I didn't want to. And it had Eva, too.

"A woman named Rebecca gave her transportation to New York. She went. That was in July, 1934. She took the name Enoch Light. And I went sort of crazy while she was gone. Her mother was living with us, and she grieved so over Eva's leaving that she got dangerously ill. I wired Eva that she was dying. I got no answer from her. I wired M. J. Divine. I got no answer from him.

"So I sold the house, took Eva's mother to the Divine extension in Long Beach, and cared for her there until she died. Finally I started for New York. I had nothing but an automobile, and I gave it to Ross Humble, who drives one of M. J. Divine's buses. I gave it to him for transportation to New York and transportation back for myself and Eva.

"In New York everyone made a beeline to the heaven at 20 West 115th Street. The room there was full when I went in. Someone mentioned my name, and M. J. Divine turned to look at me, smiling a little. I was so overcome I went right up to him, put my two hands around his, and said, 'Father Divine, I'm happy and proud to meet you.' He just kept smiling. Pretty soon there was a silence. Everybody was staring. He opened his mouth wide, closed it, and then said, 'Boom!'

"It was startling—so loud and unexpected. Some fell down on their faces. Some fainted. He smiled at me again, and I fell on my knees and admitted he was God.

"After a while I started out looking for my wife. I got lodging at the mission house where she worked. You sleep two or three in a bed, and you pay a dollar and a half a night. The men and the women are housed apart. But white and colored sleep in the same beds. Eva slept with colored women, and they made her do all the dirty work. Why? Because God was a colored man.

"She wouldn't speak to me. At the time, it didn't matter much, for I had found God, I thought, and God didn't want a man to have any wife. One night I was so carried away with the love of God that I shoved aside everybody and went directly to Divine. I threw my arms around him and kissed him all over his face and neck. How those people shouted! A Texan come to lay himself at the feet of a colored Jehovah!

"One morning I found a note from my wife. It asked me to meet her at noon. I did. She was weeping and in rags. 'I'm sick of all this,' she said. 'I'm ashamed. I've had enough. I want to go home or kill myself.'

"I bought her shoes, rented a comfortable room for her, and put her to bed. Then I went and told Divine what I had done. 'It's wonderful,' he said. 'Peace!'

"I sent a friend to get her things. A woman, Faithful Mary, said Eva would have to come for them herself, and

Father Divine's enraptured followers greet him in his "heaven." At left: Eva Griggers, who left her husband to join Father Divine. At right: The husband, who tells the story.

called me a thief who had stolen Enoch Light from God.

" Eva and I were called to attend a meeting, and Divine stood up and accused us both in the worst word-whipping either of us ever experienced. Eva wilted at his words and then he turned on me. It was all I could do to control myself. I looked at Eva. She had fallen down. And now, standing where she had stood, I saw Jesus."

" You saw what? " I asked.

Mr. Griggers smiled his mild dead smile. " Jesus, the Saviour. I saw Him as plainly as I see you now. It was no trick. I stood there looking at Him, and then He vanished. And Eva, my wife, was lying there at the foot of the piano.

" ' I know now who my God is! ' I cried out. ' My God is Jesus! '

" Divine gave me a peculiar look and sat down. He said nothing, but I know he had seen Jesus as clearly as I had. When I took Eva away a few days later, he made no effort to stop me.

" We went back to California; but we were in such a state we were still slaves to Divine. So we opened one of his missions at Redondo Beach. We ran it until last March, when Eva received word to return to New York or be lost. She left me a note:

" ' I am gone to see my father, M. J. Divine.'

" Gradually I began to come to my senses. I heard she was in a hospital in New York, in a critical condition, and continually calling for me. I started to hitchhike to New York. Arrived a little more than a month ago.

" People have been kind to me. I've never asked for a nickel, but I've never needed money. I live at the Y. M. C. A. Even my bus fare back to California has been provided me. I leave tomorrow—alone. I found my wife, but she won't come with me. She is still suffering from the delusion that M. J. Divine is God.

" It took me a long time to find her. The District Attorney's office gave me a detective to help me—a man named Johnny Cordes. He took me everywhere through Harlem—and he gave me money, too. But we never found her. No one would tell us anything about her.

" I knew she was working somewhere. Everybody works for Divine and gives him their money—every cent of it. No, no; they don't have to. Not at all. But they do. They insist on giving it to him. He teaches that God owns all the money in the world, and that if you voluntarily give him your money you will be rewarded a hundredfold. He also teaches that you must love nobody but the divine Father—Father Divine, of course. Oh, I know of so many families he has split—so many children he has forced parents to abandon!

" I found Eva through this letter written me by her daughter. You see, there, she wrote that she was working as a governess for a family in West End Avenue."

The letter gave the address and the apartment number.

" I went there and saw her. She looked thin and ill. She wouldn't talk to me.

" ' Eva,' I said, ' I want you to come back. If you don't, I'm going to a newspaper or a magazine and tell the whole story.'

" She looked at me as though I had blasphemed. I never saw such horror on anybody's face.

" ' If you do that,' she said, ' I'll deny it.'

" Then she backed away from me, slowly. She backed into the elevator. The door shut on her, and the cage went up. I haven't seen her since."

" You've tried to? " I asked him.

" Oh, yes. But I can't find her again. She won't answer the phone. When some one does answer, it is only to say my wife isn't there."

" So you've given up? You're beaten? "

He nodded his head mildly.

" Yes," he said. " I'm beaten. I can't fight any more. There's no more fight left in me."

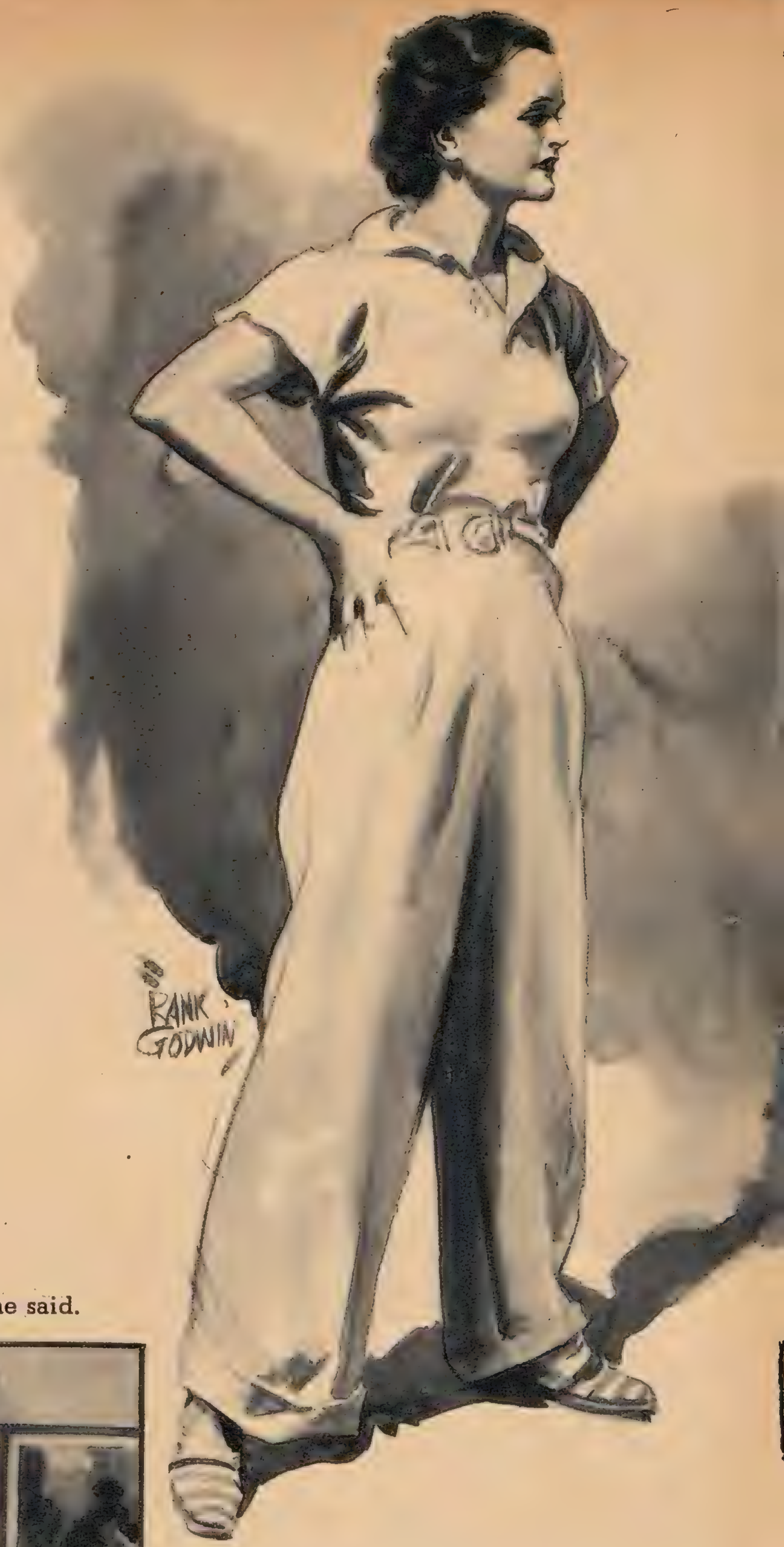
THE END

Godiva WAS A LADY

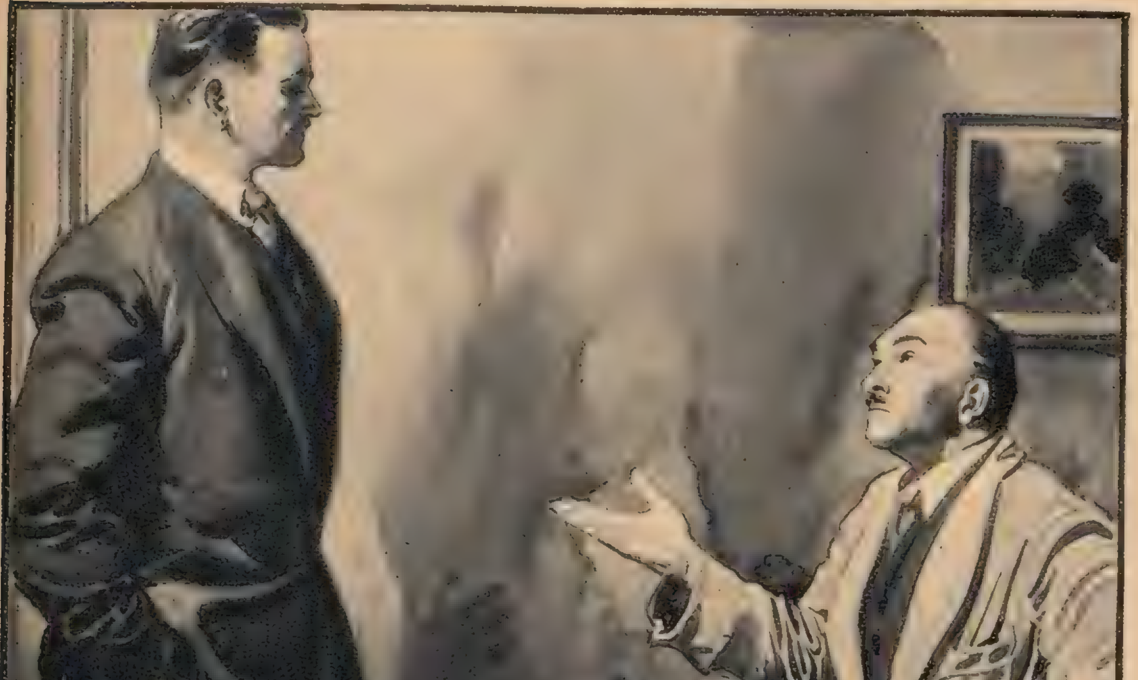
READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

KIDNAPING Betsy Bliss, a fan dancer, from a roadhouse about to be raided by police, and getting her safely to New York City, is Professor Stephen Frost's idea of a chivalrous act. It proves, however, to be a boomerang of trouble for him that almost quenches the romantic thrill—the first of his lifetime—that it offers. Luckily, the newspapers never learn his name, and a private court hearing, engineered by friends, clears him of the charges involved. But the scandal strikes a spark of jealousy in Stella King's heretofore lukewarm romantic impulses, and the amazed Stephen finds himself torn between desire for his lifelong sweetheart and his new-found infatuation, Betsy.

The fan dancer, in the meantime, is cashing in on the publicity gained through the scandal. She is starred in New York's Babylon Club, and is the toast of the town. To Stephen, however, she confides the fact that she is really Susan Bayliss, a small-town girl, merely doing fan dancing as a means of gaining her goal on the stage. She despises the act, she tells him, and would be glad to get out of it. Yet, when her father pays a surprise visit to New York, she implores Stephen to help her convince him that fan dancing is artistic. He does his best, but the result is not too favorable. Stephen has taken a leave of absence from the university, planned a cruise, then canceled it when he quarreled with Stella, and decided on remaining in New York and doing free-lance writing for a few months.



"These gang killings and beatings are bad for business," he said.



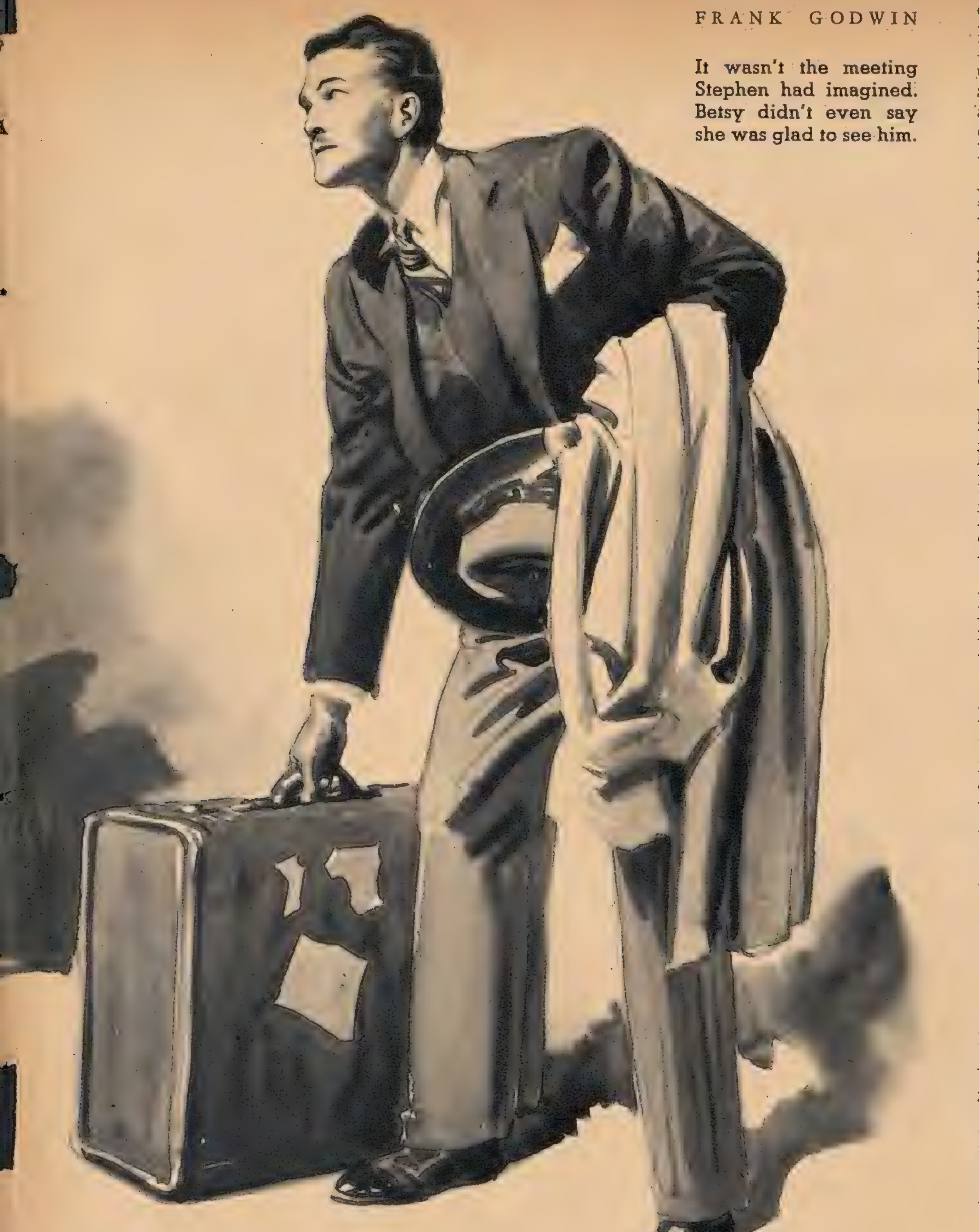
A PROFESSOR'S MAD MOST SWIFTLY-PACED

He has not heard from Betsy for two days when her manager, Joe Rorty, accompanied by the Babylon Club manager, Jerry Dalmatia, visits him, seeking Betsy, who has disappeared! Stephen floors Dalmatia after an argument, and Rorty tells him Jerry is one of Bonelli's men. "You can't fight that mob!" adds Rorty.

ADVENTURE . . . THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR

BY LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



It wasn't the meeting Stephen had imagined. Betsy didn't even say she was glad to see him.

PART FIVE—THE KISS TEST

STEPHEN knelt beside Dalmatia, frisked him. He found an automatic, pulled out the magazine, ejected the cartridges, put them into one of his pockets, the pistol in another, turned on Rorty. " Now tell me what you know about Betsy," he snapped.

" You know all I know, doc. Except she left me a note that just said, ' I'm quitting the meatball act forever,' and she was sorry to run out on me, but she had to do it, and she'd let me know later where she was and we could settle up. I thought she'd eloped with you, doc, and so did Dalmatia, but we didn't know where you lived."

" He'd been annoying her with his attentions, hadn't he? "

Rorty managed a sickly grin. " He didn't annoy her much, but she bothered him plenty. Don't tell anybody I said that; I've got to play ball with these guys; it's my business. Say, doc, he's bleeding! "

There was a trickle of blood from the corner of Dalmatia's mouth. Stephen knelt, forced it open, peered in. " He bit his tongue. Now we'll get him out of here before he wakes up. Open the door and ring for the elevator."

Rorty obeyed. Stephen lugged the two hundred pounds of penguin meat into the hall. Dalmatia moaned but he didn't resist.

" We'll put him into a taxi and you take him to a doctor," Stephen instructed. " When he comes to, tell him not even the Bonelli gang can fight New Harbor University; it has more money and influence than any mob. And a full account of this will be in the hands of the university authorities tonight, so that if anything happens to me, he'll get his. Get on the other side and help me hold him up."

Rorty said: " I've got my car downstairs, around the corner. Now, listen, doc. You pack up and get out of this hotel in a hurry. This guy'll either have you killed or beat up so you'll wish you were dead. You better go back to New Harbor; but don't tell me where you're goin'."

The elevator door opened just then. They lugged the unconscious man into it. " This man's drunk," Stephen said to the startled operator. " Passed out. His friend's taking him home."

He had to repeat that to the doorman, who helped them carry Dalmatia around the corner, load him into Rorty's small sedan. They encountered no one, luckily.

Stephen told the doorman he could go, then tossed the automatic into the seat beside Dalmatia, who was stirring and muttering.

" Beat it! " Stephen told Rorty. " And listen. If you hear anything from Betsy Bliss, call me up right away. I'll protect you."

"You better not stay where you are," Rorty repeated. "Check out and leave no address."

Stephen turned and walked back to the Wessex. This time he had to explain to the night clerk about the man who had passed out in his apartment. "I don't even remember his name," he said. "He came with this other fellow, whom I know slightly—a theatrical agent. They wanted some information, but I couldn't give it to them."

The assistant manager accepted the explanation politely.

"If any one calls or telephones tonight," Stephen instructed, "I'm not in and you don't know where I am. Except—if a young lady should call, ask if it's Miss Bliss, and if it is, ring me."

Stephen went up to his room and sat down at his typewriter, wrote out a brief account of the entire incident, beginning with Betsy's calling him up to meet her father, and ending with Rorty's warning to get out of town or be shot or beaten up. He made a carbon copy of this. The original he enclosed in an envelope addressed to Professor Roderick Ames, Winthrop Hall, New Harbor University, with this note:

My dear Ames:

This is to be turned over to you by the manager of the Wessex House in the event of my disappearance, death, or injury. You will place it in the hands of the authorities. You have done many favors and kindnesses for me in the past ten years; I hope this will not be the last. If it is, try to take care of Betsy during the unpleasantness that will follow. And give my love to Stella. Sorry to be such a nuisance. The best to you always; you deserve it.

STEPHEN JOEL FROST.

P.S. My will is in my safety-deposit box at the New Harbor National Bank.

He wrote under Rod's name and address: "To be turned over to Professor Ames in the event of my disappearance, death, or serious injury."

His will left his estate to New Harbor University, for the founding of a scholarship. Dr. Ames and Dr. Westbrook King were named executors.

He had one more letter to write. It was his resignation. He thanked Dean Benson for his kindness and consideration; said he had decided not to return to New Harbor to teach; that his health was excellent and he felt he could not continue on sick leave. For the present he would remain in New York.

He went down in the elevator just before midnight, posted the letter to Dean Benson, special delivery, then sought the manager, who was in his own apartment. The manager received him in dressing gown and pajamas.

"I wish you would put this letter in your private compartment in the safe," Stephen said. "If anything happens to me, notify Professor Ames to come and get it."

The manager blinked. "Come in, Mr. Frost," he said. "If there's anything on your mind, why not talk it over with me? Maybe I could help."

The manager listened thoughtfully. "Don't you think it would be a wise idea for you to move?" he suggested, when Stephen finished.

"I see no reason for it."

THE manager tugged at his toothbrush mustache. "I don't mean to appear yellow about it," he said, "but—these gang killings and beatings are very bad for business."

Stephen flushed. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll get out."

"I'll refund the balance of your rent. You can go to some small hotel overnight—I'll be glad to pay that bill—and tomorrow find a permanent place. Then all you have to do is avoid your usual haunts. Really, Mr. Frost, I must insist upon your doing this, for your own protection as well as the hotel's."

Stephen got up, angry but polite. "My packing won't take long," he said, and went up to his room.

At ten minutes past one Stephen was ready to go. The manager went down to the basement, brought up the service elevator himself, helped carry the wardrobe trunk and bags, boxes, and typewriter to it, took Stephen out through the basement stairway to the service door on the side street. A taxi was waiting.

"You can trust this driver," he said, and wrung Stephen's hand. "I sincerely hope this is all much ado about nothing. Now what will we do about your mail?"

"You can send it to my publishers." He wrote the address on a leaf of his memo book, tore it out, got into the cab.

"Go over to Broadway and cruise uptown; I'm looking for a cheap quiet hotel," he instructed the taxi driver.

There was one called the Stayton, in the Seventies, that looked dull and cheap. The rooms they showed him were shabby but livable. He got one with a north light, unpacked his Boston bag, took a shower, went to bed and to sleep. He did feel easier here.

He woke with a feeling that the whole thing was bosh.

At nine o'clock he telephoned the manager of the Wessex House, joshed him: "This is Frost. Any gentlemen with machine guns call?"

"NO," said the manager, "but there was a young lady here to see you. About half an hour after you left. She said tell you Stella wanted to see you, very urgently. She's at the Hotel des Dames, on East Fifty-first Street."

"What did she look like?"

"Medium tall, black hair, and very handsome. She had on a mink coat and a black hat."

"She's O. K. Good friend of mine. Thanks. I'll call you later. If Miss Bliss calls, by all means get her address and telephone number. B-l-i-s-s. She's of medium height, large hazel eyes, and usually wears blue. She's a dancer. It's very important that I get any message from her. If she calls at the hotel, telephone me at the Hotel Stayton. Thanks."

He called Stella King at the Hotel des Dames.

She gasped weakly: "Stephen! Where are you?" He told her. "Well, stay there. I'll be right over." She hung up.

He started unpacking. In fifteen minutes there was a knock at the door. He opened it, and got two armfuls of mink coat. Its arms went around his neck and the lady inside it kissed him. She kissed him again, and this time he kissed her.

She let him go, walked to the shabby divan, threw herself on it, face down.

He closed the door, went over to her. "Why, Stella!" he protested. "What's the matter with you?"

"I d-d-d-didn't want you sh-sh-shot!" she wailed. "I'm a d-d-d-dam' fool, but I didn't."

"Well, I'm not shot."

She turned over, suddenly threw her arms around his neck, pulled his head down and kissed him. It went clear down to his toes. For no reason at all, he thought: "Two that Sunday she did the fan dance, one just now, and now this one, and they were all like that." He tried another, to make sure. He made sure.

He sat up, in a slight daze. "Good Lord!" he thought. "I can't be kissing Stella when I'm in love with Betsy. It's not honorable."

She must have read his thoughts. She sat up, pulled off her hat, got up, took off her coat, threw them on a chair. "Now," she said, "I'll tell you where Betsy Bliss is—or do you know?"

"No. Where?" he asked uneasily.

"I'm not sure, but I have a hunch. Was the old gentleman who was in her dressing room Saturday night her father?"

"Yes," said Stephen, astonished. "How did you know?"

"Rorty described him—he called me up last night, as soon as you popped the wrong guy in the jaw. I missed you at the Wessex House by just half an hour."

"But, Stella—why should you rush down here—"

"Because you're an idiot and need protection. Rorty called me up because he'd met me and Rod with Betsy, and he couldn't remember Rod's name but he did mine. Mr. Rorty has quite a crush on me—wants me to take up fan dancing as a spare for Betsy. He could use me now." She laughed.

"Did he know that was Betsy's father?"

"No. But I was pretty sure. She had described him to me."

"Did you tell Rorty he was her father?"

“No, stupid! Of course not. If she wanted to run away with her father, that was her business. But don't you want to know where he was going?”

“To Florida, he said. In one of those house trailers. But Florida's a big state.”

She smiled, tantalizing him. “What'll you gimme if I tell you where in Florida?”

“What do you want?”

“Dr. Frost! Remember I'm a lady! He was going to Sarasota, on the West Coast, for the winter. She told me a patient of her father's had turned over a house to him on Long Key there—no, it's Longboat Key. So that's probably where you'll find her.”

“Thanks,” said Stephen blankly.

She stood regarding him, her sleek black head cocked, a little smile playing around her lips—warm soft kissable lips.

“Well,” she said, “aren't you going to spring to the saddle and gallop off? What kind of Lochinvar are you?”

“When did she tell you all this—about her father's plans?”

“I took her to lunch a couple of weeks ago. She told me all about her father, and her family, and her childhood. I'm sure she quit fan dancing on your account mostly. She's crazy about you, Stephen. It's really pathetic. She thinks she can't have you because she's been Betsy Bliss the meatball—”

Stephen broke in: “So that was why Rorty called you—to find out what you knew?”

“No. He was scared. He's a white little guy. He told me somebody ought to come down and take you back to New Harbor. He had Rod in mind. But I knew if Rod came you'd have to play hero and say you weren't afraid; so I came. Now, you wire Miss Susan Bayliss, in care of Dr. Joseph Taylor Bayliss, Longboat Key, Sarasota, and tell her you're driving to Florida. You can take my roadster. That's why I drove it in today. Take your writing and your best duds and—”

“I haven't the slightest intention of doing any such thing.”

“Why?”

Stephen flushed, then told the truth: “She skipped out without phoning me or even writing me a note. The next move has to come from her.”

“You idiot! You don't know a thing about women. The next move has to come from you. You have to pursue her, and find her, and simply smother all her opposition—”

Stephen smiled. “You've been reading too many cheap novels, or going to the movies. I suppose that accounts for your panic over this gangster business.”

“Rorty accounts for my panic over that,” she retorted hotly. “I tell you, he was scared speechless. Now listen, Stephen. You need a change. See some of the country. Drive down to Florida; you can write there. You're not trained to loaf; you'll have to learn that. You're not penniless. Don't be a damned virtuous Yankee all your life!”

“I don't intend to be. I sent the dean my resignation last night. It's final.”

MISS KING put out her hand. “Bully for you!” she said. “That's the spirit! You've done your bit for humanity; now do something for yourself.”

Stephen wasn't sure that she wasn't ribbing him. “You really don't think I should come back to New Harbor?”

“I'll cut you off my list if you do.” She picked up her coat. “Here are the car keys. Take Betsy and tour the South. Go out to Texas and California. Borrow the trailer from Dr. Bayliss and go honeymooning all over the map. He has a house. Pick up things to write about.”

Stephen refused to take the key purse she was holding out to him. She thrust it into a side pocket of his coat. He fished it out, tried to hand it back. She pulled on her coat, put on her hat, made for the door. He caught her as she opened it. She turned into his arms. “Kiss me good-by,” she said, smiling, “and go on to Florida.”

This one wasn't like the others; it was sisterly.

“Good luck and happiness,” she said, still smiling. “And write me everything that happens.”

She turned and hurried down the corridor. He followed, to give her the car keys. Before he could think of anything to say, the elevator door opened. She walked in; he followed. She hurried out through the lobby; he was right behind her. At the door she turned, took the key purse.

“All right,” she said. “Be stubborn! Good-by, Stephen.”

He watched her drive off waving a befurred arm back at him. He went upstairs, still rather in a daze.

About fifteen minutes later there was a knock at the door. It was a bellboy.

“Young lady said give you these keys. She left the car in the garage.”

There was a cardboard check with the keys, from a garage in the next block.

Stephen opened his typewriter, sat staring at it, began sharpening pencils. He was thinking over the strange conduct of Miss Stella King, the Princess Royal.

By Friday evening he had a story in shape to send to Maxwell for criticism. He mailed it as he walked down to the Y for the first workout he'd had that week. After limbering up the old muscles and swimming, he ate at the cafeteria, walked by Wessex House to see whether there were any messages for him.

A LETTER, special delivery, from Dean Benson had come that afternoon, hadn't been forwarded to his publishers. The dean wanted to talk to Stephen before accepting the resignation. Please telephone when he could conveniently come up.

He walked back to the Stayton. There was a telegram in his box. He opened it. It was a day letter from Sarasota, addressed to him at the Wessex House, readdressed presumably by the manager there.

URGENT YOU COME HERE IMMEDIATELY STOP WANT TO CONSULT YOU ON FUTURE PLANS STOP WE HAVE HOUSE RIGHT ON GLORIOUS GULF BEACH PLENTY OF ROOM STOP BRING YOUR WRITING STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE STOP FATHER JOINS ME IN INVITATION STOP WIRE WHAT TRAIN TO MEET PLEASE COME

SUSAN BAYLISS

Stephen thought it over. First he telephoned the Kings', asked for Stella. Arthur, the butler, said Miss King had gone to Oyster Bay for the week end; Dr. King was out for the evening. Arthur said he could get Miss King at this Oyster Bay number if it was urgent.

The hotel operator got Miss King on the line presently. He read her the wire from Betsy.

“Didn't I tell you?” she exulted.

“If I go, it'll be on the train. Could you possibly come by and pick up your car going home? It's still in the garage where you left it.”

“Anything to help out, darling. Leave the keys and the check with the manager at the Stayton.”

He was at a loss for anything more to say. She broke the impasse: “Good-by, good luck, and don't take no for an answer. I might even come down and be a bridesmaid.”

Stephen drew a long breath. “Well, good-by.”

Certainly she was not in love with him, he decided.

He packed all his clothes and books; called up information at the Penn Station, found he could leave tomorrow past noon, arrive next afternoon. He went out, wired Miss Susan Bayliss:

ARRIVING ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON 4.15 LOVE

STEPHEN

He wired the dean:

JUST LEAVING FOR FLORIDA PLEASE HOLD RESIGNATION UNTIL CAN WRITE STOP THANKS FOR YOUR KINDNESS

STEPHEN FROST

In blue slacks, a porous blue shirt, and rather soiled blue-and-white beach sandals, without make-up, freckled and sunburned, Betsy didn't look at all like the mystic white figure of the desired woman dancing under blue stage lights, nor even like the smartly dressed Broadwayite. She didn't even say she was glad to see him.

After stowing his luggage in the rumble compartment, he got into the car with a heavy heart. This wasn't at all the meeting he had imagined: Betsy kissing him shyly, perhaps blushing, taking charge of him with that proprietary air that women reserve for children and those larger male children they elect to love and marry.

As she drove down the wide Main Street of a little city that was surprisingly neat, clean, and prosperous-looking, to the parked bay front, she turned to him and said: "Isn't this a lovely day? You look like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance himself. Aren't you the least bit glad to see me?"

Stephen said a bit stiffly: "You didn't appear to be so glad to see me. I'm low, Betsy—I don't know why. Never felt so lonely in my life as I did on that train."

Betsy said: "Isn't this an amazing town? New Rochelle with palms." They turned off Main Street, wound along the shore of the unbelievably blue-green bay. They crossed a bridge, turned right. "Now we're on Longboat Key and four miles from home," Betsy said.

"How is your father?" Stephen asked politely.

"Splendid. He's walking without the cane already, and collecting sea shells. Spends hours picking 'em up, and he's bought a book on them." She sighed. "Now that you're here, he won't be bored. I'm not in his good books at present. In New York he ordered me to quit the meatball act at once. When I did, he said I should have given Bonelli notice. But I hadn't signed a contract."

They were speeding north on a concrete highway up the key.

"I overtook father in Washington Sunday afternoon," she explained. "I knew he was stopping over to see some friends. We got here Wednesday night by taking turns driving. Stephen, that trailer is more fun! Like living in a playhouse with all the conveniences and plenty of room. Father wants me to tour Florida in it, but I don't know what I'm going to do. Let's not talk about me—I'm a mess."

This was no time to say, "You're going to marry me."

Betsy slowed, turned into a white shell road leading through the jungle some two hundred yards to a clearing of about an acre facing the Gulf. It was a lovely wild spot with ragged grass, the tangle of palmettos and shrubs encroaching on it, tall palms dotting the lawn and leaning over the weather-beaten stucco-and-tile one-story house, neither large nor small, but homey.

"Don't call me Betsy before father," she warned him. "Simple Susan—that's me."

Dr. Bayliss, in white trousers, shirt, and sandals, was sitting in the afternoon sun, a collection of shells spread out on a table before him. He put down his book, rose, and in two minutes made Stephen feel entirely welcome.

Susan said: "You're hot and tired. I usually go swimming at this time." Stephen said that would be swell, took his bags into the guest bedroom.

SUSAN proved to be a good swimmer, not a surf screamer or clinger. They swam well out beyond the rollers, floated, swam in, held hands and jumped the breakers. There are two ways to hold hands in the surf; Betsy's was the impersonal style. After fresh-water showers in a curtained recess off the patio porch, they dressed. "We wear old clothes," Betsy said, "even on Sunday. We're treating you as one of the family."

She mixed drinks in the kitchen, having told him to go talk to father. The house had three bedrooms, living-dining room, kitchen, and bath, a screened front porch, and the patio, which was an outdoor living room.

Dr. Bayliss had an excellent taste in Scotch whisky, a dry wit, and the homespun shrewdness and kindliness of the small-town doctor who has evolved a philosophy out of hard work and making the best of it. They ate supper by candlelight. The electricians hadn't been out to repair the wires, torn down by a November hurricane. Susan served, and after supper refused to let Stephen even wipe the dishes. "Father's been pining for some one to talk to; we got all talked out on the way down," she said. He supposed it was the maid's evening off.

Susan took a long time in the kitchen; Dr. Bayliss and Stephen had talked an hour and a half in the living room before she appeared. She joined in the conversation until, at ten o'clock, she yawned, apologized, said: "We go to bed early, Stephen; I'm sleepy all the time down here."

She had turned down the covers of the bed in the guest room. In its doorway, he kissed her good night, on the cheek; she didn't offer her lips. "I hope you'll be very happy here," she said. "Good night."

"Don't you want to walk up the beach?" he suggested.

"Not tonight. I haven't cooked and kept house in so long that I'm tired all over at the end of the day. Father gets his own breakfast; I sleep until nine. If you want to wait that long, I'll fix your breakfast; otherwise it's every man for himself."

"You'll have to let me hire a maid," he said.

"Do you want to drive to town every morning and bring her out, and take her home every night? I don't. It's seven miles each way. No, I'm the housekeeper. At least it makes me feel that I'm of some use in the world."

HE wanted to turn that into a pretty speech, but she said "Good night" again, went to her room, across the living room from his.

He slept until he heard her in the kitchen, put on bathing suit and robe, went out to suggest a swim. She said: "I've had mine. I'll call you when breakfast's nearly ready."

She knew how to fry ham and eggs perfectly. She let him wipe the dishes, after an argument. "I didn't come down here for you to wait on me," he announced. She shrugged, handed him a dish towel.

Later she left him digging around the shrubs in the patio and drove to town to do the marketing. When she returned she prepared luncheon. Stephen helped her serve it out in the shade of the coconut and cabbage palms. After lunch, Dr. Bayliss took a siesta while Susan and Stephen washed the dishes.

At two o'clock she said: "I'm going up the beach for my sun bath. Why don't you drive father around sightseeing? I'm an awfully poor tourist, but he likes to see everything. There's a magnificent art museum here, I understand, and the circus winter quarters, and all sorts of things."

That was Monday. Tuesday was very much like it, and so was Wednesday. When the electric line had been repaired, they played three-handed rummy after dinner. Thursday was Thanksgiving; Stephen took his hosts to dinner at the most ornate Spanish castle of a hotel. Friday and Saturday they resumed the routine. Stephen felt gloriously lazy, worthless, and didn't seem to care.

Saturday night, after the Baylisses had retired, he wrote to Stella in this vein:

"I'm having a splendid rest and enjoying Dr. Bayliss's company particularly. We've seen the really magnificent art museum—" Two pages devoted to a description of it followed.

"Dr. Bayliss and I went out to the circus winter quarters; Susan—one doesn't call her Betsy here—is not much of a tourist, she admits." Followed a page and a half about the circus, and a talk they'd had about elephants with a sage keeper. "We're going out again next week to see the trained-horse acts and the elephants go through their routine; missed them because we went in the afternoon."

He went on to describe the little city enthusiastically. He wrote nine pages in his close script—he hadn't used the typewriter for fear of disturbing Dr. Bayliss's sleep.

On Thursday he received an air-mail reply; Susan brought it in from the R. F. D. box on the highway. After reporting that New Harbor was very much the same and recounting some minor happenings, Stella said:

"I enjoyed your letter so much. I'd never seen the West Coast of Florida until now. You're learning how to loaf and enjoy life, which you badly needed to learn. I gather that you are drunk on sunshine, palm trees, and white beaches, and that you are having a fine time with Dr. Bayliss; but what about moonlight and young love?

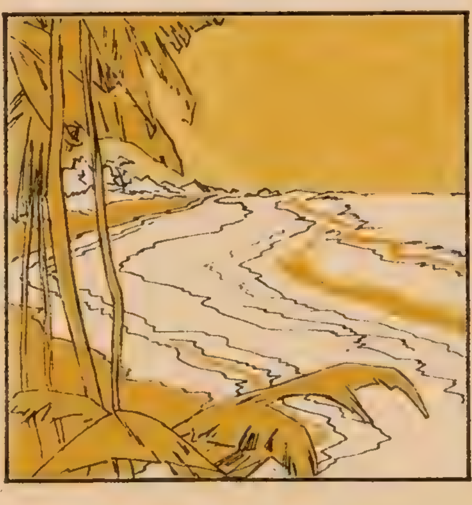
I want a wire saying, 'Have eloped with Susie in the trailer; please come down and keep house for Dr. Bayliss.' You'll never get anywhere making love to her through her father. Girls like that want to be swept off their feet, I've told you."

He had nothing to report in his next letter except that he and Dr. Bayliss had fished two afternoons that week. "Susan is also an artist with a frying pan and a mess of fish," he added.

"As to romance, I'm biding my time. We had seen each other only half a dozen times before I came down here. She has made me feel more than welcome. I'm sorry you consider me so slow, but I cannot and will not force myself upon her. At least I haven't yet taken to collecting sea shells. However, Dr. Bayliss has a very interesting book on them and I may succumb. After that I'll take up shuffleboard and attend the Townsend Club meetings. Go to hell, will you?"

That night, when Susan kissed him good night, he tried to make it a real kiss. She didn't struggle, but she didn't respond.

"I'm sorry, Stephen," she said miserably. "I'm in a queer mood these days. I'm not very keen about being kissed, anyway; I'd never play kissing games or kiss boys. And after all these years in show business and night clubs, where what they call 'love' is either silly or tawdry, I'm sort of inhibited, I suppose."



"You told me that before," said Stephen gruffly. "Skip it. Good night."

He dreamed, that night, of kissing a girl who kissed back. He called her "Stella" and she slapped his face. "My name is Susan," she informed him, "and not Betsy or Stella. You don't even know me."

Next day came a letter from Maxwell. It said in part: "I've submitted your two short stories and the other things you brought me to three of the better literary agents. They all say you have a fine prose style, a talent for swift dialogue, and even some humor, but the effect is somehow pedantic. Your people are literary, not living. I'd loaf around Florida this winter, meeting all kinds of people, particularly girls and women."

There was more of it. The dictionary of Americanisms had been well edited; it would be on the spring list.

Stephen copied Maxwell's letter, sent it to Stella. It had left him sunk in gloom, but by the next morning he was in a fighting mood. The nearest subject to hand for study was Miss Susan Bayliss. He didn't care, by now, whether she loved him or not, he told himself; he had no future to offer her or any girl. But he was going to take her apart and see what made her tick.

He approached the subject through Dr. Bayliss, sitting in the sunshine that afternoon. Susan had gone to town to mail letters she'd been writing all morning on the front porch.

"I CAME down here," he said, "in love with Susan. I've been here nearly two weeks. I've been made to feel entirely welcome—one of the family—and I've made a real friend in you, sir. But I'm not getting anywhere with her. She knew how I felt; when she invited me down here I took it for granted that—she was ready to encourage me. You know her better than I ever shall, perhaps. Am I—well, you know what I mean."

Dr. Bayliss laughed gently. "You young people want what you want when you want it, don't you? The age of speed—quick courtship, sudden marriage, divorce and try again, but make it snappy.

"She's probably finding out whether she loves you enough to marry you, and how solid your feeling for her may be. When she marries, it won't be against her better judgment, and it won't be casual. Also, she's in a very troubled state of mind. Before she said she wanted to ask you down here, I urged her to go back to New York to dramatic school. She managed to save about twelve hundred of her pay at the Babylon Club. That will carry her through until next summer, and then, if she needs it, I can help her out. I'm going back to my practice in the spring. My assistant is carrying on for me now."

Stephen said: "If she takes two years to make up her mind, I may be a pauper by then." He explained his circumstances and prospects. The old gentleman smiled.

"Go to it. But—have you told Susan you've made up your mind not to go back?"

Stephen admitted he hadn't, though he had told her he didn't want to.

Dr. Bayliss shook his head. "If I were you I'd tell her. She said, when she proposed asking you down here, that all you needed was a change and a rest. I think you did. You're a different man already. You were on the wire edge."

"But I can't stay on forever," Stephen protested.

"Why not?" Dr. Bayliss asked. "If it's the expense that worries you, it isn't bothering us. You've been buying gasoline and bringing home groceries and luxuries every time you've gone to town, taking us to the movies, buying my lunches when we went sight-seeing. If you'll feel any better about it, pay a third of the food bills and let Susan do all the buying. Only she'll never consent to that. Your company's worth ten times your keep to me, and to her. Forget it."

THE third week began in the same routine lazy days. Dr. Bayliss labeled shells; Stephen wrote to Stella. He found himself able to report the situation to her frankly and with humor. Susan had taken up knitting, was struggling with a sweater for her father, to be a Christmas present, "or maybe for Easter," she admitted. What she did with her time while the men fished or went junketing in the car, Stephen didn't know. Stella was writing twice a week, but that didn't appear to perturb Miss Bayliss. She would ask, casually, how Miss King was doing, and praised her to Dr. Bayliss in Stephen's presence; it was quite evident that she admired Miss King.

On Thursday the 12th of December the break came. It was a bland night with a south breeze, high clouds drifting lazily across the stars. Stephen, as had become his custom, walked a couple of miles up the beach and back before going to bed at half past ten. The Baylisses had retired. Stephen lay awake, thinking: Should I spend Christmas here? He was, for the first time in a fortnight, a bit homesick for New Harbor. Last Christmas the Kings had taken him into their old-fashioned celebration, lavish and gay; he'd had no chance to feel the homeless orphan. But a Christmas with white sand for snow, and with palm trees, might seem outlandish. A pat word! I'm out of my own land, and a bit homesick. A fine adventurer you are, Frost! If I felt I really belonged here, it might be different. Dr. Bayliss really likes me as much as I like him, but Susan?

To get his mind off uncertain Susan, he tried to plan Christmas gifts for her and Dr. Bayliss, the two Kings, and Rod Ames—the only family he had. He was slipping into sleep when he heard some one bump into a chair in the living room, and a muffled exclamation. The night was so still he heard, through the open window, the hinges of the front-porch screen door whine. He sat up, peered out. The moon was just rising. He could see Susan, in her white-silk robe, walking up the beach in its coppery light.

He put on slacks, shirt, pull-over, and sandals, raised the screen and went out through the window. Betsy was walking fast, a quarter of a mile ahead of him. He started after her at a dogtrot. But she stopped; she was taking off her robe. He dodged into the shadow of a clump of palms at the edge of the shell-strewn strand.

Watching Betsy there in the moonlight, Stephen learns the answers to many of his bewildering thoughts. Later he learns the real reason for his invitation to Florida—but, above all, he learns more about women and love, as you'll agree after reading next week's concluding installment.

Vox Pop

The United States Is Dead—Long Live America!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For economy and efficiency we need a federalized government! The great cry of the day is that our taxes are too high. The newspapers are full of it. The complaint is justified. Almost every individual legislator has some pet scheme for tax reduction by a small cut here or paring something off there.

These proposals, however, are mere palliatives. Our whole system of government is topheavy and outworn; it is unfitted for present conditions. We hear many suggestions that the number of governmental agencies must be reduced, but these are merely timeworn ideas of consolidating two or three departments or bureaus into one. We should go further and get to the heart of the matter.

Nowadays we do not dig foundations for skyscrapers with a pick and shovel; we do it with dynamite and powerful excavating machinery.

In the same way, we must attack the problem of tax reduction with tools that are fitted for the purpose. Our nation is composed of forty-eight different states. At the time when it was formed the word "state" was practically synonymous with "country." It has acquired a more restricted meaning, but we were originally the United "Countries" of America. Now we are one united country—America. Each state is no longer practically independent of every other, but all are mutually interdependent in everything except government. United in business—divided in government.

At present the federal budget, exclusive of interest, relief, etc., calls for about two billion dollars to be raised each year, those of the forty-eight states about the same amount. The cost of the various local agencies of government is approximately seven billion. This means that about eighty dollars a year must be paid in taxes for every man, woman, and child. Assuming that there are forty million wage earners in the country, each pays an average tax of $275.

The figures are staggering. They could be reduced by at least one third by a real consolidation. If, instead of forty-eight states with their local legislators and governors, we delegated to Congress the power to pass all laws of general application, and entrusted local government to small bodies, preferably appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, we would have a much more workable form of government, one which would be far more efficient as well as a great deal cheaper. The expenses of corporations and firms engaged in interstate commerce would be greatly reduced. Laws would be uniform.

With election approaching, the time is ripe for changes in our organic law. Let's make a thorough job of it!—*Lyle Evans Mahan.*

WATCH LITTLE "HARDTACK"

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO—Liberty has been having some clever cartoons on the right-hand page of Vox Pop. The August 1 cartoon by Keller was really good.—*D. S. Dulin.*

[Many of our readers have noticed our new little friend, "Hardtack." Unless we are greatly mistaken, he is going to get many a laugh out of us.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LAW'S OR LAWYER'S FAULT?

OROVILLE, CALIF.—Thomas J. Courtney, himself a lawyer, in an article in August 1 Liberty, reinforced by a very forceful picture of himself, tags the crooked lawyer as "The Most Dangerous Man in the United States."

Now, this may be a very dumb question I am asking, but will some one kindly explain to me just how a lawyer —no matter how morally constituted— could obtain the release, temporarily or permanently, of any crook, unless the *law* itself provided the ways and means to do so?—*George C. Arrowsmith.*

RESCUING MIKE, SHIP'S CAT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You ask for more yarns. Well, here's another:

In 1915 I spent a few months as a war correspondent with the British Expeditionary Forces in Turkey. When things became too hot for us noncombatants ashore, we'd be taken aboard a British man-o'-war in the Black Sea off the coast of Turkey.

One George Clarke was ordered to contact the shore and bring the wounded back to the ship. I was allowed to accompany him and his crew. As we shoved off, Mike, the ship's cat, boarded the pinnace and stepped daintily to the after cockpit. At the beach they took on twenty-five badly wounded men.

Just as the last wounded man was hoisted over the side of the ship, George Clarke discovered that Mike was not aboard. He insisted on going back for the cat. We could see his form in the early night as he called: "Oho, Mike, pretty pussy!" Then we heard a faint *meow* toward the top of a sand dune. George ran toward the sound, and just as he reached the top of the dune we saw him fall and heard a cat let out a yowl.

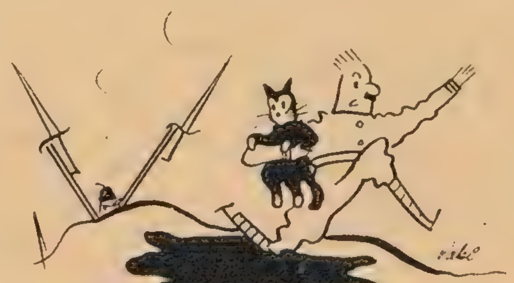
"I got him!" yelled George, legging it toward us.

Then came a burst of firing from directly ahead of him. Bullets sang past Clarke in such numbers that he fell to the ground for cover, with the errant Mike beneath him. Suddenly dark forms, shouting a foreign language, appeared in great numbers near and around George. He had stumbled into a Turkish raiding party.

We saw a fellow make a lunge at George with his bayonet. The thrust missed by inches and went into the ground. Clarke regained his feet and started to run again. Mike was still under his arm, crying out at every step.

A Turk got in his way and George knocked him down with a perfect straight-arm jab. A number of the enemy were trying to head him off, but he got clear. He had about reached the limit of his endurance in the deep sand when he reached the pinnace and climbed safely over the side.

About two months later Mike gave birth to triplets in Gibraltar. The mess made George Clarke honorary godfather to them.—*Dan Edwards.*



WORK FOR BOY SCOUTS!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Liberty for May 23 contained a corking article, What Communists Plan for You, by William O. Lucas, and a splendid editorial on the same subject by Bernarr Macfadden, entitled Inciting to Riot. Then followed, in July 18 Vox Pop, a furious set-to on what was said in these pieces.

I wish to go on record, after visiting Russia and making a study of the activities of the Communists in this country, as declaring that Mr. Lucas and Mr. Macfadden are right. Few people realize the extent of this peril.

As an instance of how the Communist propaganda works, and our blindness to it, I am enclosing a pamphlet, Boy Scouts Are an Organization for Capitalist Wars!

Did you ever read such deliberate, devilish, and inflammatory lies, and why do they go unchallenged?—*Mrs. J. W.*

JULY 25 AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS

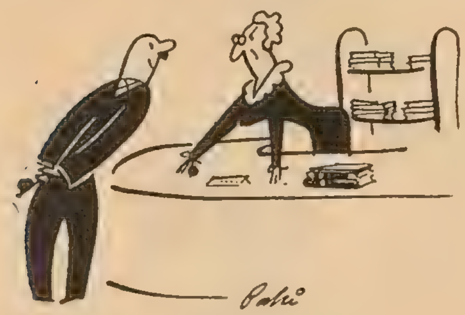
First prize of $25 goes to Ruth E. Steeves of Vancouver, B. C., for her cartoon. The second prize of $10 goes to Carl H. May of Spartanburg, South Carolina, for his short story, Under the Green Cloth. Three prizes of $5 each go to Annie Edwards of Norfolk, Virginia, for her short story, Let's Try Again; to Gloria Thorsen of Minneapolis, Minnesota, for her poem, Lost a Dog; and to M. M. Crispell of Marcy, New York, for her poem, Alone.

"WHAT DO YOU TAKE US FOR?"

HARTFORD, CONN.—The beginning of Hiram Wesley Jones's letter in August 1 Vox Pop—" Only a small percentage of people who work for others are a bit interested in their jobs "—gave me a big kick, as I've so often heard similar remarks in this hard-boiled business world.

However, the subtle vulgarity implied in the closing paragraph reminded me of something entirely different:

Some little time ago I went to the well stocked shelves of the public library and asked for Liberty. With a " what do you take us for? " look, the attendant told me they didn't handle *that* magazine.



Is it a case of give me Liberty or give me—Refinement? I hope not.—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

WADING AMONG CRACKPOTS

TOLEDO, OHIO—I take my human beings straight; I like to see them as they really are—good, bad, hotheads, coolheads, intellectuals, illiterates, and those whose education has been greater than their ability to absorb it. That's the reason the first page I read is Vox Pop.

There you see human beings as they are, not as fiction writers would have you see them. Many a refreshing viewpoint comes from these pages—many a grain of wisdom; so that you will be repaid for wading among the illiterates and crackpots and fishing out these little nuggets of gold.

Let me see the world as it is—ugly, beautiful—loyal, disloyal—crooked, straight. Yes, I like my human beings straight.—*Evva S. Tomb.*

HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Each week I laugh at the antics of the Vox Poppers, because in their frailties I see my own.—*M. E. R.*

OUR UP-TO-THE-MINUTE STYLE

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Mr. George Larkin, creator of the cover of July 25 Liberty, made a slight error. No girl buys a pair of shoes that are odds like the girl on the cover is wearing. If you will notice, one shoe has a back to it, and the other hasn't. Otherwise the girl looks quite comfortable. I like comfort, too. Give me Liberty, a sofa, and a fruit bowl.—*Jeanette Shindell.*

[That beach shoe troubled many of our keen-eyed friends, and they used up quite some wit at the artist's expense. But, as a matter of record, we must tell you that those beach shoes are among the latest styles, with the heel upper only on the *inside* of the foot.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

DO RADIO CURRENTS CAUSE NATURE'S DISASTERS?

MEREDITH, N. H.—When I read the August 1 Liberty editorial by Bernarr Macfadden, suggesting the cause of national calamities, I was glad to know there is such a source of conjecture as expressed by him.

Broadcasting thousands of horsepower to reach places three miles to five thousand distant may be the cause of freak storms, floods, drought, frequent tornadoes, extreme changes in the weather, etc., by breaking up the natural level of the air, and, like a stone thrown into still water, may cause ripples to extend a long distance and probably collide with another sound ripple and cause ructions, the results of which seem in the last few years to be visitations of Providence for destroying the necessities of life by man-made power.

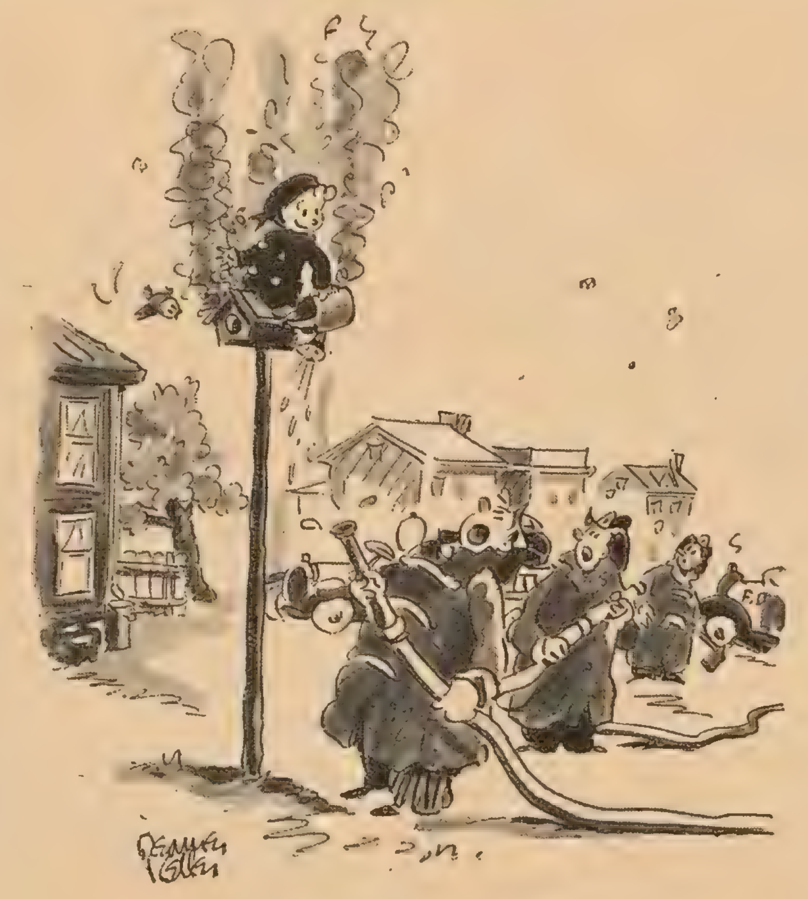
Is the whole air to be shot to pieces by increasing broadcasting?—*E. Channing Mansfield.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I have approved Mr. Macfadden's editorials heartily, for they have been clear, concise, sensible, fearless, and powerful. That of August 1, however, is disappointing. As a physical scientist he is a great publisher!

The power, or total energy, of a broadcast is so small that it is inconceivable that radio could affect the vast spaces about this earth appreciably.

The erratic phenomena of meteorology have been puzzling people since the days of the Pharaohs and before, and doubtless will continue to do so.—*W. K. Palmer.*

"HARDTACK"



"You can go back now—I got it under control."

WHO WROTE DARK MASQUERADE?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—It is a " dark secret," I suppose, but I'd like to know the author of Dark Masquerade.

My reason is that my son's name is Selig Adler. You will admit this is an unusual name for a man, much less a boat. In Dark Masquerade the name of a boat is the Selig Adler.

It cannot be a coincidence, and I'll admit that I am frankly curious.—*(Mrs.) Della Adler.*

TORRANCE, CALIF.—In regard to the name of the anonymous author of Dark Masquerade, my guess is O. O. McIntyre. Am I right?—*Lizzie R. Doyle.*

DESDEMONA, TEX.—My guess is wild and long, but you know wild shots do come in once in a while. Is ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker taking a hand at writing?—*Mrs. I. N. Williams.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—Who wrote Dark Masquerade? That's easy. I think Clarence Buddington Kelland is the author.—*Mrs. Louise Mallory.*

HATTER . . . NATTER . . . MADDER . . .

DENVER, COLO.—I appreciate Mr. Van Wagenan's very interesting suggestion (August 1 Vox Pop) that " mad as a hatter " might have originated from Australian sheepherders, mad from loneliness, hanging a hat on a stick and talking to it.

However, like many popular sayings, that is only one of the fanciful origins suggested. After we have such an expression in popular usage it is quite easy to think of many possible origins.

Authorities seem in agreement that this expression probably came from " mad as an adder," referring, of course, to the violent display of anger on the serpent's part—mad not being used in the sense of crazed, but rather as angry.

Consideration of the German *Natter* for adder may help one to appreciate the evolution of this expression.—*R. E. Doan.*

ENCORES JOHNNY EVERS

DEPEW, N. Y.—The article by Johnny Evers (August 1 Liberty) is wonderfully interesting. This is history of a sport in which nearly every American is interested and it is to be hoped that we will see more of Mr. Evers in the future.—*Norman Wellein.*

FOOTBALL WILL SOON BE HERE

Minnesota's Widseth.

And (Though There's Many a Slip 'Twixt September and the Rose Bowl) Here Is a Forecast of What Will Happen

by

NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

Louisiana's Tinsley.

WITHOUT even a tinge of the flowery alibis, the nameless possibilities of upsets during the approaching season, and with an eye for only cold figures and bare facts in this prophecy, we have reached the conclusion that:

Minnesota will be number one team of the nation.

Princeton will have the East's outstanding squad.

Washington will win Pacific Coast honors and the right to represent the West in the Rose Bowl games on New Year's Day, and Auburn will be selected as its opponent because this Southern school will win the number one rank in the Southeastern Conference.

Duke will win the title in the Southern Conference.

Nebraska's team will sweep the Big Six territory, while Texas Christian, after a hard fight, will be crowned the Southwest titleholder.

Denver will finish first in the Rocky Mountain Conference.

Minnesota will reach the top football rank because it is richer in material than any other school in the United States. Twenty-five lettermen have returned. Experienced men will fill the berths left vacant by graduation. Behind the first team the reserves will be four and five deep. Ed Widseth, the 1935 Liberty All-Players All-America tackle, will co-captain the squad with Alphonse, the halfback who did not play in 1935. Alphonse's ball-carrying in 1934 was outstanding. "Tuffy" Thompson, whose sensational backfield play gave the Gophers six touchdowns in 1935, will be aided by halfback Gmitro and Andy Uram, reliable yardage gainers.

Coach Bierman's four-year record at the Minneapolis institute ranks with the leading coaches of the country. Under his leadership Minnesota has won twenty-five games, lost three, and tied four. The Gophers start their 1936 season with twenty-four games without a defeat, seventeen of them straight wins!

The first half of Minnesota's schedule is the hardest of any in the country. The Gophers play four of the strongest teams in their first five starts, namely: Washington, Nebraska, Purdue, and Northwestern. Their Washington game on September 26 will be their toughest.

Last year Minnesota shared Big Ten title honors with Ohio State. This year the same situation is apparent. The one unexpected defeat by Notre Dame took Ohio State out of the national running.

Notre Dame is on Ohio State's schedule again this year. The "Greenies" from South Bend will find themselves on the short end of the score at that meeting. The squad will not come up to the usual Notre Dame caliber. Three and possibly four teams will lick them.

Northwestern has the team that can put a monkey wrench in the Big Ten works. Coach Lynn Waldorf has a team that is a serious threat to the two favorites. Purdue follows closely on the heels of Northwestern.

All the advance dope indicates that the East's brand of football will be much better this year. Again Princeton will take the spotlight. Although they lost nine men via the diploma route, Coach Crisler has thirteen veterans back.

Only two teams, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania, will make Princeton's Saturday afternoons interesting; but, like the others, they will fall by the wayside.

Holy Cross and Pittsburgh will not meet Princeton on the football field. They are the standouts that will dispute Princeton's right to Eastern honors. Sixteen veterans are back in harness at Pittsburgh, while twenty-two lettermen return to Holy Cross. If Coach Sutherland of Pitt can fill the reserve spots at tackle and center, then the Ohio State game will be the only defeat recorded against his team. Nebraska may cause Sutherland a few headaches.

Fordham, Temple, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Penn State, and Colgate will earn their share of victories. Fordham loses only two veterans from the 1935 team. Crowley's stronger defense will be necessary this season. St. Mary's, Pittsburgh, and Purdue will be tough teams to hurdle in midseason, particularly when they are met on successive Saturdays. Syracuse comes up with nineteen lettermen, with Reckmack, a great forward passer, and Albanese, the demon running back, returning for more football. Pop Warner's Temple aggregation will be as dangerous as last year. Dartmouth's veteran squad will meet its Waterloo early when it meets Holy Cross on October 10. Clipper Smith, Villanova's new coach, must find some guards for his veteran squad.

Gil Dobie, new at Boston College, where he will have an exceptionally well seasoned outfit, will play havoc with his competition. Andy Kerr must strengthen Colgate's line before the Red Raiders get in the money. Cornell will be much on the upgrade. Pennsylvania's senior team will have a better season come Thanksgiving Day.

Here is what Liberty's football authority and director of the All-Players All-America selection system predicts for this season's champions. Do you approve? If not, why not compile a list of your own, then—

IN LIBERTY FOR SEPTEMBER 26

read what four of the leading coaches say about the 1936 gridiron prospects, and compare your selections with the ones picked by these experts.

Columbia depends on new men and will not do serious damage. Harvard, Yale, Army, Navy, and New York University will be also-rans.

The Auburn-Louisiana State University game on November 14 will decide the Southeastern Conference championship. To pick the winner—the team to go to the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1937—here is a tough assignment.

In material, both squads are well supplied. The edge must go to Auburn because it has the greater reserve and a more experienced team. Auburn's loss of three regulars via graduation will not be as damaging as the eight first-stringers and seven other seniors that have passed from the L. S. U. picture. In Gaynell Tinsley, Liberty's All-Players All-America end of 1935, Moose Stewart, a center, Bill Crass, a 210-pound fullback, Cotton Milnar, and Pinkie Rohm, halfbacks, L. S. U. will have a strong foundation. Auburn has Billy Hitchcock, brother of the famous Jimmy, as its ace back. In the line they can boast of two outstanding players in Walter Gilbert, the center who was named on Liberty's All-Players third team last year, and Frank Gantt, the guard who earned honorable mention in 1935.

In schedule, a slight advantage must go to Louisiana State. Auburn's is stiffer because of a six-weeks traveling route. Georgia Tech has a good team this year and will be gunning for the Alabama Poly Institute from Auburn. Ray Morrison's air circus from Vanderbilt is a threat for L. S. U. Mississippi State will take more out of L. S. U. than Georgia Tech will take out of Auburn.

Right behind Auburn and L. S. U. in power must come Alabama.

In the Southern Conference, Duke, North Carolina State, University of North Carolina, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Clemson, Washington - Lee, Virginia Poly, and Virginia Military hold forth. Despite this year's conference addition of Furman, the Citadel, Wake Forest, Davidson, William and Mary, and Richmond, Duke will continue on to the championship. Ace Parker, Duke's sensational quarterback, will be aided by Elmore Hackey, a backfield speed merchant.

Hunk Anderson's North Carolina State team will be runner-up to Duke. The University of North Carolina will follow the Staters.

In the Southwest Conference, Texas Christian, Arkansas, and Texas A. and M. are tops. T. C. U. has the decided advantage in the quality of material. It has "Slinging" Sam Baugh, quarterback, and that is T. C. U.'s big advantage—an advantage that spells the conference championship for the "Horned Frogs." Arkansas and A. and M. will fight it out for second. Southern Methodist must start from scratch. It has lost seventeen veterans.

The University of Nebraska will carry off the Big Six title honors. Oklahoma will be next.

In the Missouri Valley, Washington University of St. Louis will be the class.

The Rocky Mountain Conference champions will come from Denver. The "Pioneers" will go through the season undefeated. Utah State and the University of Utah will not be far behind.

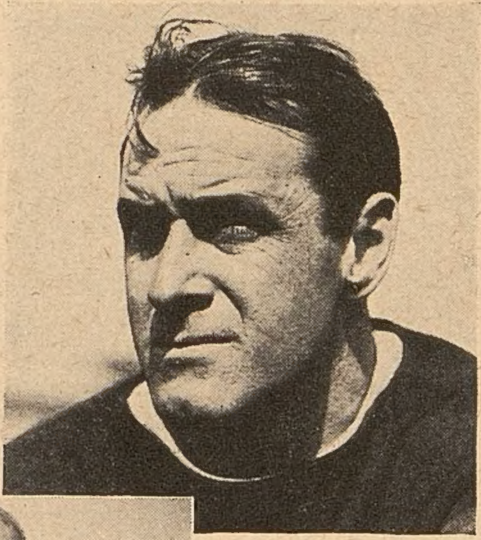
Stanford will be in the rebuilding stage. After losing fifteen lettermen nothing much can be expected this year.

The University of Southern California will be no closer to the conference championship than fourth, and the first U. C. L. A. victory over "El Trojan" will be recorded.

The University of Washington and the University of California at Berkeley will fight it out for the Rose Bowl honors. In material, Washington is better off; only three 1935 regulars have become alumni. California is hit with a loss of eight above-the-average veterans. In Cain, Haines, Logg, and Nowogroski, Washington has the best backfield combination on the Coast. California's line may not be as potent as the 1935 one, but its backfield will be stronger.

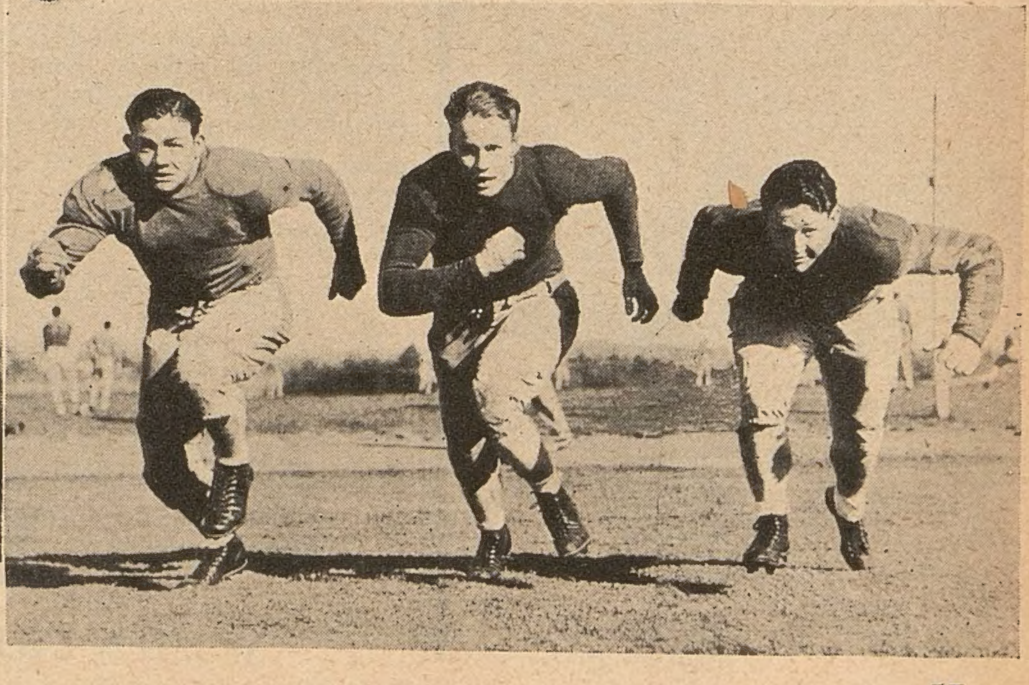
Taking everything into consideration, you must come to the same conclusion that I have reached: That Washington will be the Rose Bowl host. That Auburn will be its opponent was reached only after eliminating the outstanding teams of the Midwest and the East. Minnesota will have defeated Washington but cannot accept the Rose Bowl invitation because of Big Ten Conference rulings. Princeton must also decline because of a similar understanding. Therefore, the South is the most logical place to find the Rose Bowl opponent.

THE END



Coach Crisler of Princeton, touted to lead the East.

Ed Nowogroski.



Below: Haines, Logg, and Cain (left to right), Washington's backfield aces.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

NOVI SAD, YUGOSLAVIA--A seventeen-year-old schoolboy, on a bet involving about twenty cents, ate The Mountain Garland, a dramatic poem by Petar Petrovich Nyegosh, complete with introduction and glossary.

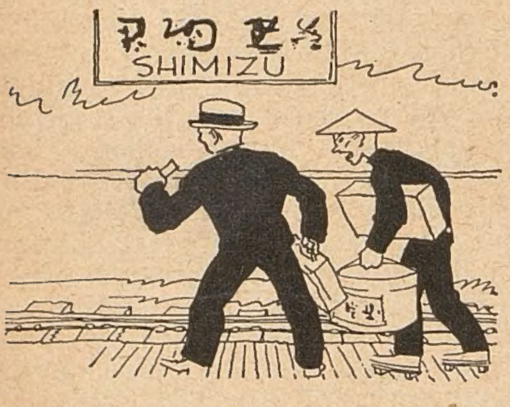
He consumed the 138 pages in 150 minutes, wrapping each sheet in a piece of bread and "dunking" it in water.

He returned to school the following day none the worse for his feat.

OMRO, WIS.—Ed Harris gave up his flashlight for lost when he dropped it into the Fox River. Hours later, helping Francis Davidson clean fish, he cut open a bullhead and extracted the flashlight. It still was burning.

PARIS, FRANCE—Madeleine Aimée, eighteen-year-old Paris stenographer, cannot obtain a marriage license because the official birth register says she is a boy. Because of a slip of the pen eighteen years ago, she will have to obtain a court decision establishing her as a girl before she can be married.

SHIMIZU, JAPAN—An express train thundered through the station, one of the most important stops on the line, and left the station staff and prospective passengers astounded. The train crew said they merely forgot to stop. They were penalized for negligence.



SIGNS BY THE ROADSIDE

No, not a haystack. Not a strawstack, either. But a good little old peanutstack. You'll find plenty of them in South Carolina and Georgia. They wind the vines around a tall wooden tripod affair, dry them out, and before you know it you're eating that new crop of peanuts.

MORE SIGNS

The following was seen in a Buffalo, New York, tearoom:

What Foods These Morsels Be!
—Reader's Digest.

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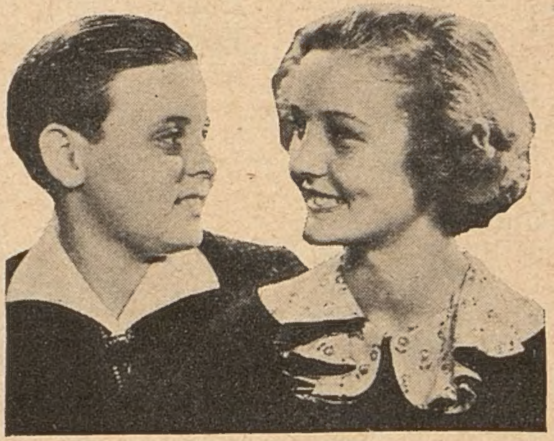
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT



What should this boy and girl be taught about sex? Schooltime is here again. As millions of boys and girls go back to their desks, pamphlets are being given to them—little books which try to unfold to childish minds the secret mysteries of life.

How well are we doing this job?

"I'd be sorry to have this pamphlet fall into the hands of a child of mine during adolescence," says John Erskine about a pamphlet distributed by the Massachusetts Society for Social Hygiene, Inc.

John Erskine needs no introduction. You know that he began as an educator in schools and colleges and became a teacher of all mankind through the writing of novels and the playing of beautiful music.

"The younger generation in America today," he says, "and their elders also, probably have more information about the physiology of sex than ever before was public property, but our ignorance of sex psychology, of the interplay of male and female influence outside and above the merely physical, is appalling."

Summing up his article, in which he tells frankly and simply his own method of sex education, Mr. Erskine says: "The boys to whom I have said this have listened."

The article comes to you next week in Liberty, together with

ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL by MADAME SYLVIA

"Beauty," says this 100-pound dynamo whom most of the screen stars have to thank for showing them how to keep their figures—or get them back—"beauty, like Mae West's man, CAN be had!" And then she tells you how!

Also stories and articles by Walter de Steiguer, Colonel Frank Knox, Borden Chase, Frederick L. Collins, Barbara Aldrich, W. J. Blackledge, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

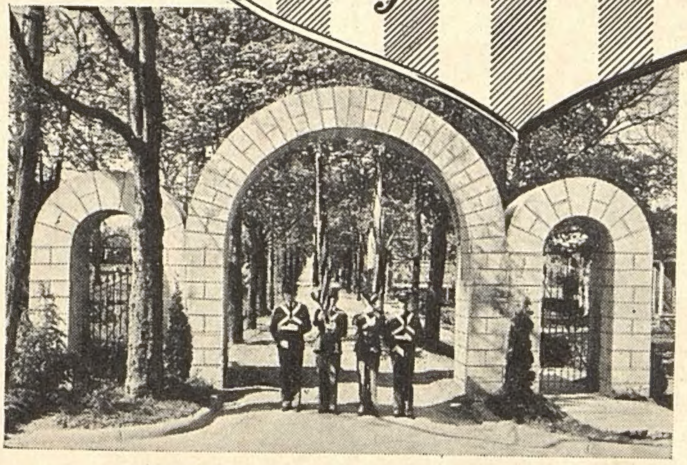
A Distinguished School for Boys

FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. *Castle Heights men lead in achievement.*

Too much cannot be said of the personnel of its faculty. Its teachers hold graduate degrees from the leading universities. But more, they are chosen because of that warmth of personality, unselfish interest in boys, and love of their work which characterize the true teacher. The school is fully accredited by all colleges. *Castle Heights has been moulded by strong men.*

The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30 x 75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. *Every boy participates in some sport every day.*



Castle Heights, located in the heart of the old South, is thirty miles from Nashville, Tenn.

A unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, directed by two U. S. Army officers, affords a military program of the finest type. This system of training has no equal for the development of poise and executive ability, as well as habits of neatness, courtesy and punctuality. *Castle Heights boys reach commanding positions by learning to obey.*

Because Castle Heights has been so generously endowed by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the tuition is very low. The rates are $650 for the Senior School, $550 for the Junior School—with only a comparatively small extra charge for uniforms and accessories. *Castle Heights is a non-profit institution.*

For further information mail coupon below.

Other Bernarr Macfadden Schools

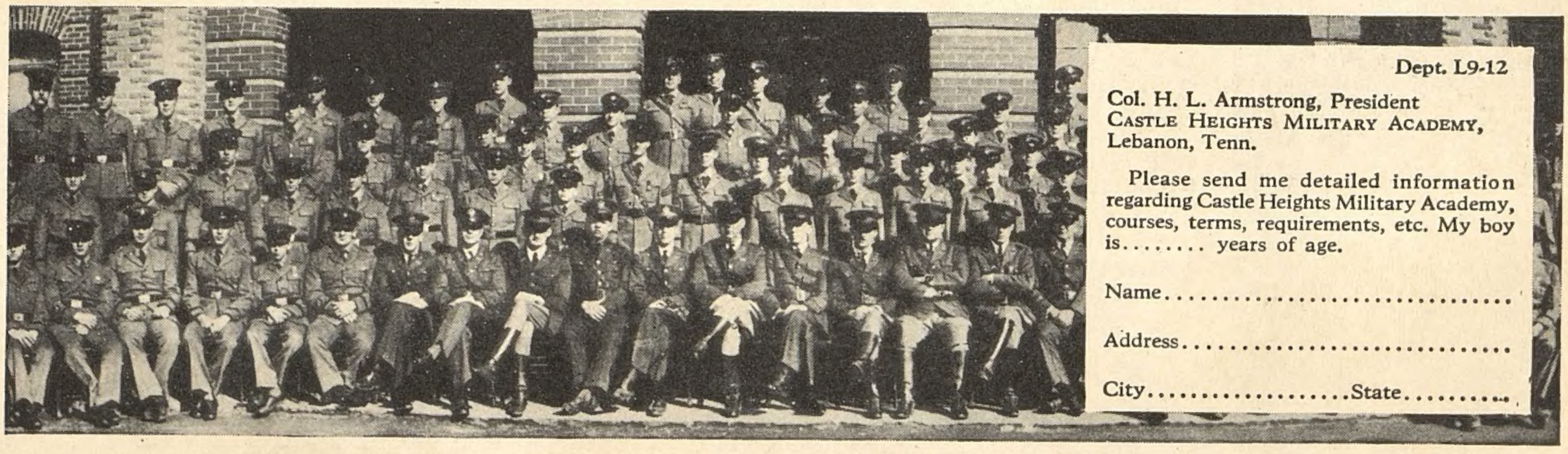
Bernarr Macfadden Institute
419 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

An endowed school for advanced instruction and research in applied science and individualized physical education majoring in laboratory technicians, food scientists, and professional physical education. WRITE FOR CATALOG.

Macfadden Foundation Boarding School for Children, at Hackensack, N. J.

Country School and Summer Camp for Boys and Girls from 4 to 8 years of age. First four grades of public school—Individual Guidance—Balanced Diet—Directed Outdoor Activities—Low Tuition—A non-profit school.

Write for particulars to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Dept. L9-12

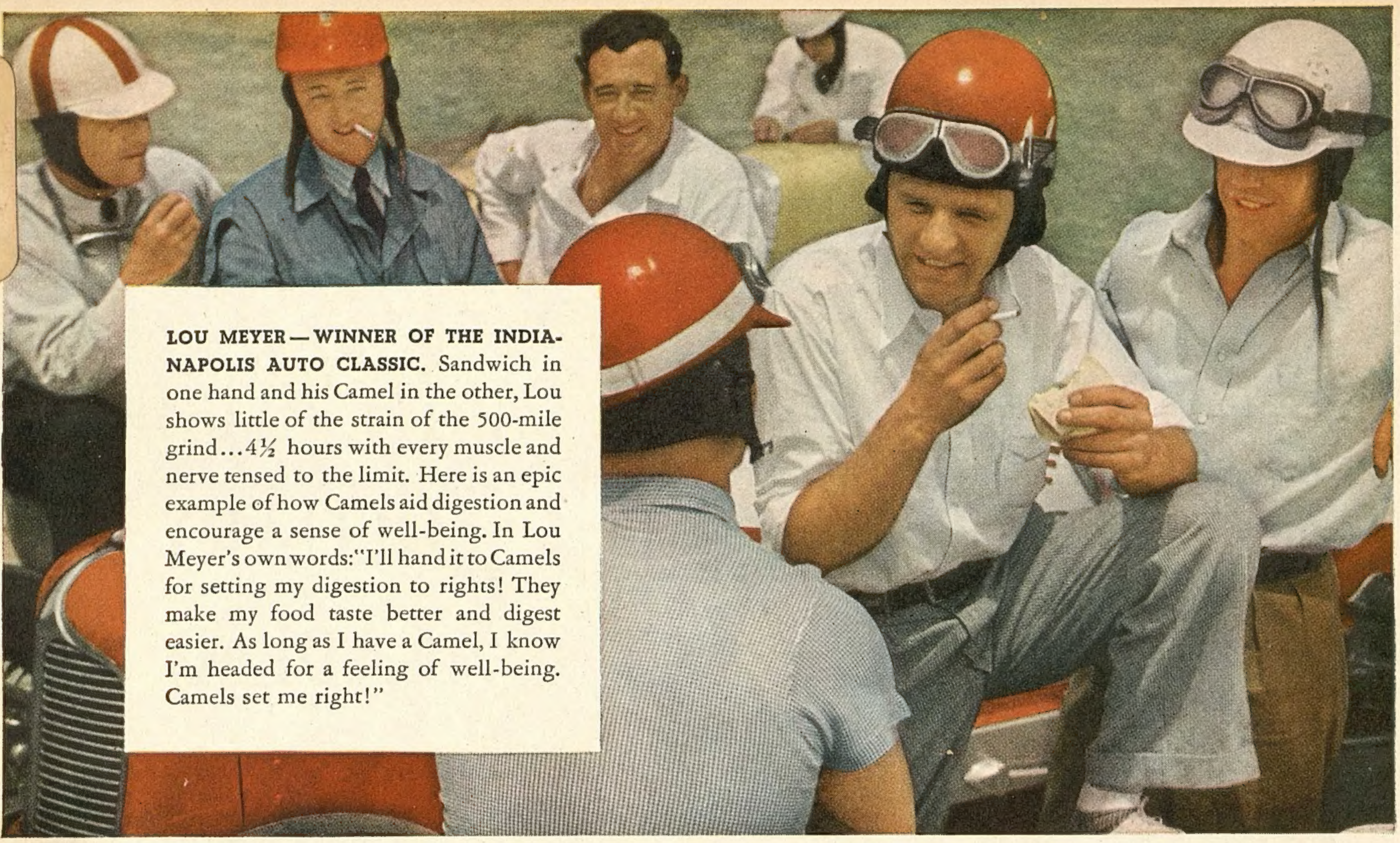
Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY,
Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is........ years of age.

Name..

Address.......................................

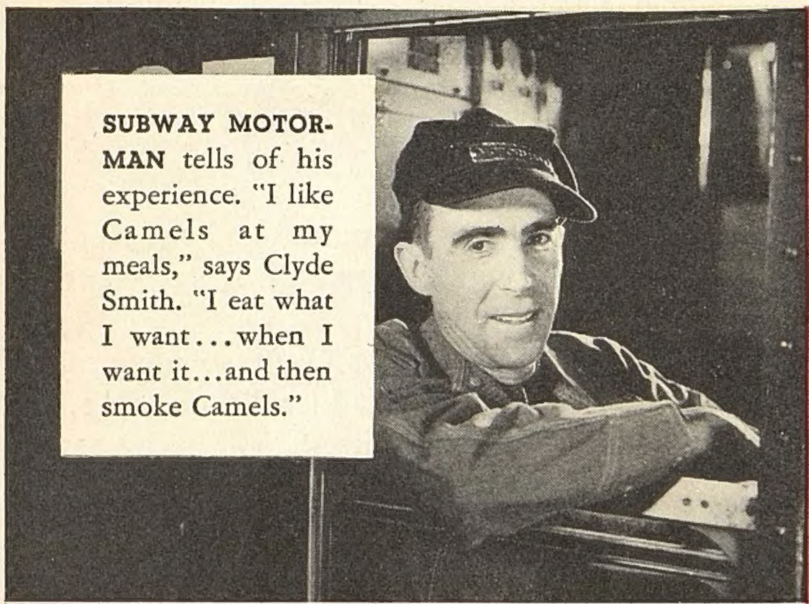
City......................State..........



LOU MEYER — WINNER OF THE INDIANAPOLIS AUTO CLASSIC. Sandwich in one hand and his Camel in the other, Lou shows little of the strain of the 500-mile grind…4½ hours with every muscle and nerve tensed to the limit. Here is an epic example of how Camels aid digestion and encourage a sense of well-being. In Lou Meyer's own words: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights! They make my food taste better and digest easier. As long as I have a Camel, I know I'm headed for a feeling of well-being. Camels set me right!"

OTHERS HAVE FOUND THAT GOOD DIGESTION AND A SENSE OF WELL-BEING ARE ENCOURAGED BY CAMELS . . . SO

"—for Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels"



SUBWAY MOTORMAN tells of his experience. "I like Camels at my meals," says Clyde Smith. "I eat what I want…when I want it…and then smoke Camels."

NEWS HAWK. Peter Dahlen, reporter, says: "It's swell the way Camels help my digestion—make my food taste better and set better. Camels don't frazzle my nerves."

Good digestion and good feeling, helpful allies for every one, promoted by smoking Camels

IT'S the experience of Lou Meyer that, even after terrific strain, digestion goes along more smoothly when he smokes Camels. Camels ease strain and encourage digestive well-being. They set you right!

Smoke Camels at mealtimes. The enjoyment of smoking Camels is followed by increased flow of the digestive fluids …alkaline digestive fluids…so necessary to proper nutrition. Mild, fine-tasting, refreshing Camels add to your enjoyment at mealtime or at *any* time!

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